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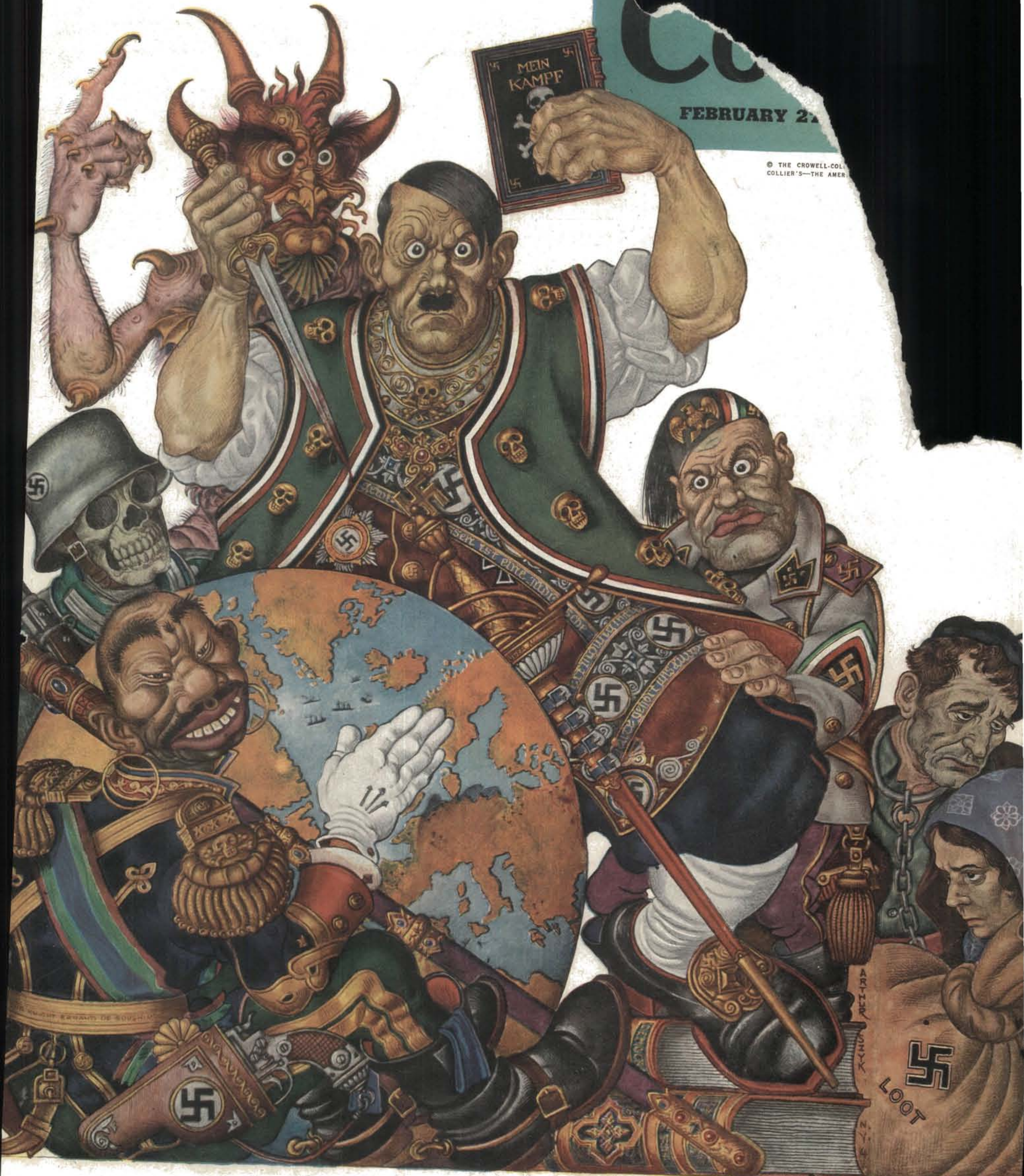
MEIN KAMPF
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A COMEDY TO BE ACTED BY YOUR BOY IN CAMP

The Doughboy's Dream · By

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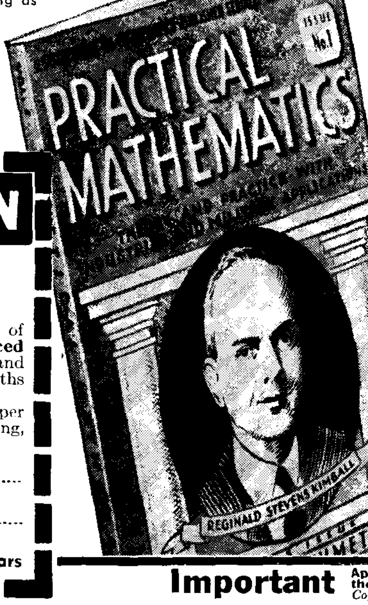

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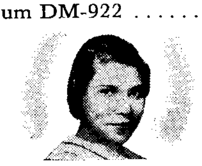

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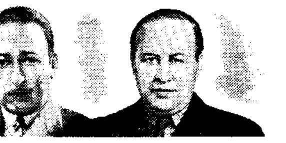

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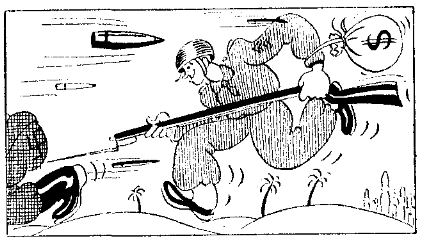
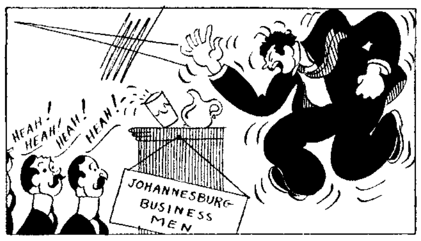
ANY WEEK

AMONG this war's several novelties is the absence of the complaint that it's a rich man's war. Nevertheless, the rich are horning in and, in their predatory way, making off with a lot of the glory. For example, you'll remember that some weeks ago we told you what became of the rich young man who appealed to Colonel Walter "Cappy" Wells for a major's commission. Coming straight out of a playboy's role in life, the young man was scarcely fitted for a majority, and the colonel talked him down to a second lieutenancy. Finding the going easy, the colonel finally told the rich young man that between them they ought to be able to swing enough influence to get the latter into the Army as a private. The young man (whose name we may not use) thanked the colonel and went to work. When he left for Africa, he was a sergeant. He landed at Casablanca with such vigor and kept going eastward with such life-scorning derring-do that he has just been cited and decorated. The colonel told us that he wouldn't be surprised if his gold-coast protégé, now getting away with a most commendable type of murder, would be a major before it's over, or maybe a colonel if he lives. The colonel showed us a letter he has just got from the rich young man. We can publish this much: "I like this. Thanks again for getting me in on the ground floor."



THE Marines have landed again—this time on us. This landing is in the form of a V-mail letter. The sender, signing it "We Marines," is Corporal Warren H. McCallum. "I'm writing," writes he, "in behalf of us Marines on Guadalcanal. While reading one of the magazines, I saw a piece about Major Hart's task force which has been touring the States for the benefit of civilian morale. One of the major's actors, Private Joe Henderson of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, made this statement: 'That guy Sherman was all wrong about war. It's the life of Riley. I never thought, when I joined up, that I'd be an actor as well as a soldier. It's great training and a thrilling experience and we're ready to fight it out on this line if it takes all winter.' Please tell Private Henderson," continues Corporal McCallum, "that he can have our job here on Guadalcanal any day. He can't make a liar out of Sherman like that. We Marines do not find that war is the life of Riley. We're waiting for Henderson and his troupe to come down and take over. We'll give him the addresses of all the hot spots, too, and welcome."


HEAH!
HEAH!
HEAH!
HEAH!
JOHANNESBURG BUSINESS MEN

ON AUGUST 22d, Mr. Ben M. Cohn wrote us a letter from his office in Bree Street, Johannesburg, South Africa. With it he sent his check for ten dollars for a subscription to Collier's. The letter and check have just arrived. He explains that heretofore he has just been a newsstand buyer of magazines, subscribing to none But on the night before he wrote to us, a member of this staff arrived in Johannesburg—Frank Gervasi. Also, Mr. Gervasi spoke at a meeting of Johannesburg businessmen. "I wish," writes Mr. Cohn, "that I could describe the electric effect of his talk upon us listeners. Give Gervasi the regards of the American colony here. And give us Collier's. And if you have any more orators like that lad, send them too."

HOWEVER, in spite of the camphored New Deal and all the other political and social changes which have come to pass since the First War to Delouse the World, the rumors concerning what one soldier said to another soldier haven't changed. Mr. James Street of Laurel, Mississippi, has just sent us one which was wafting around in 1918, but it's still serviceable. A Negro infantryman had eighty-one sharpshooter medals. Another Negro infantryman looked them over with awe. "Boy," said he, "you must be a good shot." Said the bemedaled one, "Fair to middlin'." A pause. "Tell me, boy, when you shoots at them targets, do you always hit the bull's-eye?" Another pause. "Noooo. But if I does, it causes talk."

AND another writer of short stories for Collier's, Mr. Richard English, reports from Hollywood that he asked one of the movie directors what had become of a certain fellow who used to be one of the highest paid gag men in

(Continued on page 57)

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son goes on a secret mission
Hedy Lamarr. Pag

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loved her, but none the way he
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WILLIAM O'FARRELL
Under Control. A successful
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The Marine Who Hated to Sit Do
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ARTICLES

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A photograph. Pag

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVEL
They Talk Our Language Differen
Some essentials on which United
tions co-operation must be based
Pag

TOSHA BIALER
Behind the Wall. Famine, pestile
and death was the order in Wars
ghetto. Pag

COREY FORD and
ALASTAIR MacBAIN
One Foot on the Ground. The gre
monkeys—anonymous heroes of
Air Forces. Page

STANLEY FRANK
Fine Feather. Willie Pep will b
fine lightweight too, some day.
Page

JUDITH CHASE
The Average Woman. Here's
low-down on the ladies. Page

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FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Page

WING TALK. Page

EDITORIALS
Cash for Postwar Trade.
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Those 4 A. M. Blues. Page

COVER ARTHUR SZ

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On this, our 75th Anniversary, our eyes are on the future, rather than the past. For there is so much more to be done. As new triumphs of medical science are unfolded, Metropolitan will play its part in carrying life-giving knowledge to the people.

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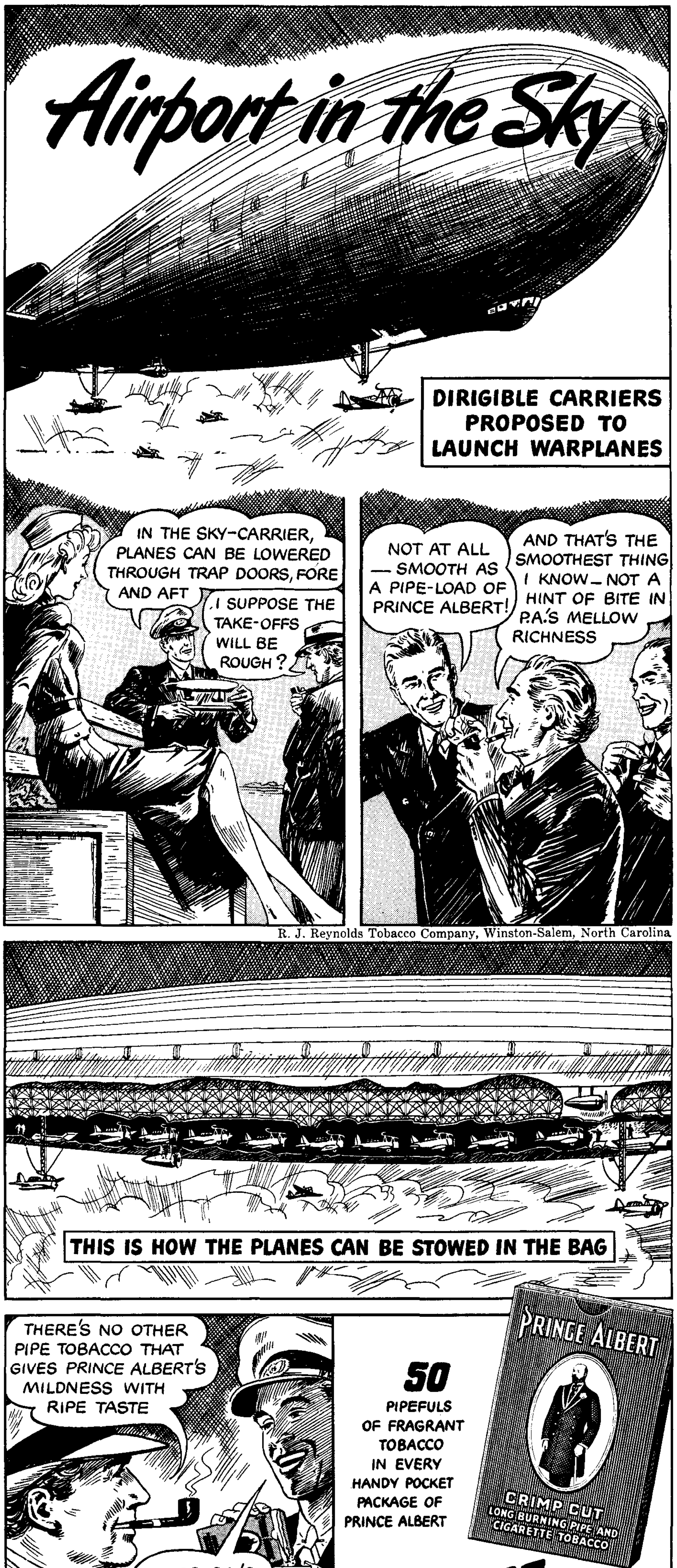
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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

While about 40,000,000 Americans drink alcoholic beverages, the majority only on special occasions, not more than 600,000 or only fifteen in a thousand, are considered to be heavy drinkers.—*By George Stacy, Chicago, Illinois.*

In England, the owner of a dog that has been condemned to death pays a daily fine of one pound or about $4 as long as he refuses to have the animal destroyed. In one recent case, a family has so far paid $2,300 to keep their dog Rowley alive, while in another, a man has paid $500 to keep Bobbie, most of this money having been raised by a Bobbie Club, consisting of neighborhood children who organized themselves specifically for this purpose.

The SOS, or Service of Supply of the United States Army, is generally looked upon only as a purchaser of military equipment and material. Yet it is also the largest retail organization in the world today, now selling more than $500,000,000 worth of merchandise a year to our soldiers through its thousands of post exchanges here and abroad.

Many American war plants are now so large that their employees cannot take the time to go to an outside restaurant or even to the company cafeteria. Consequently, they purchase hot lunches from rolling lunchrooms belonging to catering companies, one of the largest of these firms being Boston's Crotty Brothers, who daily serve more than 500,000 workers in sixty-eight plants in twenty states.

Supplementing dehydration, a new process for food compresses, wraps and seals it into blocks and briquettes, thus not only squeezing out space-taking air, but also protecting the contents from germs, grease and dust. The additional space saved by this compression, for example, amounts to as much as thirty per cent for dried milk and fifty per cent for dried eggs.

The recent strike in the tin mines of Bolivia, which caused a national state of siege there and even involved our State Department, resulted chiefly from the company's refusal to double the workers' wages by paying them four cents instead of two cents an hour, although the mines have returned at least $500,000,000 to their owner.

When an Army transport or cargo vessel is about to leave the United States, no more than six men in the port know the hour it is scheduled to sail, and no more than three on board know the spot where it is to join the convoy.

Since entering the war, Britain's aircraft, surface vessels and submarines have laid about 150,000 mines along the enemy's coast line extending from northern Norway to western France. This is twice the number of mines that were necessary to bottle up the German fleet in the North Sea during World War I.

Of the 17,000,000 school children between the ages of five and thirteen years in the United States, about 1,000,000 receive a pint of milk daily at a cost to them of one penny. In addition, 4,000,000 others who are undernourished receive free lunches, the majority of which are hot and often constitute the child's only real meal of the day.—*By Mrs. Lee L. Scott, Vinita, Oklahoma.*

The Japanese military authorities usually announce that a soldier or sailor is dead when he is only reported as missing and his fate is unknown, because his family would "lose face" if he had allowed himself to be captured. Often the authorities also send a sealed urn of ashes to the family to "confirm" his death.

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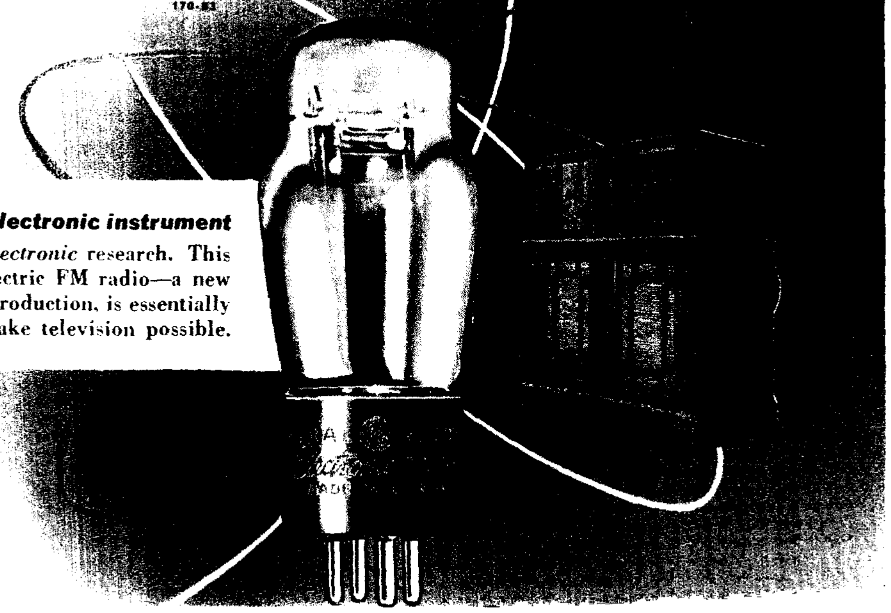


Every General Electric Radio is an electronic instrument

Radio, like television, is a product of *electronic* research. This electronic tube, used in the General Electric FM radio—a new kind of radio with amazingly lifelike reproduction, is essentially the same as the electronic tubes that make television possible.

GUARANTEED DEPENDABLE
CHAMPION
SPARK PLUG

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS which fire at high altitudes and under extremely high pressures in our "hottest" bombers and pursuit ships have exceptional quality of materials, design and workmanship which accounts for their extreme dependability. These very same qualities are inherent in all Champion Spark Plugs, including those for your car.

The high-output engines which power the "hottest" bomber and combat planes of our air forces are true marvels of precision and compactness. With them our heroic air forces are writing history. These engines must instantly respond to the throttle while maneuvering in the battle ground of the sub-stratosphere. Spark plugs must function perfectly. Champions are equipment on these as well as many other aircraft engines in the service. The Champions in these engines are not unlike the spark plugs for your car, identical, in fact, in quality and materials, engineering and manufacturing precision and in their characteristic dependability. Your spark plugs are the key to engine economy and performance. Give them the periodic attention our war-time economy requires. Have them tested and cleaned every 4,000 miles—and when you need new ones insist on Champions.

WING TALK

HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.

Typical of young women workers who "keep 'em flying" is Eleanor Michael "Mickey" McLernon, here shown gassing up a B-24. She is rated as a general mechanic's helper with the Flight Test Personnel at Duncan Field, Texas

TIME was when most girls looked upon the airline hostess as having the job of all jobs, with nothing to do but wear a snappy uniform and fly in comfortable airliners all over the country. Of course, those admirers never served a meal to twenty persons at 10,000 feet in the air and don't know what it takes to do that kind of work.

Today it's a different picture. The hostesses are carrying on, but they have plenty of sister workers. Women who have taken jobs since the war started are literally "keeping 'em flying." They are handling wrenches in the shops, working in stockrooms, in radio and weather offices, and to top it all, teaching copilots how to fly on instruments through the use of Link trainers.

Miss Margaret Bell Singleton of New York made such progress as an instructor at La Guardia Field for TWA that she is now teaching other young women how to train copilots. Although Miss Singleton never leaves the ground in her "dodo" craft, which simulates the maneuvers of a plane in flight, she expects to reach the heights in her career.

THE latest project handed to women was the assignment of the Women's National Aeronautical Association to act as recruiting agency for the Army Air Forces Technical Training command; to enroll from 3,000 to 10,000 women to qualify as instructors in airplane mechanics schools. The qualifications for these jobs are tough. The applicants are required to have a year of college or university or teacher-training institution, must be between the ages of 21 and 45 years, and have no children under 12 years of age. There are many other stringent requirements, but the women of WNAA feel sure they'll get the necessary recruits.

MANY leaders in the aviation industry are top-ranking sportsmen, who find their best relaxation in hunting and fishing, far from their plants.

This story shows that just as they overcome the problems of their own industry, so can they hurdle any obstacle which might confront them in their favorite sport. In this case, it was a man whose pet sport was big-game hunting. He was "somewhere in Alaska" in connection with new air bases. It necessitated a trip by dog sled, and the group was in an area where there was plenty of big game. The trouble was the guide was the only one who had a gun, and that could not be used except to kill game for emergency rations. The sportsman spotted a beautiful mountain goat. He couldn't resist reaching for the rifle.

"We no need food," came the cold words of the guide.

The aviation man offered a $5 bill, but got the same reply. Even a ten-spot failed to change the attitude of the guide.

About to give up, the sportsman asked, "What do you want, a twenty-dollar bill?"

"Want five cans condensed milk, two bars chocolate."

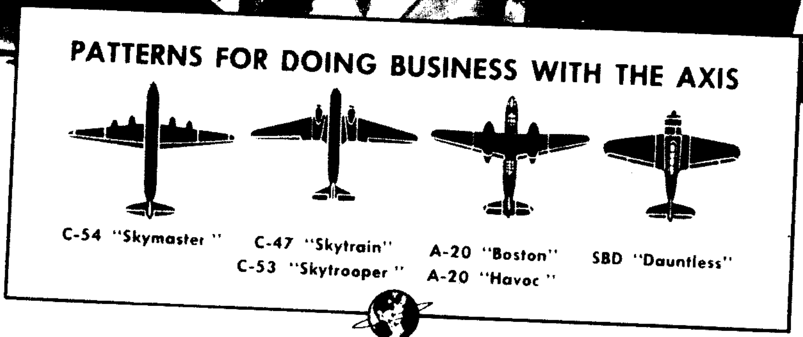
The goat's head now adorns an aviation office.

THE Japs evidently have an old belief that anything which works right the first time is the perfect way and should not be changed.

Some big heavy American bombers were making a raid, minus escort fighters, on a Jap-held island. From high above, came an attack by a mess of Zero fighters. The outcome was bad for the Americans. Later, on another attempted bombing of the island, the Japs did the same thing, waiting high up for the approach of the bombers. Again the enemy was most successful. But the next time our bombers were sent on the same mission, far, far above them was a group of Lockheed Lightnings. The Japs started for the bombers in the same old way, and the Lightnings started for the Zeros. Not a Zero escaped, nor was there a Jap who could figure what had happened. . . .

JUSTIN D. BOWERSOCK

WE DO BUSINESS
WITH HITLER!
HITLER
RUSH


PATTERNS FOR DOING BUSINESS WITH THE AXIS
C-54 "Skymaster"
C-47 "Skytrain"
C-53 "Skytrooper"
A-20 "Boston"
A-20 "Havoc"
SBD "Dauntless"

Who says "You Can't Do Business With Hitler"? Douglas A-20 Havoc and Boston attack bombers, Douglas Skymaster, Skytrain and Skytrooper transports *are doing business* with Hitler around the clock. It's a grim business that will increase in volume until our final victory is won. Douglas Aircraft Co. Inc., Santa Monica, Calif.

World's largest builder of cargo and transport airplanes.

DOUGLAS

MEMBER, AIRCRAFT WAR PRODUCTION COUNCIL, INC.

Picture of a "**DEBUTANTE**"... *1943 Style!*

She never thought her world would change so much... but there she is, like millions of her sisters, fighting on the home-front.. and what a job she's doing!

EVERYTHING'S CHANGED NOW

Remember the Top-Quality, long mileage and extra safety you came to take for granted in a General Tire? The rubber and skill that gave you these are now going into numerous rubber products our armed forces must have to win as well as to save their lives.

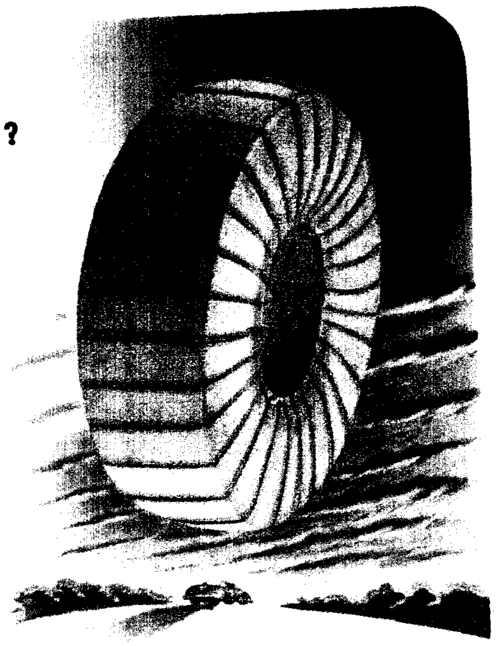
Meanwhile . . . our job at home is to *conserve to the utmost* the tires we have or buy. *Not a mile* of precious rubber can be wasted.

Yet, as we work and sacrifice, we know that one great day we will see still more change . . . *for the better.*

New materials, new compounds, new methods being developed now . . . plus General's ability to get *the most* out of rubber . . . and its 25-year strict adherence to *Top-Quality* . . . are your promise of the finest General Tire ever built.

THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY • AKRON, OHIO

WHAT WOULD YOU GIVE TO LOOK UNDER THE WRAPPER?



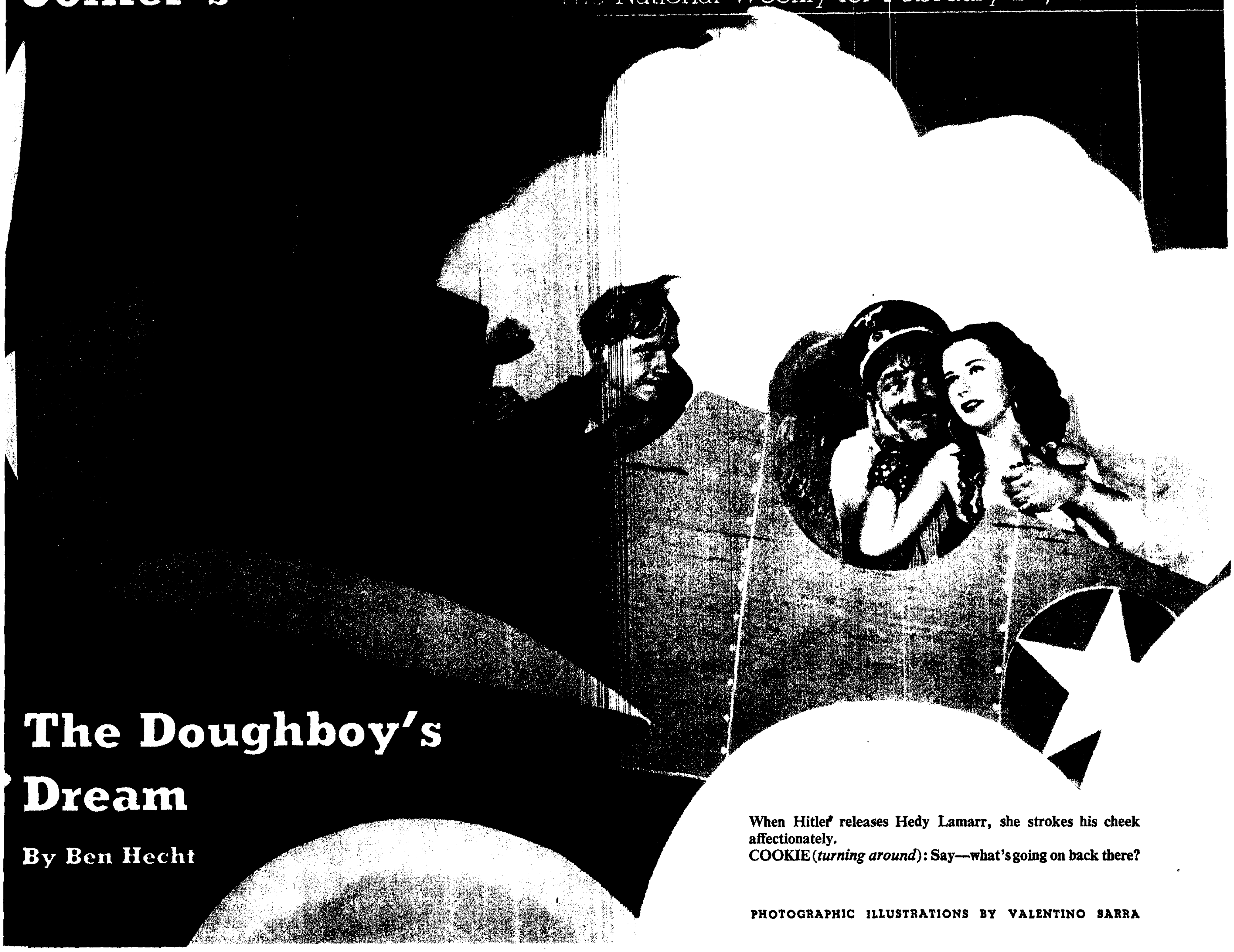
A tire that may last as long as your car? That won't blowout? That is far stronger, yet lighter? That is not affected by heat? That rides on less air? Synthetics, rayon, nylon? Coming from General? *Just wait and see!* Because, as General's technicians discover new ways to make rubber fight better . . . they are discovering, also, how to bring you a Top-Quality General even farther ahead of ordinary tires than the famed Generals of the past.

The
GENERAL TIRE

Collier's The National Weekly for February 27, 1943

The Doughboy's Dream

By Ben Hecht



When Hitler releases Hedy Lamarr, she strokes his cheek affectionately.
COOKIE (*turning around*): Say—what's going on back there?

PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS BY VALENTINO SARRA

THIS drama was written for soldiers to perform in the training camps for the entertainment of other soldiers. It is part of a military plan to make soldiers happy. At least that's what the colonel in charge told the War Writers' Board. He said that the soldiers were crazy about doing little plays that were specially written for them. He said it made them happy.

I saw through the colonel at once.

The plan isn't for soldiers at all. It's for writers.

Obviously somebody high up has figured out that the nation owes a great deal to its writers and that something should be done about making them happy—during the war, at least.

A secret committee was appointed (I am guessing at most of this) and it was decided that the finest thing that could be done for us writers was to fix it up so we could have our plays performed without any dramatic critics around. Whatever else the Army does, it has ushered in the literary millennium.

As a member of the War Writers' Board I gratefully submit the following drama for the soldiers to play backward or forward, *in toto* or in part, with or without scenery. And if any of our brave combatants think they can improve it by putting in better jokes or finer characterizations they are hereby welcome to do so.

The drama itself takes place in the bedroom where the soldiers sleep.

The locale is any old training camp. And it is night, as you can tell by the fact that three of the soldiers are already in their beds.

One of them is reading some important philosopher. The two others are studying something else in order to improve their minds and fit themselves for the new world in which they will have to take a leading part after the peace.

If this is "out of character" in some particular camp, the "business" should be changed to suit.

The names of the three soldiers are Robert E. Lee, David G. Farragut and John Pershing. They are no relations, however. It is just a coincidence.

When the curtain goes up these three sleepyheads drop whatever they are doing and start talking:

LEE: What time is it, do you think?

PERSHING: Eight bells, I'd say.

LEE: Eight bells, eh? What do you think is happening to Cookie? (*He eyes the empty bed*)

FARRAGUT: Maybe they're executing him.

LEE: Go on—they don't execute you for letting the stove go out—only if you drop something.

FARRAGUT (*firmly*): Listen, Sergeant White Fang don't go by any rules. You know what I said to him this morning? I said, "Listen, you big lug, any gorilla is able to lick any seven human beings. But who is it always ends up in the cage? The gorilla! Consider that before you let any more fat grow on your head."

LEE (*judiciously*): Personally, I feel Cookie's got it coming to him. Nobody is entitled to be that dumb unless they already are an officer.

(Cookie Johnson enters the bedroom. He is very tired. During the talk he sits down and gets undressed.)

IN MAKING the illustrations for The **Doughboy's Dream,** Collier's set up **the barracks, complete with cots and other furnishings, and built** a plywood **plane for the historic flight** to find **Hitler. The prize ring scene** was photo**graphed in a New York** gymnasium. **Actually, there are only** five persons **in the ring—Cookie, Hitler, Hedy** and **the officers. The other Hitlers** are **photographic trickery.** The part of **Hedy Lamarr was posed by** Miss Mary **Brennan, a young actress** who has ap**peared in the movies with Eddie Can**tor **and other stars.** M-G-M once **planned to play up her resemblance** to **Miss Lamarr, but nothing** came of the **idea. Cookie is John Parker** Hughes, **a Texan, and Rod Maybee,** who has a **20-year-old son in the** Armed Forces, **posed for both Hitler** and the ser**geant. Collier's has** reprinted The **Doughboy's Dream in a** booklet which **the army will distribute** to camps.

SERGEANT: Here's your phone, you dumb cluck! Now take the mush out of your mouth and speak up.
COOKIE (*whispering*): **President Roosevelt? . . . . Hey, Sarge, you talk to him. I got something in my throat**

COOKIE (*very tired*): Hello, fellas.

LEE: Hello, Cookie.

FARRAGUT: How did you make out with Sergeant White Fang?

COOKIE (*very tired*): Oh—all right.

PERSHING: Come on, let's have it. We're your friends, ain't we?

COOKIE (*he is very tired*): I ain't got any friends.

PERSHING: That's no way to talk. I was saying to Private Lee only a minute ago we all ought to get up a petition requesting Sergeant White Fang to quit picking on you. Wasn't I, fellas?

LEE: I go further than that. I say we ought to take it up with Congress. They could pass a bill forbidding cruelty to Cookie Johnson.

PERSHING: I don't see why not. They pass every other kind of a bill.

COOKIE (*he is now getting into the four poster*): Cut it out, will you? I'm tired. (*He turns on his side and falls asleep*)

PERSHING (*hurt*): That's a fine pal, holding out on us!

(The light in the bedroom starts growing dim. The light over Cookie's bed, however, brightens.)

LEE: Don't expect anything out of that guy. He's too dumb to know his elbow from a barrel of flour.

FARRAGUT: Yeah, let him sleep. Poor guy, he's probably dreaming he's back home wiping windshields again.

(By this time the three beds are in darkness and a spotlight shines on Private Cookie Johnson's couch. We can see him sound asleep in this light for a moment during which somebody offstage plays a mouth organ for dream effects.

After a pause a very tough-looking character appears. This is Sergeant White Fang. He is in uniform. He stands in the light beside Cookie's bed.)

SERGEANT (*in a hoarse, unpleasant voice*): Private Johnson! (*Cookie tosses in his bed but doesn't wake*) Hey, you! I'm talking to you!

(Now Cookie opens one eye and sees the Sergeant. He groans a little.)

COOKIE (*muttering*): Go way. I got a right to sleep. This is a free country.

SERGEANT (*you can't pull his leg*): I said, get UP! On your feet, you apple knocker!

(Private Johnson yields his inalienable rights and answers meekly.)

COOKIE: Yes, sir. (*He sits up in bed*)

SERGEANT: There's somebody wants you on the phone. It's a person-to-person call.

COOKIE (*blinking*): Wants me! There must be some mistake. Who would want to talk to me?

SERGEANT: It's Franklin Roosevelt.

COOKIE (*staring*): The *President* wants to talk to me!

SERGEANT (*grimly*): He's been holding the wire for a half-hour.

COOKIE (*scratching his head*): President Roosevelt wants to talk to me! I must be dreaming.

SERGEANT: You'll start dreaming in a minute—after I clout you one. (*He moves toward Cookie menacingly*). Are you going to answer the phone or not?

COOKIE (*meekly*): I don't see any phone.

SERGEANT (*removing a French phone from his pocket*): Here's your phone, you dumb cluck! Now take the mush out of your mouth and speak up.

COOKIE (*whispering*): President Roosevelt? (*He looks appealingly at the sergeant*): Hey, Sarge, you talk to him. I can't. I got something in my throat.

(But there is no sergeant. He has stepped into the shadows. Cookie is very nervous. He manages finally to speak into the mouthpiece in a very formal and constrained voice.)

Hello. Who is this, please . . .

Oh, you don't say! Well. How are you, Mr. Roosevelt? Everything—all right? . . . I'm—I'm glad to hear it . . .

Yeah. Yes, sir. This is Private Johnson. I was asleep or I would've answered sooner. . . .

Gee, President, I—I don't think I can get away. You see, I let the stove go out for the mess and I got some extra work to do, accordingly. It wasn't my fault about the stove though. . . .

What? . . . O. K., if you say so . . .

Yes, sir, I'll be right over. Thank you, sir. Wait a minute—who do I ask for? . . .

Oh—just President Roosevelt, huh? . . .

I see. I see. I knock three times, O. K. Goodby, sir. It's a great pleasure.

(The sergeant reappears. Cookie hands him the phone and the sergeant puts it back in his pocket. Cookie talks in an awed voice.)

COOKIE: What d'ya know! He wants to see me right away—at the White House . . .

SERGEANT: Well, pick up your feet, lame brain!

COOKIE (*standing up in his underwear*): He must have heard about the stove going out.

(The light over Cookie grows dark for a moment and the off-stage mouth organ plays dream effects again.

Then the light goes up and we have a change of locale. The beds can remain on the stage unless some device can be perfected for whisking them off. But it isn't necessary. It will be just as good if a large desk has been whisked onto the stage during the moment of darkness.

The desk is in a half shadow and a man *sits at it with his back to the audience.* Cookie sits on the other side of the desk in full view and with the spotlight on him. He wears an Army overcoat over his underwear. The man, more or less invisible at the desk, is President Roosevelt. He is talking in his measured, soothing way.)

PRESIDENT: I have sent for you, Cookie, because of the great and abiding faith I have in you.

COOKIE (*awed, but an American*): Then it is not in regard to the matter of the stove going out that I been called to this place?

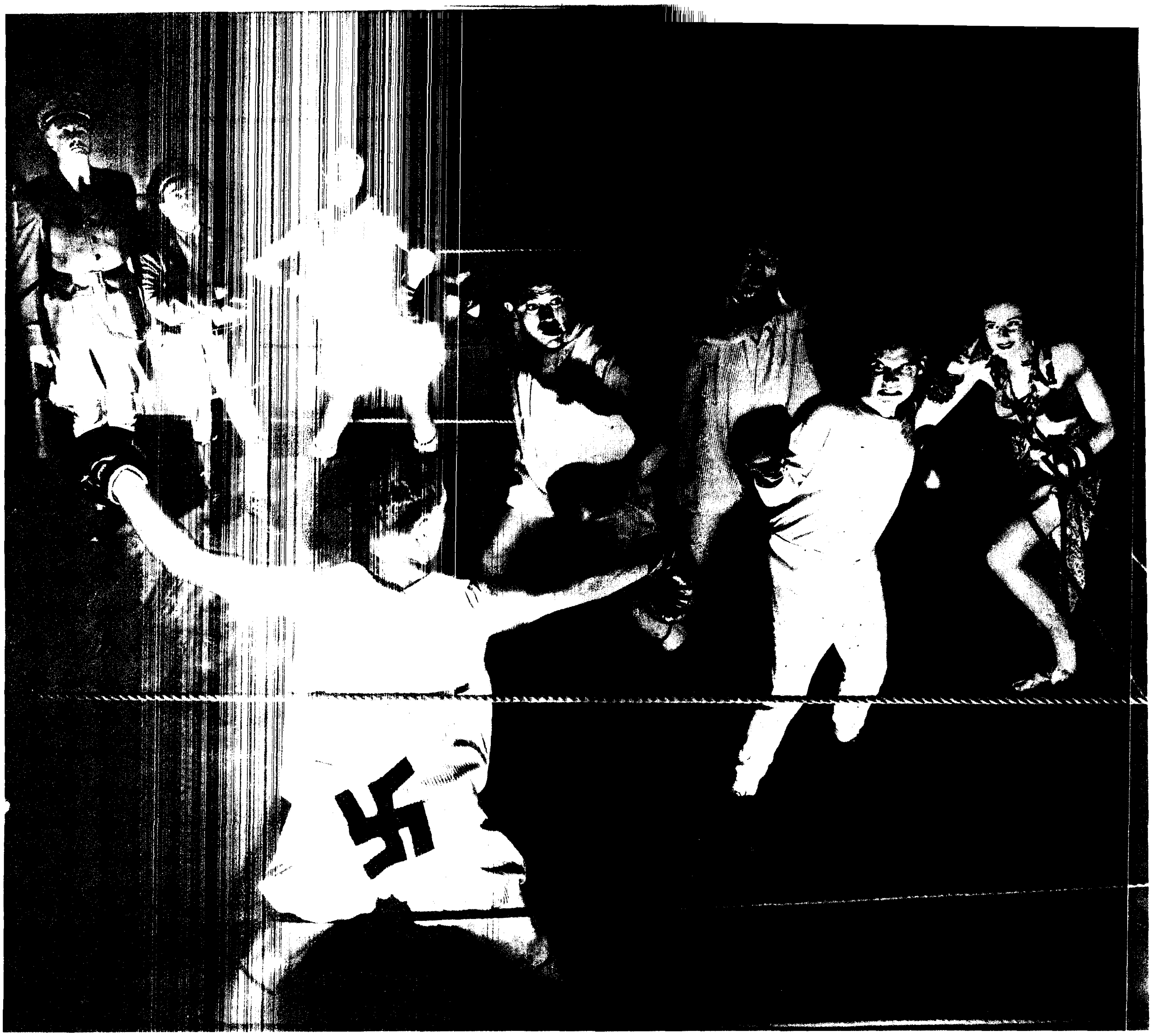
PRESIDENT: My friend, we have all let our stoves go out once or twice.

COOKIE: Ain't we, though . . .

PRESIDENT: Obviously you do not realize who you are, my friend.

COOKIE: Who, me? I'm Cookie Johnson, from Nyack, New York.

PRESIDENT (*softly*): You're a little more than that. You're Cookie Johnson, from Valley Forge, and Belleau Wood. In fact, my friend, I consider you the most wonderful man in the world.



COOKIE (*modestly*): Th[illegible] little bit strong, d[illegible] dent?

PRESIDENT (*firmly*): N[illegible] please call me Franklin, [illegible] favor?

COOKIE: O. K., Frank.

PRESIDENT (*sighing happily*): Thank you. And now I have another favor to ask of you.

COOKIE: The shirt off my back, Frank.

PRESIDENT: I want you to go on a little mission for me.

COOKIE: Anywheres you say, Frank.

PRESIDENT: To Germany.

COOKIE: Now, that's a coincidence. It happens I am planning to go there at the present time.

PRESIDENT: I know that, Cookie, but I would like you to jump the gun a little and go there tonight.

COOKIE: It's a deal!

PRESIDENT: I knew you wouldn't fail me.

COOKIE: What do I got to do when I get there, if it ain't a secret?

PRESIDENT (*archly*): Two guesses.

COOKIE (*after a pause, exclaims*): I capture Adolf Hitler.

PRESIDENT: Right the first time! I want you to bring Adolf back to me, as fast as you can.

COOKIE: You're cookin' with gas, Frank! What a President! I kept wondering all the time why somebody didn't ask me to do that. You got any ideas on how I should capture him?

PRESIDENT: No, I am relying entirely on you, Cookie. I picked you for the task because of your great reasoning powers and also because you have the heart of a lion.

COOKIE: Gee, you know, Frank, you almost make me wish I had voted for you.

PRESIDENT: This is no time to discuss politics. Action is what I want.

COOKIE (*rising eagerly*): And you're going to get it.

PRESIDENT: Wait a minute. I have a companion for you.

COOKIE: I don't want any lugs along.

PRESIDENT: This companion is no lug, my friend. I am sending Hedy Lamarr with you. Two heads are better than one, you know.

COOKIE: Holy Ike! Hedy Lamarr is coming with me! All I can say is—that's organizing! That's real organization!

PRESIDENT (*modestly*): If I do say so myself, I'm sort of good at that. (*He becomes crisp*) You will bring Adolf back?

COOKIE: With an apple in his mouth.

PRESIDENT: Miss Lamarr will meet you on the plane. Be nice to her. Remember she is doing this for her country. And remember at all times that you are the President's own personal Commando.

(The light goes out again and the mouth organ music plays Over There and other dream effects.

This time there is a major change of locale. An airplane is put on the stage during the blackout. It is, of course, a dream airplane, and can consist of a cardboard cut-out such as Coney Island photographers use.

In any case, when the lights go up again we see Cookie at the controls and beside him sits the beautiful Hedy Lamarr. I don't see any reason why Hedy couldn't be induced to play this part herself because I happen to know she is very keen to do everything she can to help win the war.

The airplane is in flight and we hear the roar of the propellers. Then this noise grows subdued and the mouth organ music fades and it is quiet enough to be able to hear the principals speaking.)

COOKIE (*leaning out of the airplane window*): Do you know Germany when you see it, Miss Lamarr?

MISS LAMARR: Yes. I have an uncle there.

(*Continued on page* 37)

Four Hitlers come slowly at Cookie. MISS LAMARR: Look out—they're trying to fool you. Be sure to hit the right Hitler—or it won't count. COOKIE (*sparring*): Don't worry. I got my sense of smell

Will You Wait For Me?

By Norma Bicknell Mansfield

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

It was through no fault of hers that other men had loved her. But Woodley was a long time in realizing this

AS WOODLEY drew closer to his destination he admitted at last he was on a fool's errand, the kind of thing a man of his age and former attainments should have had the wisdom to reject. But Penster had asked this service of him, and he had liked young Penster from that first day when they had been inducted together.

Troubled and uneasy, Woodley began to question his liking for Penster. He decided it was an irrational affection. Penster honestly believed the world was good, a theory Woodley had cast aside years before as impractical. Penster exalted love. Woodley was safely past that gulf. Penster trusted his emotions. It was Penster's emotion, Woodley saw abruptly, that had brought him out here today into the residential north end of a city he had never seen before. He had ridden forty miles in a crowded bus from camp, taken another bus to the end of the line and was walking now, resentfully, on the strength of Penster's emotion.

Woodley had thought he was immune to fervor, but one day Penster had said, "I won't have a chance to see her again before I go. It's the sort of thing you can't say over a telephone, not to her. She's more your kind than mine, Lance, honestly, but I want you to go to her home and ask her to wait for me. You'll do a better job of it than I would. Just ask her to wait, see?" Woodley had thought, even then, the boy should be told about women, but Penster's eagerness, his confidence, had deterred the older man.

Woodley trudged on, fog soft and dank on his face and hands. It had been quixotic of him not to take a taxi. The houses out here had become estates, set back from the road, half hidden by shrubs. Woodley, recalling his instructions from Penster, turned down a narrow, paved lane, and the smell of the Sound came up to him, salty and pungent.

Penster had said she would be at home today. On Saturdays she entertained soldiers. On other days, Woodley assumed, she entertained herself, having done her bit of war work for the week. Still, you had to hand her something for giving up one day a week. Lallie wouldn't have done it.

Lallie had been his wife, and they had lived in a place something like this, remote and socially unassailable, and it had been almost more than Lallie could bear to have him discuss bills with her once a month. She had begrudged even that much time from her own diversions. In the third year of their marriage, their last, she had begun to hark back to his beginnings when the bills came in. No one but Lallie could have devised so sure a devil's fork to spear him.

"You'll never get over pinching pennies, Lance. Of course I'm expensive, but you can afford me." He could remember even now the sharpness of the pain awakened by his fear that she would leave him. And after she had got her divorce he could remember, too, the slow growth of relief in his heart, unadmitted at first, but welcome at last. Welcome because it brought knowledge, cynical but reliable. No one but Penster could have induced him to talk to a woman again about love.

He found the grilled gates Penster had mentioned and pushed through one and latched it behind him. Inside the grounds the hedge, taller than he, more than six feet high, shut him into a spacious privacy of clipped lawn and tended shrubs. The house was ivy-covered and remote; it reminded him of places he had seen in England. The bricks were old and, doubtless, dated.

AN OLD woman, gaunt and leather-skinned, let him into a wide hall.

"The others," she said, "are in the drawing room." By the others she meant Saturday's soldiers.

"I'm not staying," Woodley said. "I want to see Mrs. Blaine. I have a message for her."

The old servant moved toward a doorway down the hall and Woodley followed her into a small room lined with filled bookshelves. There was an old, carved desk with letters and papers neatly stacked on top of it. There was a gardening glove, soiled and worn, flung down on the gleaming surface. The woman, with a quick glance around the room, picked up the glove and withdrew.

Woodley had no idea how long he would have to wait. A fire laid in the hearth was unlit and the fog outside the windows was gray and depressing, but the room was somehow warm in its aura and comforting. He could hear a piano going somewhere in the house and men's voices, taking courage as the music possessed them, singing heartily.

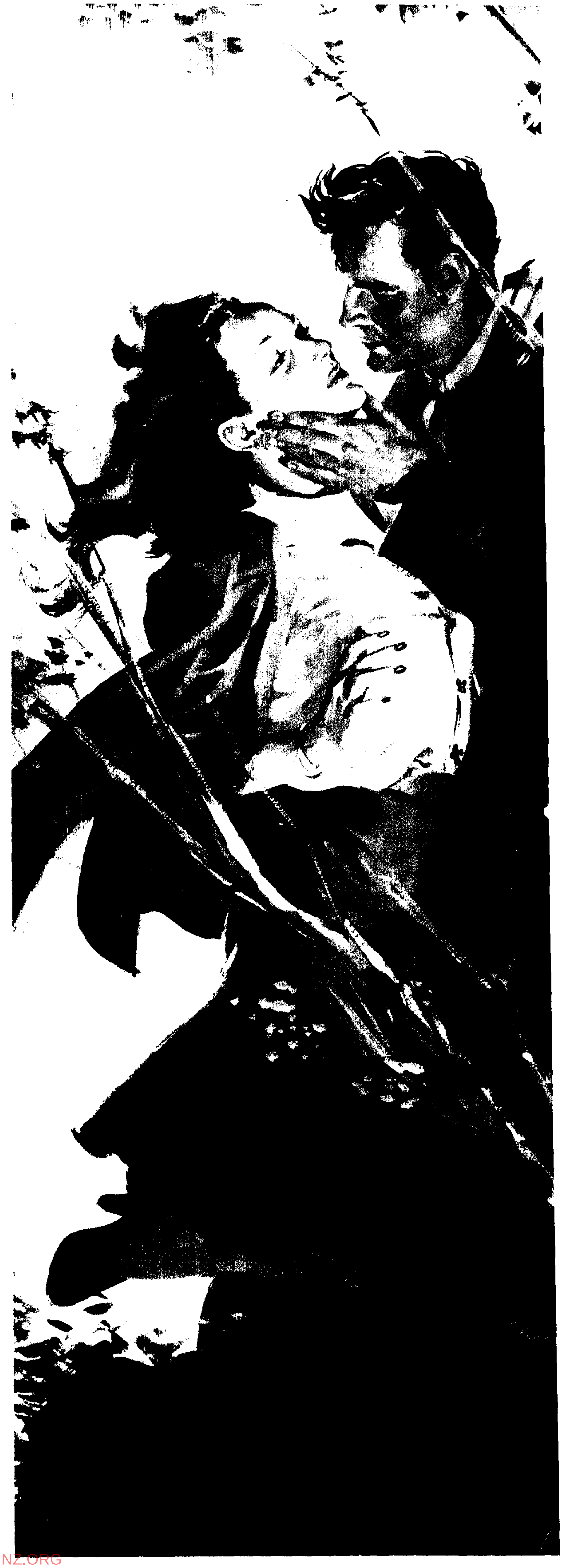
When the door opened and Blossom Blaine entered, he turned without anticipation. She was tall. Penster had told him she was tall, and he had prepared Woodley, too, for her beauty, the warm olive of her skin, the soft dark hair simply arranged, the dark eyes lustrous and appealing. All of these things Woodley had known she would have, but he had not been prepared for her vitality. Penster had conveyed the impression of languor, of ethereal charm.

"Hello," she said, and offered her hand with a quick, firm clasp. She stood, faintly smiling, waiting for him to speak, but with the moment upon him he realized he had not thought out what he would say. "Tilda said you had a message for me?" Her glance was candid, appraising him.

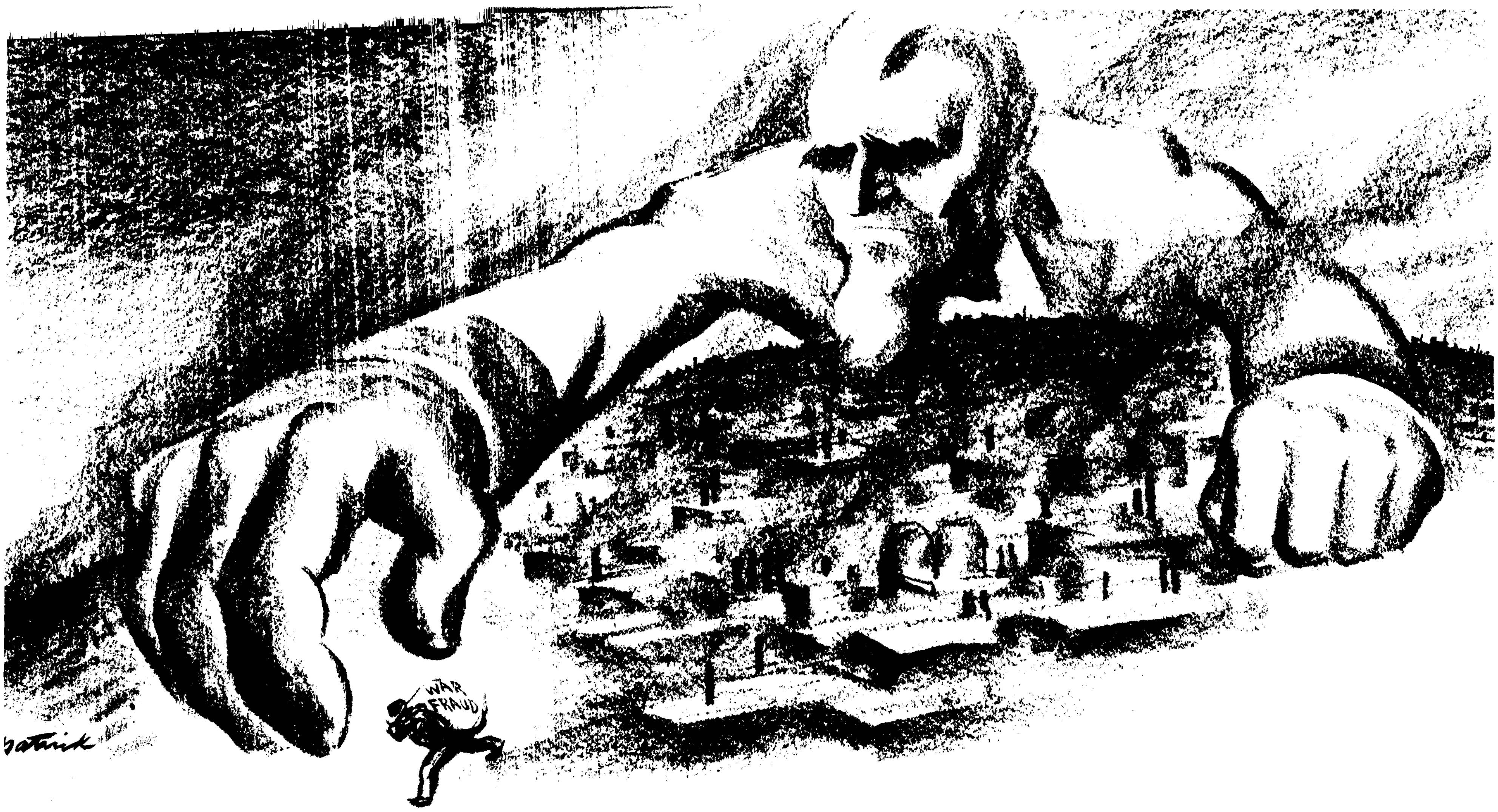
"Yes," Woodley said. "Bruce Penster asked me to stop by to see you."

"Bruce?" There was surprise and

(Continued on page 60)



Lance put his arm around her and turned her to face him. "I'm eligible for a goodby kiss," he said



The long arm of the U. S. Government reaches out to crush the handful of chiselers and profiteers who would victimize their own country

WAR FRAUDS MUST BE PUNISHED, NOW

BY FRANCIS BIDDLE

ATTORNEY GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES

The home-front traitors who see the nation's peril in terms of profits rather than lives aren't going to get away with it this time. Enough of them have already found this out to make our record, so far, the best in any war we've ever fought

WHEN Americans are called upon to show how they can bear up under the strain of a war crisis, their best is always a shock to their enemies; their worst, a shock to themselves. Along with our fighting men and the great body of grimly determined citizens ready to do their full part, we have a wretched little handful of chiselers and cheats, who would victimize their own country—the shoddy scattering of profiteers, black marketeers, ration-card loopholers, and perpetrators of war frauds. Unmindful that their own skins are being saved from Axis terrorism, they go on twisting and devising and squeezing, trying to fatten on the patriotism of their neighbors and the war emergency.

The picture they make in the midst of war is not a pretty one. Part of it has come before the public in the war-fraud disclosures made to date by the Department of Justice. Many of us have been shocked, some alarmed. It is hard for us to believe that while our men are facing death on distant battlefields anyone here at home could send them defective equipment for the sake of larger profits to himself.

Yet looking at the isolated instances of fraud, within the broader picture of our vast war program as a whole, we need not be alarmed. We are not losing this war to our enemies within. Against the volume of our war production, the amount of real damage has been trifling. And we are going after those who are responsible, and hitting hard—not after the war is over, but now.

Anyone who thinks that war fraud is a modern innovation need only consult the record. Fraudulent transactions have, unhappily, entered every war we've fought. Charges were flying thick and fast during the Revolution—one, for example, brought by the Committee of Safety against a man who had purchased cloth on commission for the Continental Congress and had charged fifty per cent more than it cost. There were serious abuses connected with shipping. In 1776, Congress agreed to reimburse shippers if the cargoes they sent out should fall into the hands of the enemy. The claims for losses became so heavy that the guarantee had to be dropped. George Washington wrote to the New York legislature that he had "almost incontestable proof . . . that a ship went from hence, sailed with no other view and joined the enemy at the Hook."

In the Civil War, "remarkable combinations" were reported by a Congressional committee investigating government contracts in 1861. "The profits from the sale of arms to the government have been enormous, and realized, too, in many instances, even by our own citizens, through a system of brokerage as unprincipled and dishonest, as unfriendly to the success and welfare of the nation as the plottings of actual treason."

The report goes on to cite a $49,000 profit on a sale of carbines "at the very best not exceeding $60,000 in value;" a 40 per cent profit on blankets for the Army; and "great irregularities in the purchase of horses and wagons." The same kind of transactions appear in records of the Spanish-American War, especially in the furnishing of food of poor quality at exorbitant prices.

Shipbuilders Come Under Fire

In 1934, scanning the record of the first World War, a Senate committee studying the munitions industry found the wartime performance of certain shipbuilders "close to being disgraceful. . . . They secured cost-plus contracts and added questionable charges to the costs. . . . They secured changes in contract dates to avoid war taxes. . . . They bought from the government, very cheaply, yards which had been built expensively at government costs. In one case, this was prearranged before the yard was built. . . . Profits were concealed as rentals. . . . If there were no conversations about bidding among them, there was telepathy."

Four years after the fighting ended in 1918, the Department of Justice set up a "War Transactions Section" to comb through some 30,000 ordnance contracts, in the hope of recovering overpayments. All those contracts were marked closed." For the investigators, the going at that late date was not easy. Witnesses and evidence were missing; the cases were "cold," and so was the public, which had had enough of war and everything connected with it. Yet the War Transactions Section managed to recover more than $11,000,000. Although a few criminal cases were developed, convictions were even more difficult than money recoveries. The section finished with only one verdict of guilty.

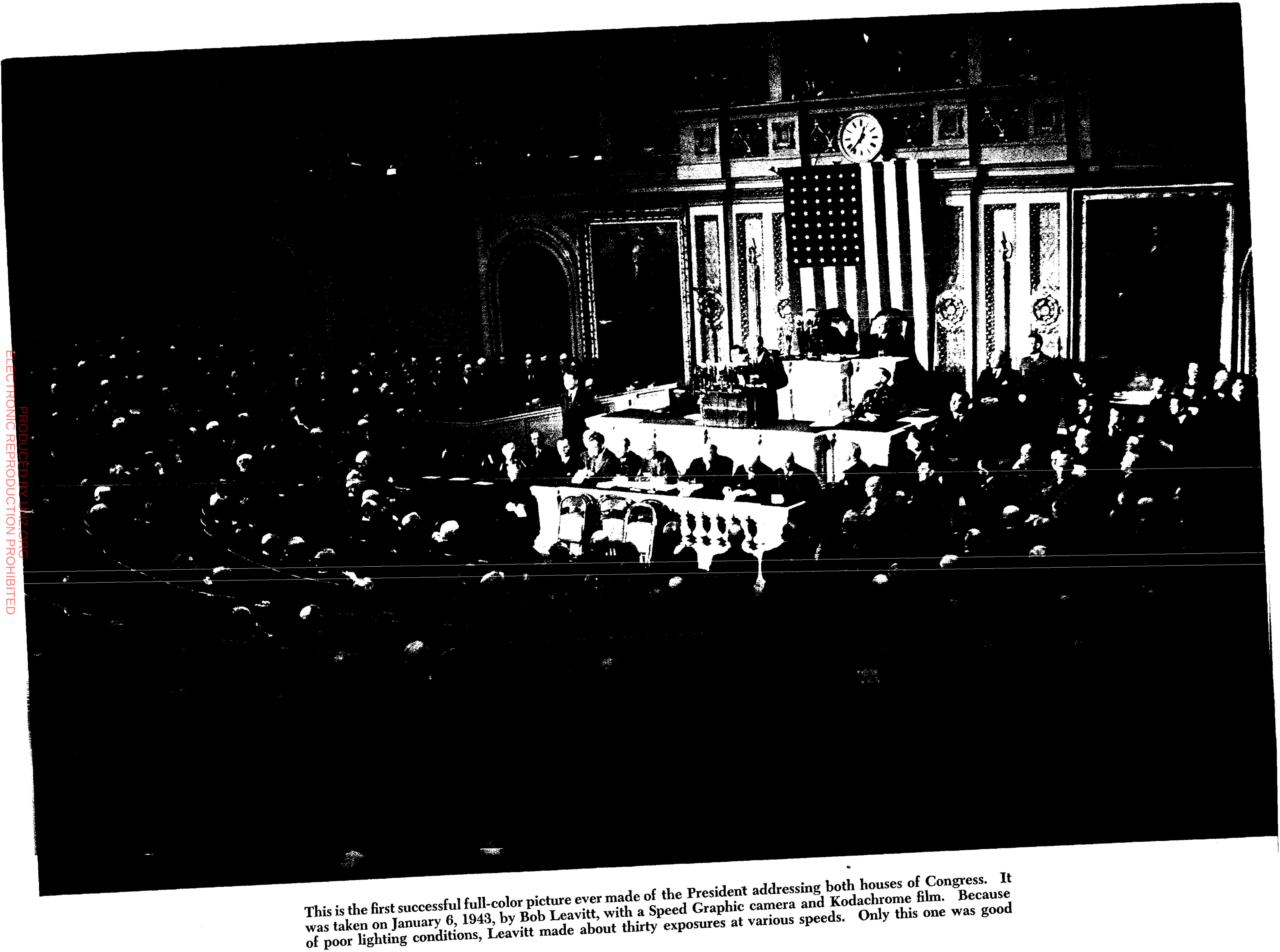
Such lag in the administration of our laws is totally unnecessary and has serious consequences on public morale. We have executed spies and saboteurs; traitors have been convicted; fraud must be punished severely, and the time for prosecution is now. With a tremendous purchase program, we should not be surprised to find a certain amount of cheating; but in a war with the Axis, *any* cheating is too much; and any delay in the discovery, prosecution and punishment of those guilty of it is too long. Treachery is not a matter for library research ten or twenty years hence.

As a result of a suggestion from Congressman Hatton W. Sumners of Texas, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, who was very much concerned with our experiences in the last war (he became a member of Congress in 1913), I set up a War Frauds Unit in the Department of Justice in February, 1942.

The nucleus of the new unit was formed with personnel from the Antitrust and Criminal divisions of the Department of Justice, a staff well seasoned in the handling of kindred problems in peacetime industry. To head it, I picked Tom C. Clark, a 42-year-old Texan with a good prosecutive sense.

(Continued on page 78)

ILLUSTRATED BY D. R. FITZPATRICK



This is the first successful full-color picture ever made of the President addressing both houses of Congress. It was taken on January 6, 1943, by Bob Leavitt, with a Speed Graphic camera and Kodachrome film. Because of poor lighting conditions, Leavitt made about thirty exposures at various speeds. Only this one was good

THE MARINE WHO HATED TO SIT DOWN

By Frank X. Tolbert

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

PEE WEE put a nickel in the juke box. He didn't understand juke boxes like this one. There was a little microphone on the front. From inside the box a girl's voice said, "Hello, darling. What shall we play?"

The girl had a lovely voice. Her voice made Pee Wee feel good inside. For a moment he was tongue-tied. Then he said, "I Had the Craziest Dream."

"Don't you want to sit down, Marine?" said the bartender. "There'll be no cover for a couple of hours and the beer's on me. I was lonesome."

"No, sir," replied Pee Wee. "I don't want to sit down." He took a deep drink of beer and it felt good going down his throat. It was the first beer he'd had since he'd left Guadalcanal.

"Go on and sit down, kid," said the bartender, "take the weight off your feet. You look a little peaked."

"I sure thank you," said Pee Wee, "but I'd rather stand here, if you don't mind."

Pee Wee didn't tell the bartender that he hadn't been doing any sitting down lately—not for the last two months—not since the .25-caliber bullets hit him on the hip pockets.

The platoon was creeping through a coconut grove down the coast from Henderson Field. A sniper opened up on them. Gunny Sergeant Spear was hit in the neck. The Gunny yelled, while blood sprayed from his mouth, "Get behind a tree, Pee Wee."

But every time Pee Wee tried to get behind a tree there was an officer already behind it. So he hit the deck. Pee Wee was a big boy (his nickname was just a joke) and not all of him was hidden when he flopped in the grass. And three slugs raked across the seat of his pants. Pee Wee hardly knew he was hit, at first. He threw his '03 to his shoulder and squeezed two off and a Jap came tumbling out of a tree fifty yards away.

Pee Wee started to get up. His pants were soaked with blood. Gunny Sergeant Spear (he was wrapping his throat with a dungaree strip) laughed, spraying blood specks, and said, "Ain't you housebroke, kid?" Pee Wee laughed, too. But he wasn't laughing ten days later when Colonel Edson had him sent back to the States.

IN THE Naval Hospital at Bethesda, Md., the big Marine lay on his stomach for weeks and recovered slowly. His back side was still stinging when he was released and given a ten-day furlough. He didn't have any folks. So he decided to spend his furlough in New York.

He stood up all the way on the train. He got a room at the Sloan House. Then he wandered gloomily around town. The gay crowds seemed remote to Pee Wee, somehow.

He stopped and, in the dim-out, made out a sign which said that he was on 52d Street. Pee Wee went into a place called Jimmy Dooley's. And he put the nickel in the juke box and the bartender gave him the big glass of beer.

Pee Wee drank three beers and he made the bartender take money for the last two. Then he left the bar and went on down the street. He was standing in front of a place called 21 Club. A big, gray-haired man and two girls got out of a taxi.

"Come on in with us, Marine, and have a drink," said the gray-haired man. He was a little drunk, but he looked all right, and the girls looked better than all right. So Pee Wee went into 21 Club with them.

Inside, softened lights reflected on dark walls, and there were some good murals. And Pee Wee saw that one of the girls had red hair and one was a blonde. He liked the place, but he was sorry there was no place to dance. They headed for a table in the corner. "Couldn't we just stand at the bar, sir?" asked Pee Wee.

The gray-haired man laughed and said, "There's no sense in standing, kid. We've got a reservation. You look as if you could use a steak."

Pee Wee stood behind the red-haired girl's chair while she sat down. Then he moved over to his chair and slowly lowered himself.

PEE WEE'S hips came in contact with the wood and he felt as if someone had rammed him with a bayonet. The red-haired girl was talking to him: "You didn't say what you wanted to drink, honey. So I ordered you a bourbon-and-soda."

"Thank you," said Pee Wee. The big man was talking with the blond girl. The red-haired girl leaned close to Pee Wee and she said in a low voice, "Let's leave after this drink. Sonny Boy here," and she nodded at the gray-haired man, "is getting pretty tight."

Pee Wee's seat was hurting him so, he didn't hear a word she said.

"Excuse me, please," said Pee Wee. He hoisted himself from the chair. He moved toward the checkroom and he felt as if his trousers were on fire and all the people in the room could see the blaze.

He was still stinging, fearfully, when he reached the sidewalk. He stood very straight and looked at the night sky. Then the red-haired girl came out of the club, alone, and she stood there, too, looking at him and laughing.

"I didn't mean for us to leave in such a hurry. But it's all right," she said. "You certainly take a hint. Let's go around the corner to the Stork Club."

"Is there a bar at the Stork Club where we can stand up?" Pee Wee asked.

"We don't need to stand up," she said. "I've some money. Don't worry."

"I wasn't thinking of money," said Pee Wee, "I haven't spent hardly any money in six months."

"Have you been on guard duty?" said the red-haired girl. And she put her arm lightly around his waist.

"There was some guard duty," said Pee Wee. He walked a little faster so that her arm was no longer touching him.

"Really, I'm not trying to grab you," said the girl. She seemed a little angry.

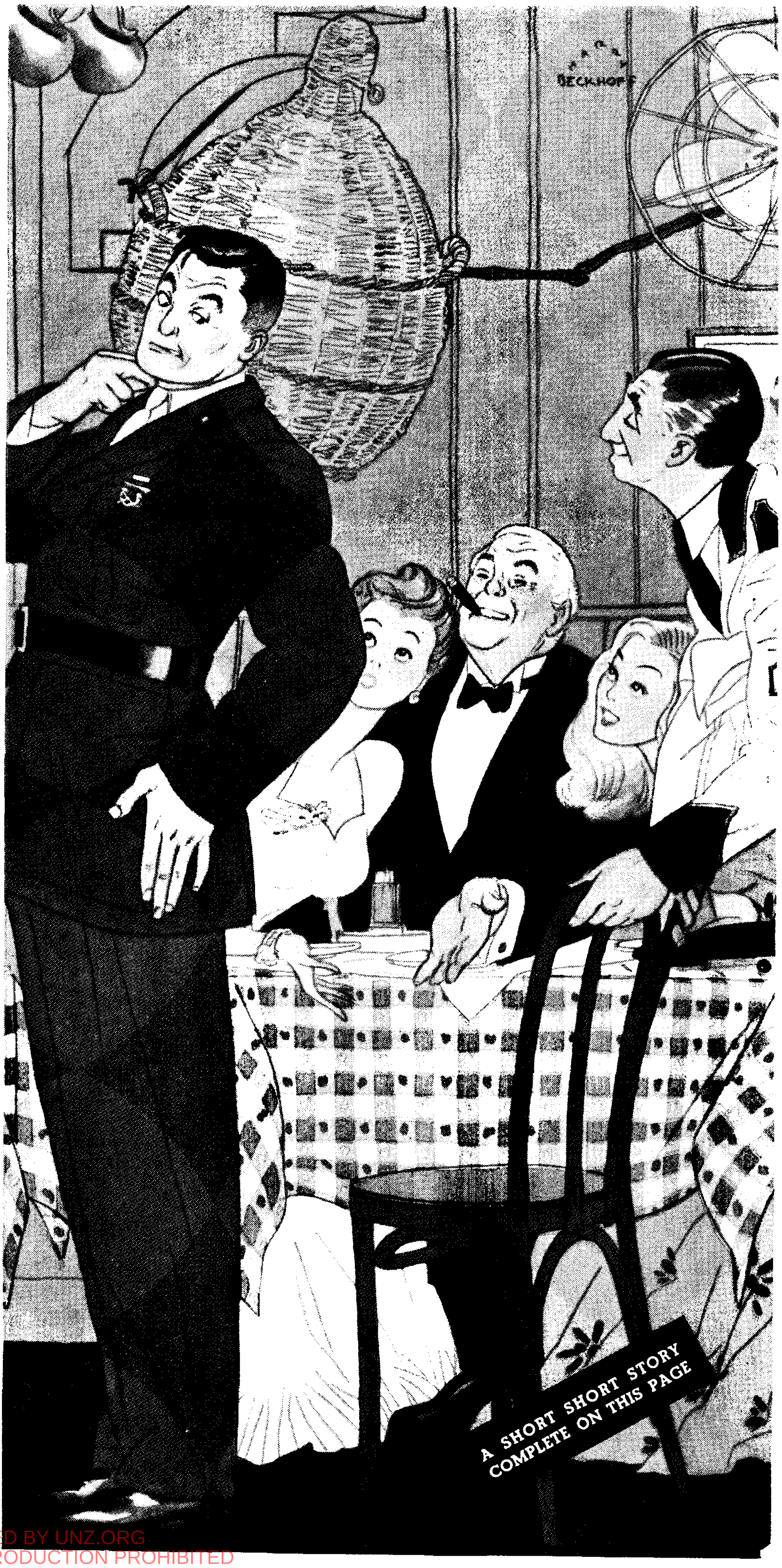
"Well, I would like to go to the Stork Club," said Pee Wee, "if we can just dance and dance. I don't want to sit down a minute."

"We'll have to have a table before we can dance. And I don't feel like dancing. I dance for a living. I'm tired—very tired, really. And I think you are, too." She was silent for a minute. Then she said, "I don't believe you like me."

"Yes, I do," said Pee Wee. And he thought what a beautiful fi-fi she was. And he tried to think of something good to say. But he was aching around the hip pockets so much that he could not say any more.

The red-haired girl had a hurt look on her face when she got into a cab.

So Pee Wee turned around and he walked back up 52d Street until he came to the place called Jimmy Dooley's. He ordered a beer and stood at the bar for a long time. Then he put a nickel in the juke box. And the girl's voice from inside the box said, "Hello, darling. . . ."


BECKHOFF
A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

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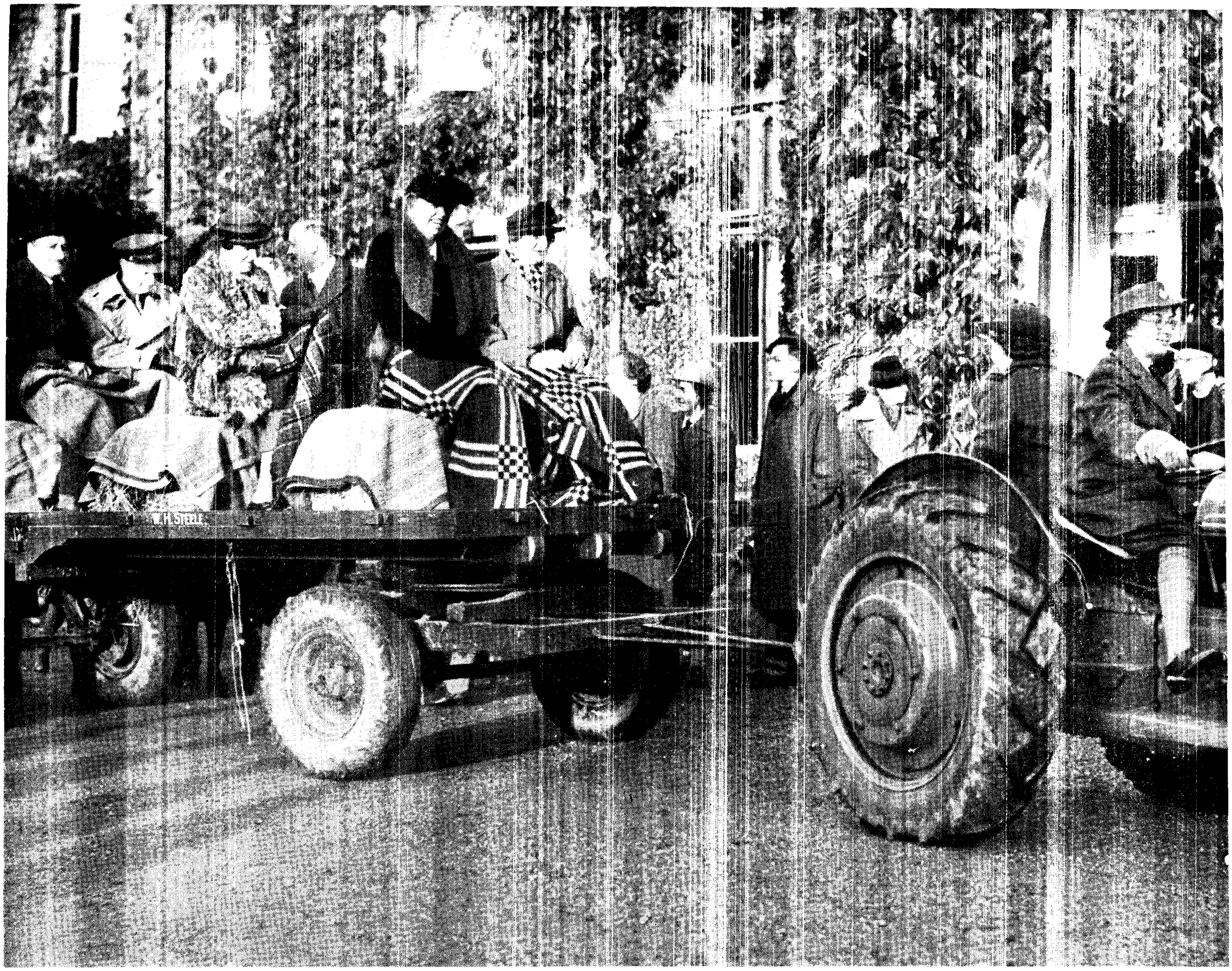

BRITISH COMBINE

Mrs. Roosevelt enjoys a visit to the Women's Land Army in a tractor-driven haycart, during her recent tour of Great Britain

They Talk Our Language Differently

By Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt

Only through understanding the likenesses and differences among peoples shall we begin to build foundations for a lasting peace. Until then "United Nations" will be only an empty term

YOU can hardly look at a newspaper today without reading somewhere the phrase, "the United Nations." Sometimes I wonder what that phrase really means. It seems to mean that the government representatives of the four big nations, fighting against the Axis powers today, and the governments in exile of certain conquered countries have agreed that they will co-operate to win the war and try to find a basis of co-operation, at least, for the policing period which must follow the war.

There is something far more comprehensive than this which must happen before we can really use the phrase United Nations and feel that it means what it says.

Anyone who reads the newspapers at home or is familiar with the people of the United States must know that while we have a few people whose traditions tie them closely to Great Britain, we have a considerable number who are critical of the British people. They find their mannerisms and the way they talk and act not only arrogant but sometimes almost unintelligible.

The British are usually looked upon as rather self-satisfied snobs who have a class system which gives great power to small groups and therefore is not deserving of consideration by people who believe in democracy. The British government is looked upon as imperialistic. British statesmen are paid the tribute of being wily and of seeking primarily the good of "The Empire," and the fear is present that they will fool any American statesman even if he be a good Yankee trader!

The British have conquered many countries, and while it is acknowledged that they colonize fairly well, it is also accepted that their rule has meant exploitation of the conquered areas rather than development for the sake of the conquered people.

This gives us an opportunity to point with pride but not always with justice to the different objectives and achievements of the United States in their colonial possessions.

Nearly all American students get as far in American history as the American Revolution. Some of them never go beyond that point, and the books which they study are usually elementary books which give very little explanation of the reasons why certain things happened. The result is that the average boy and girl has developed a dislike for Great Britain. Most of them have never known a Britisher, but they have seen him caricatured in the movies and in the comics and they think of him as a rather la-di-da gentleman with a title. The average boy and girl here admires the red-blooded man without any frills, who has made his own way in the world. He represents their own hope for the future.

This may seem like an exaggerated picture, but nonetheless it represents the feeling of many citizens in the United States of America.

Now we are in the war and suddenly we belong to something called the United Nations, and our soldiers are sent to Great Britain and Australia. The Australians are rather like Americans, so that does not create much difficulty, but our troops approach the shores of Great Britain with prejudices redolent of the "little red schoolhouse," now become the consolidated school, changed in physical aspects but very little in the type of teaching which goes on within its walls.

The soldiers who went to Great Britain

HIGHWAY TRANSPORT . . . VITAL TO VICTORY AND THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

Bigger than Paul Bunyan's Blue Ox

Three hundred and sixty pounds of meat per year per man for our armed forces! Billions of pounds for our fighting Allies! All in addition to the enormous needs on our home front. America's livestock industry is a giant of fabulous proportions. It accounted for $3,300,000,000 of farm revenue in 1941. This year's production will be very much greater.

Trucks transport two thirds of all livestock to market . . . make it practical to produce meat animals on farms far from packing centers where no other transportation exists . . . handle meat on the hoof and on the hook with minimum loss and delay.

If it's meat you're worried about, depend on America's millions of motor trucks to do their part.

Joseph B. Eastman, director of the Office of Defense Transportation, recently stated: "*Automotive Transportation is absolutely essential to the winning of the War. Goods must reach their destinations and workers must get to their jobs . . . on time.*" Join the U. S. Truck Conservation Corps and keep your trucks in best possible condition. Your GMC dealer is pledged to help you.

Pledged

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK & COACH

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Home of GMC Trucks and Yellow Coaches . . . Manufacturer of a Wide Variety of Military Vehicles for our Armed Forces

cool shaves

Outflank Shaving Terrors!

INGRAM'S
SHAVING CREAM
INGRAM
Ingram's helps condition your skin for smooth shaving while it's wilting your wiry whiskers

If you'd reinforce your chin against shaving rasp and sting—if you'd guard your grateful cheek against flank attacks and irritation—call for Ingram's!

Ingram's has a quick pick-up! A little makes a lot of lather pronto—lather that wilts even barbed-wire beards with startling speed. And what a cool, cool lather it is!

And after your blade is bivouacked—that pleasant, bracing Ingram's COOLNESS lingers on and on. The refreshment really lasts! Get Ingram's Shaving Cream today. It comes in either jar or tube.

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INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM
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INGRAM'S

shaving cream

made their first contact in Northern Ireland at Londonderry. Some of the boys in our American Army who like a fight are of Irish extraction, and curiously enough we find good fighting men straight out of Ireland in the British army. The greater part of Ireland—that part known as Eire—is, however, neutral in this war. They are exercising a right granted them by the British, who on the whole are pretty considerate of the rights of human beings. Ireland or Eire may be connected today with what is called "The Empire," or what would be described more accurately as a confederation of commonwealths, but Eire is free to stay out of the war.

This means that one of the first things to confront our boys is the fact that they may not cross the border line from Northern Ireland into Eire, and at some points this line is only two miles from our naval establishment. A man in uniform who crosses the line is open to internment for the duration of the war. The girls are just as pretty on either side, and there must be considerable temptation, because the boys in our Army are young, and youngsters love to break rules.

All this probably seems very stupid to them, but little by little, it probably has dawned upon them that here is something that goes very deep in the British character. The British may resent the attitude which the government in Dublin has taken, but they accept enlistments of individual Irishmen. They may let Irish girls come over to work in their factories, but they will not question the right of the Eire government to do whatever its constituted authorities decide they wish to do.

Immediately upon landing in Northern Ireland, or Scotland, or anywhere in Great Britain, the education of our men and the education of the British people begin. They have to work side by side. They have to explain themselves to one another. They discover the differences, even to the varied meaning of certain words.

A story was told me in one of our Red Cross clubs in Scotland about some of our American boys who saw a plateful of what they thought were biscuits on a counter. They asked one of the Scotchwomen who were volunteering to wait on them, for biscuits, and the Scotchwoman kept regretting that she did not have any, until finally an American worker walked in and explained that those plates held scones and not biscuits. A movie is a cinema, a druggist is a chemist, an elevator is a lift, an apartment is a flat, and it hasn't anything to do with a tire, and so on.

Rationing Versus Hospitality

After about two weeks, however, I think it would be safe to say that there would not be a soldier in our Army who would not answer "Yes," if you asked him whether he had made friends and whether the people were hospitable. The ring of his voice would attest to his sincerity. Our paratroops had been five months in their training camp where I had a chance to talk to a number of them as they showed me their rather complicated equipment. There was not one who did not say he had made a lot of friends around the camp.

Hospitality for the British isn't so easy, because they are under a strict rationing system. Every person gets enough food for himself, and there is very little extra to hand out to anyone else. So if a Britisher asks someone in for a cup of tea or a meal, he and his family go short just that much in the way of food.

Of course, if he lives in a big house in the country, even though he has very little domestic service, there may be certain things he can offer, like a chance to shoot over his land. One of our generals told me he spent a couple of pleasant afternoons shooting on a place which belongs to a British gentleman, high up in the British government. But few of the privates or younger officers get this opportunity.

The latter, if they are stationed near some big country house, may be asked in for a drink in the late afternoon because the rich man's cellars may still be well stocked, even though the butler has gone. On these occasions, amusing things sometimes happen.

The officers and men in our camps eat their evening meal between five and six o'clock. It is still the habit in Great Britain (even though you have to wait on yourself) to dine at eight-thirty in these big houses. In order to be hospitable, one family we met invited in a small group of officers from a neighboring camp at six-thirty for a glass of wine, expecting them, of course, to go back to camp for an eight-thirty dinner. Instead of which, the men had already eaten. They were having a good time and conversation flowed on easily and time passed. The British hosts could not ask their American guests to stay for dinner; they simply did not have enough food for six extra persons, so the family ate their dinner at eleven P.M.! The story was told me with a great deal of understanding and amusement, with the remark that the men of the family had done a good deal of "grousing" because they had come down from their war jobs in London and disliked going without their dinner. That, I believe, is a characteristic of menfolk the world over.

A Clothes-Buying Dilemma

On the whole, our boys are not very conscious of the restrictions imposed by the war on the British people, at least not at first, because the British say very little about it and are not given to much complaining. Gradually, our men make the discovery that the people are restricted in many ways. They get to know the girls and to know what it means to buy clothes on coupons. They find out that the girls in many of the auxiliary military services wear their uniforms all the time, for the very simple reason that their coupons will not reach over a civilian wardrobe as well as a military one.

If a girl has enough clothes left over from before the war, then when she is off duty, she will scramble into country clothes if she is at home in the country, or into something soft and feminine if she is at home in a city house or apartment, but by and large, she will have used up her coupons for what she needs for actual work.

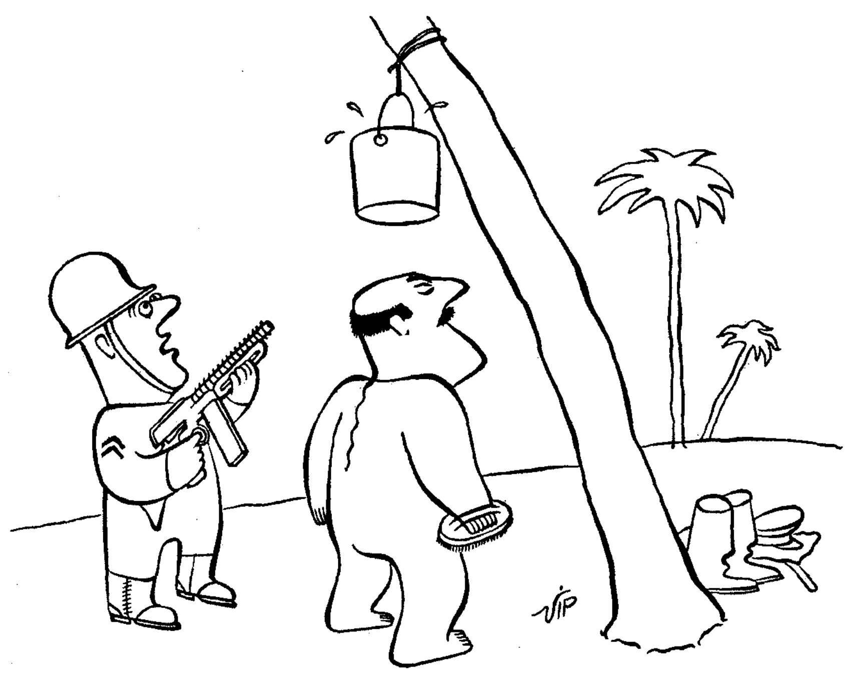
When our Army passed the rule in Great Britain that our boys, if they were invited to someone's home, could draw part of their ration and take it with them, it increased the acceptance of invitations by our men, because they were unwilling, once they understood, to accept hospitality under existing conditions without making a contribution in return. Now they can take something from their own Army ration, and it has made for greater neighborliness between the British and the Americans.

Where the Oranges Came From

I was given some orange juice in Liverpool when I spent the night with the WRENS, and I discovered that when our Navy boys came in, they brought these girls (who do so much work for their own Navy and for ours as well) some oranges, which are practically impossible to buy anywhere in Great Britain. You may get an apple or a pear if you are on a farm or in a country house where there is an orchard, but there is little question of being able to buy fresh fruit, and what there is is very expensive.

The boys in our Armed Forces have found the R.A.F. boys willing to help them. In talking to some of our American boys whom I knew to have prejudices before they reached Great Britain, I have been greatly entertained to find what a little knowledge and experience with the British people will do. One boy I know has always been very prejudiced and still says that he does not like what the British government and its officials stand for, but he sings the praises of British workmen and ground crews in the routine maintenance and repair work which they do on American planes. I am not sure that he doesn't think that they show greater skill and a greater sense of responsibility than some of our own workmen.

It is a slow process—this learning to evaluate other people who are like you and yet different in so many ways. Perhaps it is one of the great lessons we will have to learn if we ever hope to build a better foundation for peace—this lesson that human beings the world over have



COLLIER'S "Now, sir?" VIRGIL PARTCH

The Gun that sprang from nowhere

SOMEWHERE this minute, as you read this, an enemy of America is looking into the barrel of a gun from nowhere.

A miracle gun, if you please, that would still be a useless hunk of unshaped steel waiting to be machined—except for a discovery of scientists in a United States Steel laboratory.

What was the discovery? The secret of making *two* gun barrels in the same time it takes to make one.

Imagine what this means. Arms are flowing to our soldiers in constantly increasing quantities. One factory, for example, reports that it will make two years' output of gun barrels in *one year!*

And as if that weren't dramatic enough, these same men of steel have accomplished a similar miracle in the art of bomb making. Shaping bombs while still white hot metal. Finishing the bomb casing in minutes instead of hours.

Steel landing fields have been invented to cut the time of making an airport to mere hours! Helmets for America's soldiers that stop a .45 automatic bullet . . . Tanks of tougher steels . . . Ways to make machine gun bullets faster than ever before.

What you can expect after the war

The world we live in will be years ahead of itself because of new war-born steel inventions. No other material rivals steel's useful qualities.

U·S·S steels have gone to war in tanks, in planes, in ships, in bullets. They'll be back better than ever. You'll find these U·S·S trade-marked steels building a new and greater America in the peace years to come.

⁂

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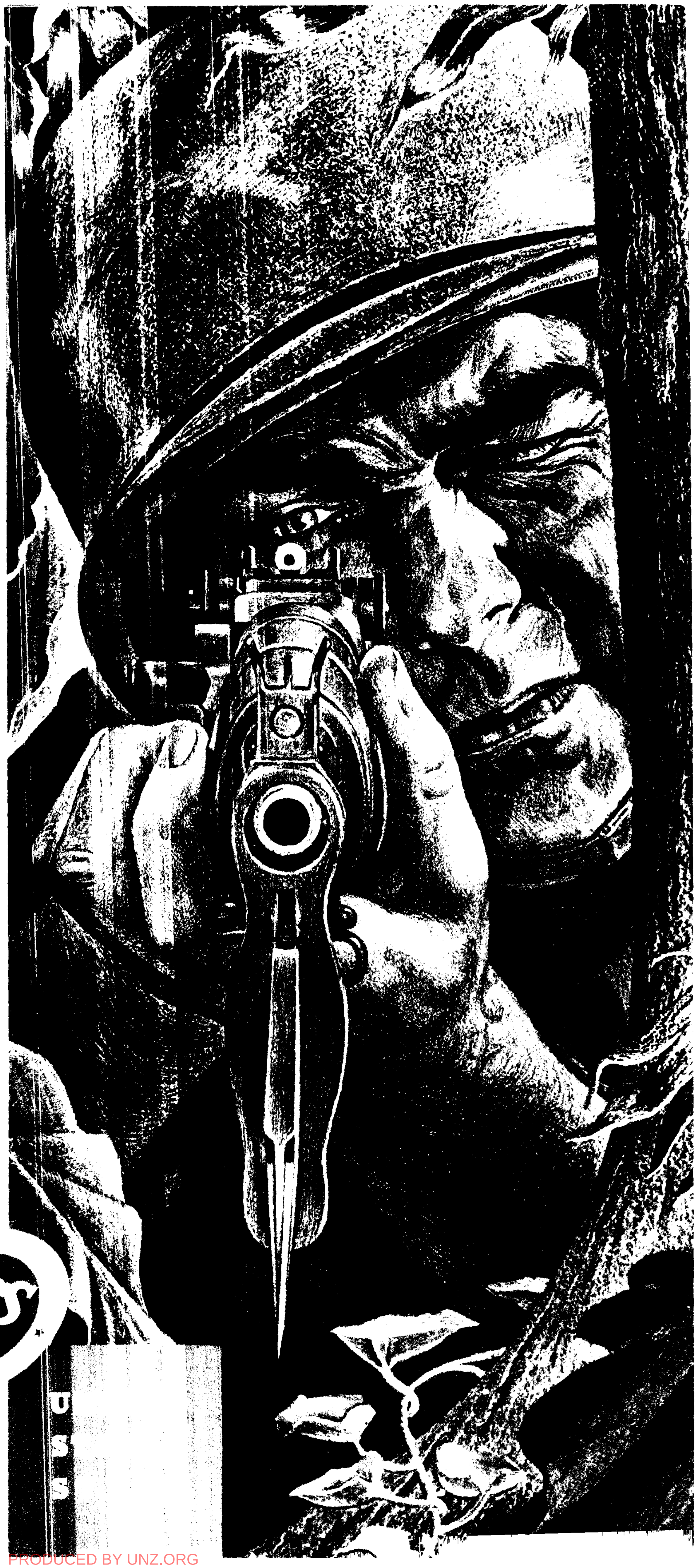
NEW STEELS FOR AMERICA

USS STEELS

*BUY WAR BONDS EVERY PAYDAY

The money you loan builds America's war strength. Yours again to spend in years to come . . . for new comforts, products of steel, things for better living.



Painted with the cooperation of the U. S. Marine Corps.

1. Does she give a *moo* about butter and beef scarcity? Or taxes? Not Bossie. She just chews her cud and relaxes. How different from us hectic, fretful humans!

2. Take Bossie's boss. He does a heap of worrying about help, taxes, and prices. To make matters worse, he's one of those people whose nerves are affected by the caffein in coffee.

3. Even in small doses, caffein can jangle some people's nerves enough to rob them of that miraculous refresher, sleep. Bossie's boss loves coffee, loses sleep, acts ornery.

4. Well, he needn't give up that delightful beverage—and neither need you. You can enjoy a steaming good cup of coffee without upsetting your nerves. Here's how—

5. Switch to Sanka Coffee—it's *97% caffein-free!* It can't get on your nerves, can't rob you of sleep. Only the caffein is removed. The delicious flavor and aroma stay in!

6. It's real coffee, *all* coffee, *swell* coffee! It lets your tired nerves relax and can't keep you awake nights. Next time you get your coffee ration, get Sanka Coffee.

SANKA COFFEE

97% CAFFEIN FREE
SANKA
COFFEE

BUY U. S. WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS!

SLEEP ISN'T A LUXURY; IT'S A NECESSITY. DRINK SANKA AND SLEEP!

TUNE IN . . . 5:45 P.M., New York Time, Sunday afternoon. Sanka Coffee brings you **William L. Shirer,** famous author of "Berlin Diary," in 15 minutes of news over the Columbia Network.

to be approached as human beings and not as members of a race or as adherents of a certain religion, but just as people whom you may like or dislike according to their individual characteristics.

I may be a Chinese, an Arab, a Jew, an Indian, a Negro, a German, a Frenchman, or a Britisher, still I must be evaluated, if I am to be fairly judged, on the basis of being just a human being. We have never done this in the world before and we have never had peace in the world thus far.

One of our four freedoms states that we shall have freedom from fear. Freedom from fear, of course, means that, the world over, people will be protected from aggression, people will be protected from persecution because of their race or their religion. People will be safeguarded from hunger and want by an economy which takes into consideration the basic needs of all the people, the world over.

A Basis for Co-operation

If that is going to become a reality, then the first thing we have to do is to learn to meet our fellow human beings as human beings, recognizing the fact that we will not love all of them or be loved by all of them, but we will love some and we must get on with all, regardless of differences of race or creed. Those who are evil will have to be restrained. We do that in our own countries everywhere.

The Chinese philosopher, Lin Yutang, says, in substance, in a recent article, that our moral attitudes the world over are the important factors, not what we know or what we have, but our ability to choose between right and wrong. This may be the basis on which we shall have to develop some of our future co-operation.

Our boys in Africa and in the Solomon Islands deal with natives who haven't yet had a chance to develop a very high type of civilization. These boys are going a step beyond their first contacts in Great Britain and Australia, and wide differences will develop; but the beginning of the development is in Great Britain. If we can build on the good will which Great Britain has toward us at the moment (largely brought about because, in the trials through which the British have gone, the generosity of the American people has made them grateful) we will be beginning a new era in the world.

Over here, it is hard to understand just what certain things have meant to Great Britain, because, while we have given money which has sent mobile canteens, ambulances, medical supplies, clothing, food, etc., in great quantities to Great Britain, we were only being generous, not sacrificial.

We have sent our old clothes, but they were things we could do without. However, the people who received them over there could not do without them. A woman in a crowd, for instance, one day, plucked at my sleeve and said, "My little girl would have been cold if it had not been for the warm clothes the children of America sent us."

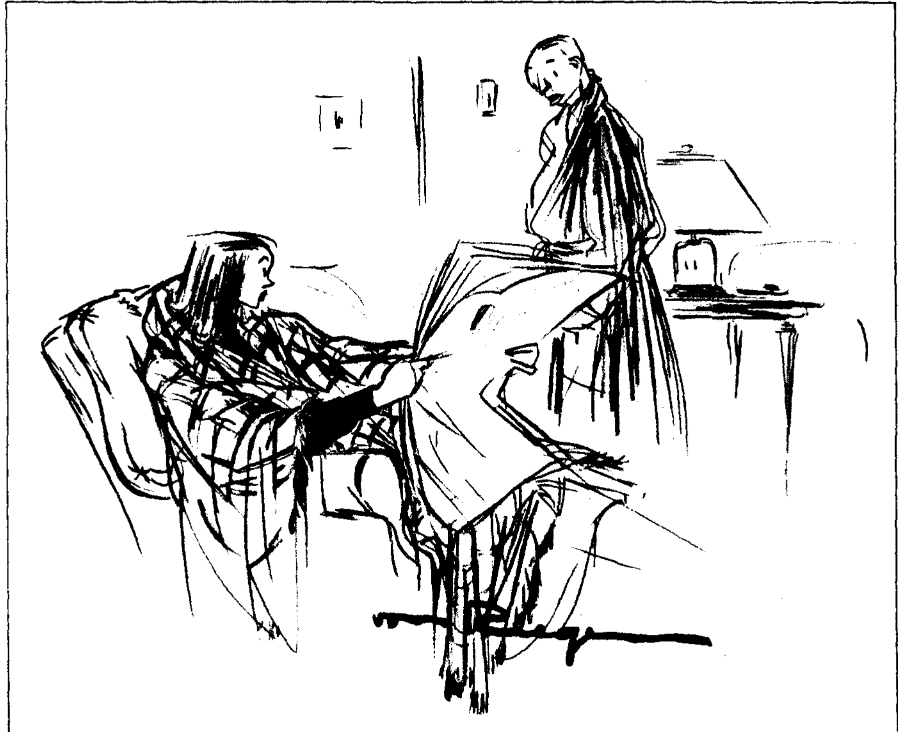
The British people show their gratitude by wanting to do things for our American soldiers. They realize that our coming into the war is a great help to their own boys who have fought in all parts of the world for the past three years. But their gratitude goes deeper than that; it touches the lives of everyone on that group of islands. It calls out a traditional feeling which I think is ingrained in the people of the United States and in the people of Great Britain: If we have received something, we want to make a return, at least in good will.

This is a basis on which we can really build, and I miss my guess if the boys who stay any length of time in Great Britain do not come back to fight down the old-time prejudices over here.

I think of the young Marines serving at the American Embassy, some of whom have been in Great Britain over a year. They responded warmly in the affirmative when I asked if they had made friends among the British people since they came over.

Really to be effective, the United Nations will have to build among the people of all the nations an understanding such as is now growing between the people of Great Britain and the people of the United States. It will be slow, but the building of a peaceful world is not something to be accomplished by the writing of a treaty. It takes time to work out the relationships of men and women, but if we hope for peace, it must be done, and I think a good beginning has been made since we entered the war and began our association on the British Isles.

THE END



"Try to get a couple of bridge dates this week, dear. Our fuel oil is running kind of low"

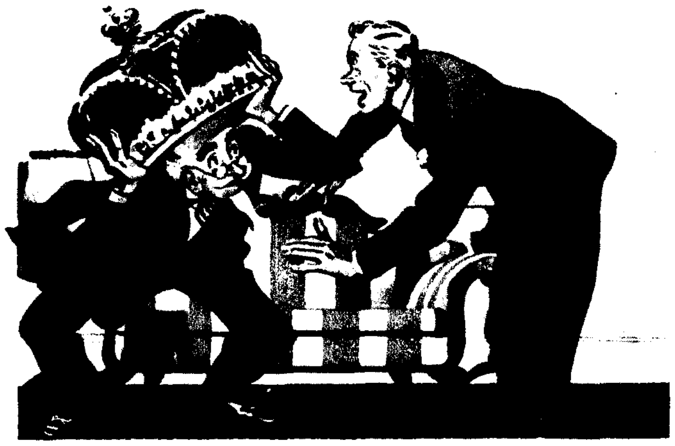
COLLIER'S WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

"All they wanted was the best cigarette in the world!"

"SO THEY COMBED THE COUNTRY FOR THE BEST TOBACCOS . . . millions worth of fine Turkish and Domestic leaf selected by Theodore Kirk, the man who's bought more quality tobacco than any other living person!

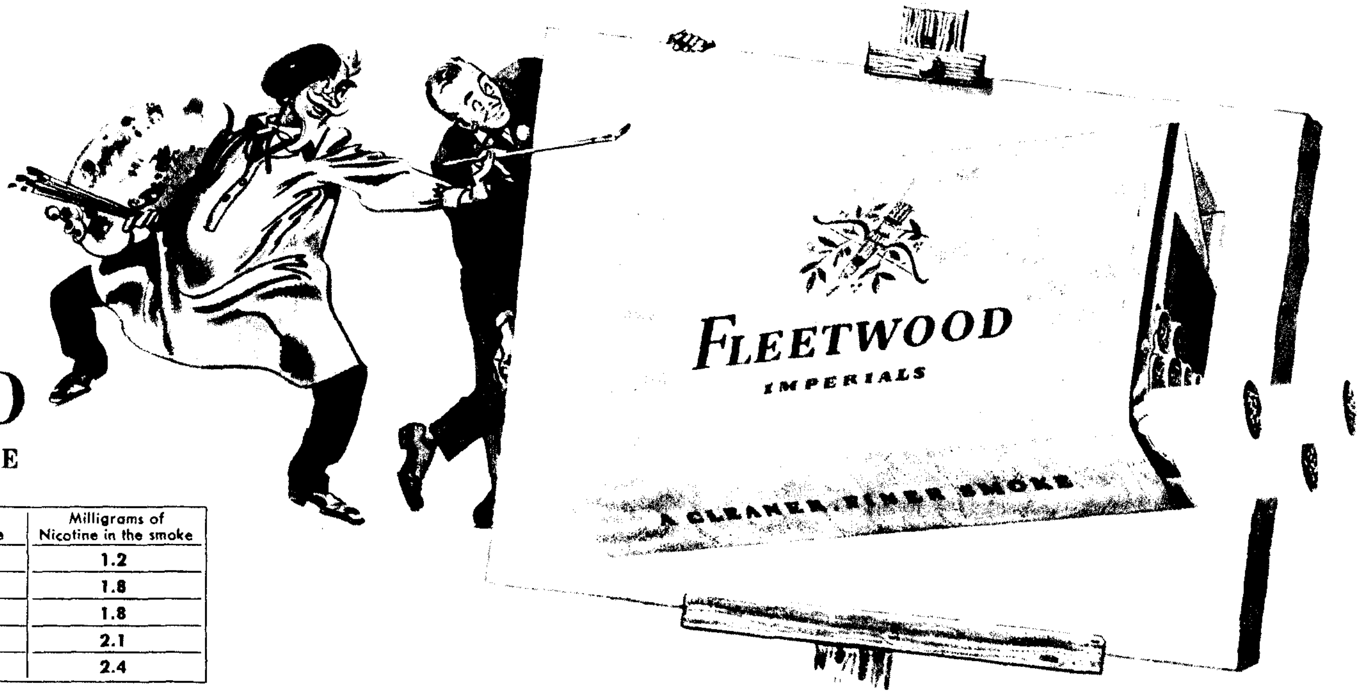
HEN THEY HAD IT BLENDED BY A CHAMPION . . . Curtis
thea, who's blended more major brands than any
ner tobacconist. He kept at it until a professional
y of tasters agreed on a blend as both milder and
tter-tasting than any of the 6 largest-selling brands!

"NEXT THEY WENT TO DOCTORS AND CHEMISTS . . . asked them how to make Fleetwoods cleaner and safer. Result: a modern moisture retaining agent is used in Fleetwood that does not produce acrolein, an irritating gas, usually present in cigarette smoke!



"THEN CAME ADDED SAFETY through extra smoke filtration! Fleetwood's Imperial size means less throat irritants, less nicotine, less tars that stain fingers and teeth . . . provided you smoke Fleetwood no further that you would a short cigarette.

HE FINISHING TOUCH came when Leland Stan-
rd Briggs, leading designer, developed a
ckage of artistic merit . . . even the material
finer, more durable to keep Fleetwoods from
umpling! Yes, sir, all they wanted was the
st cigarette in the world!"



FLEETWOOD

A CLEANER, FINER SMOKE

ESULTS OF TESTS of the smoke of
eetwood and four of the large-
lling brands which were also in-
uded in the famous Reader's Digest
st last summer. As tested here all
garettes were machine-smoked to
average distance of 40 millimeters
simulate natural smoking.

Brand	Milligrams of Tar in the smoke	Milligrams of Nicotine in the smoke
Fleetwood	7.7	1.2
A	8.2	1.8
B	8.3	1.8
C	9.0	2.1
D	10.4	2.4

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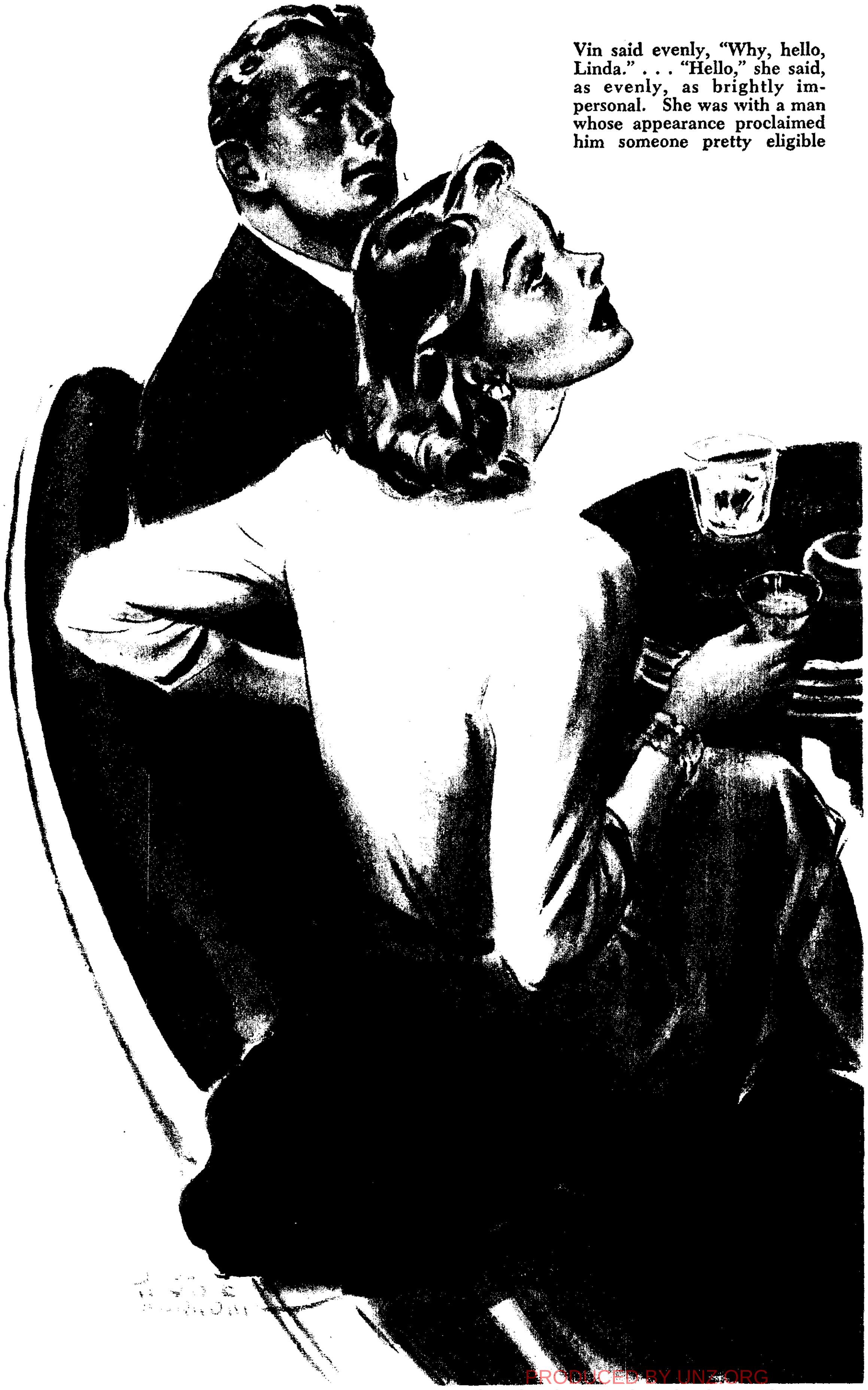
SUPERIOR CIGARETTE AT THE STANDARD PRICE • THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC. • "HOUSE OF TRADITION" • LOUISVILLE, KY.

So Small a World

By Paul Ernst

ILLUSTRATED BY
JAY HYDE BARNUM

It was later than they knew, and unhappiness was a luxury in which neither one could afford to indulge



Vin said evenly, "Why, hello, Linda." . . . "Hello," she said, as evenly, as brightly impersonal. She was with a man whose appearance proclaimed him someone pretty eligible

THIS cocktail lounge was new within the year, which was why Naval Lieutenant Vincent Maller headed for it. No memories, no associations with the past. The doorman, all aglitter with braid, gave him a grin like white keys on an ebony piano. "Hi, Admiral," said Vin.

The lounge was crowded and at the bar only a few stools were vacant. Vin saw Tazey Williams at the bar, stolid as a slab of beef, and started toward him; and then Vin saw Linda at a table dead ahead and he stopped again, wheels sliding, brakes grinding, and with a nasty piercing stab making itself felt in the region of the left shoulder blade.

There she was, full red lips impatient, impulsive and imperious: brown hair sleek and with mahogany tints; gray eyes wide and self-possessed—but not right now. They held confusion in them now, for just a second, and Vin was glad to see this. He wanted Linda to be jolted when she looked at him, just as he was jolted when he looked at her.

He said evenly, "Why, hello, Linda."

"Hello," she said, as evenly, as brightly impersonal.

She was with a youngish man whose appearance proclaimed him someone pretty eligible.

"Down early this year, aren't you?" Vin asked politely.

"A little," Linda replied. "We opened the house yesterday. Stop in, if you have a minute."

"Oh, sure," said Vin. "Oh, certainly."

He went on to the bar and saw that Tazey Williams had watched the little encounter with Linda and each step he took after it. The Navy world was small, even in war, with Annapolis regulars scattered like drops in a bucket. Again and again you ran into people. You couldn't miss, it seemed.

"Martini?" asked Taze. Vin nodded. Taze knew him pretty well. They were both s.g.'s, same class, same ships until a year ago.

Vin climbed onto the next stool, not needing to bend his legs much for he was tall. He was almost too lean, with a triangular look to his dark face, and with a harshness of line under his officer's uniform which made you feel that if you hit his body anywhere the sole result would be bruised knuckles.

"You might have tipped me a wink," he said to Taze. "You saw me come in, and you knew she was here."

"You two darn' fools!" said Taze.

Vin didn't bother to reply to that. He took the glass the bartender put before him.

"You going to spend the rest of your life running out back doors to get away from her, Vin?"

Vin didn't answer that one either.

"It isn't as if you were getting over it. You're not."

"All right," said Vin. "Set another course, will you?"

Tazey shrugged and did so. A hundred and ninety pounds of pseudo innocence, he rambled along about the Yard, work on his boat, the Byrd, and the destroyer Holmes, of which Vin was second in command; about the no-doubt unintended benevolence that had berthed the Holmes and the Byrd at mild

(Continued on page 47)

TOUGHNESS GETS THE "FREEZE" —SAY THE 5 CROWNS

I'M FLAVOR — *once try me, you'll never pass by me!*

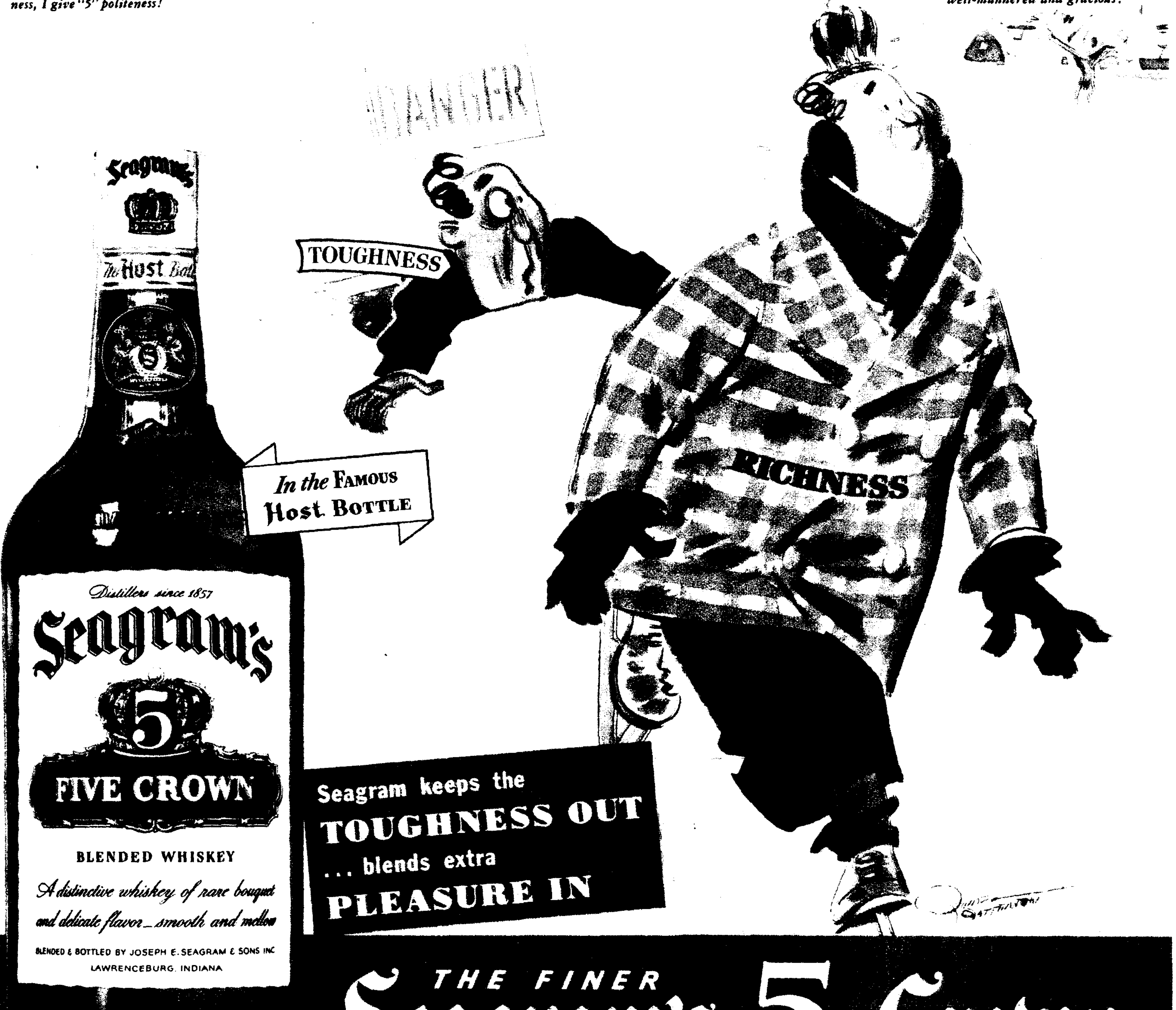
I'M SMOOTHNESS — *with Lightness, I give "5" politeness!*

Here's the way to treat TOUGHNESS, we think—
Keep away from the pest—Let him sink!
That's why we have grown,
And our FINER "5's" known
As a smoother, much mellower drink!

And the bottle called HOST (see below)
Is designed to make quality show!...
When your callers are faced
With this blend of good taste,
You'll be classed as a man "in the know"!

I'M BODY — *I tether fine whiskies together!*

I'M LIGHTNESS — *vivacious, well-mannered and gracious!*


DANGER
TOUGHNESS
RICHNESS
Seagram's
The Host Bottle
In the Famous Host Bottle
Distillers since 1857
Seagram's
5
FIVE CROWN
BLENDED WHISKEY
A distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and delicate flavor—smooth and mellow
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS INC
LAWRENCEBURG, INDIANA

Seagram keeps the
TOUGHNESS OUT
... blends extra
PLEASURE IN

THE FINER
Seagram's 5 Crown

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION. NEW YORK

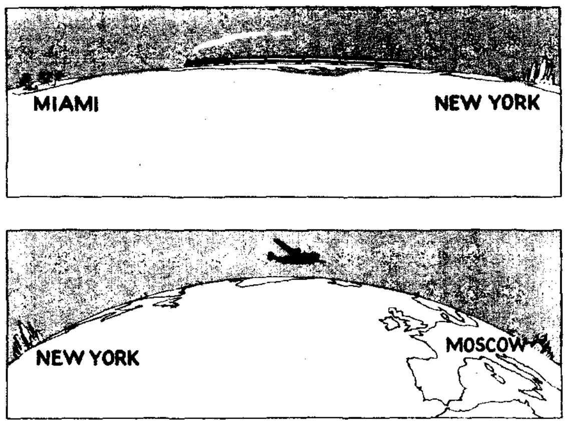
INDIAN OCEAN
NORTH POLE
PACIFIC OCEAN
ATLANTIC OCEAN
NORTH AMERICA

CONSOLIDATED

YOUR CHILD CAN SHOW YOU A NEW WORLD

MANY a time, when the going got tough, you've probably given your child a helping hand with his homework in geography.

But now the picture is reversed. Today your child can help *you* with *your* geography.

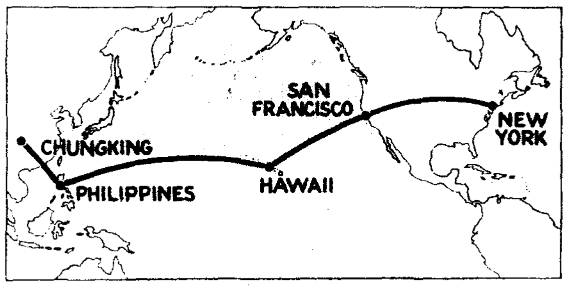


Today it takes *less time to travel from New York to Moscow by plane than from New York to Miami by train.*

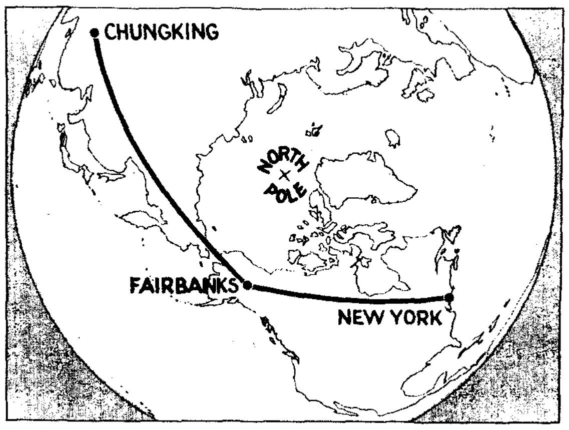
His modern geography book is unfolding to him a world that didn't exist when you went to school. A world, for example, in which planes are spanning the Atlantic in a matter of 400 minutes—and a man can travel from New York to Moscow by plane in less time than he can go from New York to Miami by train—and the route from New York to Bombay is not a 3-week voyage past Gibraltar and Suez, but a 40-hour flight where the way stations are Iceland, Oslo, and Moscow.

In this new world, the "rowboat" geography you studied as a child has been supplemented by today's "aviation" geography. The earth, and all the people on it, have become a global community. And rather a small one, at that.

Barriers have been leveled off. Oceans are small bodies of water separating nations which must now become either friendly neighbors or close enemies. No spot on the globe is more than 60 hours distant from your local airport!



From New York *to Chungking, China, by train and ship, is about 11,300 miles—at least a month-long voyage.*

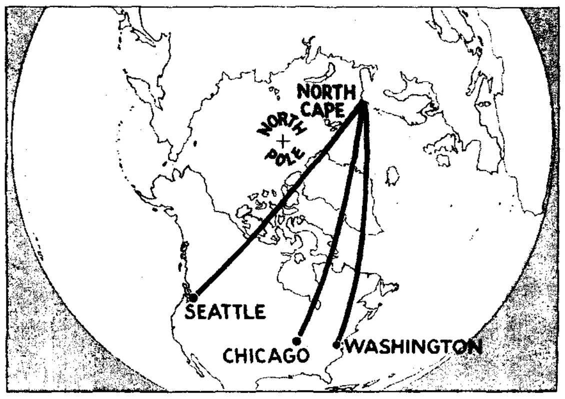


By swift *long-range plane — via Fairbanks, Alaska—Chungking lies only 7500 miles, or 38 hours, from New York.*

This is the world your child is being taught at school. And it is *our* world, as it really is.

We must quickly learn to understand it. For only then can we look beyond the horizons of the present toward the future and its promise.

One thing is already as clear as though written in mile-high letters in the sky. Our growing air power is today becoming a mighty weapon in our hands for Victory. Tomorrow it will be one of the implements with which freedom-loving nations can help build and enforce an enduring peace.



A German bomber *squadron based in Norway could, by flying approximately the same distance, bomb Washington, D. C., Chicago, or Seattle.*

It is this vision which today inspires the tens of thousands of American men and women whose life and job it is to build the finest aircraft in the world, faster than they have ever been built before.

• • •

Consolidated Aircraft Corporation

San Diego, California • Fort Worth, Texas
Tucson, Arizona • New Orleans, Louisiana
Member, Aircraft War Production Council

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

QUICK FACTS FOR AIR-MINDED READERS

There are 2 American four-engine bombers flying on today's world battle fronts. One is the Flying Fortress (B-17), designed by Boeing. The other is the Liberator (B-24), designed by Consolidated.

• • •

Consolidated has been a big-plane builder for more than 15 years. The company is 20 years old. Today, in addition to the Liberator (B-24), Consolidated also builds the Catalina (PBY) Navy patrol bomber, the Coronado (PB2Y) Navy patrol bomber, and the Liberator Express (C-87), transport version of the Liberator bomber.

• • •

Of the many tens of thousands of aircraft workers at the Consolidated plants in Fort Worth and San Diego, almost 40% are women.

• • •

Consolidated was the first to build long-range bombers and huge transport planes by mass-production methods, on a moving assembly line.

• • •

Liberator bombers and transport planes have broken all records for both trans-Atlantic and trans-Pacific flight. One Liberator flew to London in 400 minutes. Another flew from Australia to the U.S. in 35 hours, 53 minutes.

• • •

The globe-girdling Consolidated Liberator, dubbed "Gulliver," which carried Wendell Willkie on his 31,000-mile round-the-world flight, was the first plane ever to span Siberia and cut across the Gobi Desert and Mongolia, the first to fly from China to the U.S. via Alaska.

• • •

The Consolidated Aircraft plants at Fort Worth and San Diego cover so much space that company messengers are equipped with bicycles and motor scooters.

Through the use of wood plastics, Consolidated is now saving 200 pounds of precious aluminum in the construction of each Liberator bomber.

• • •

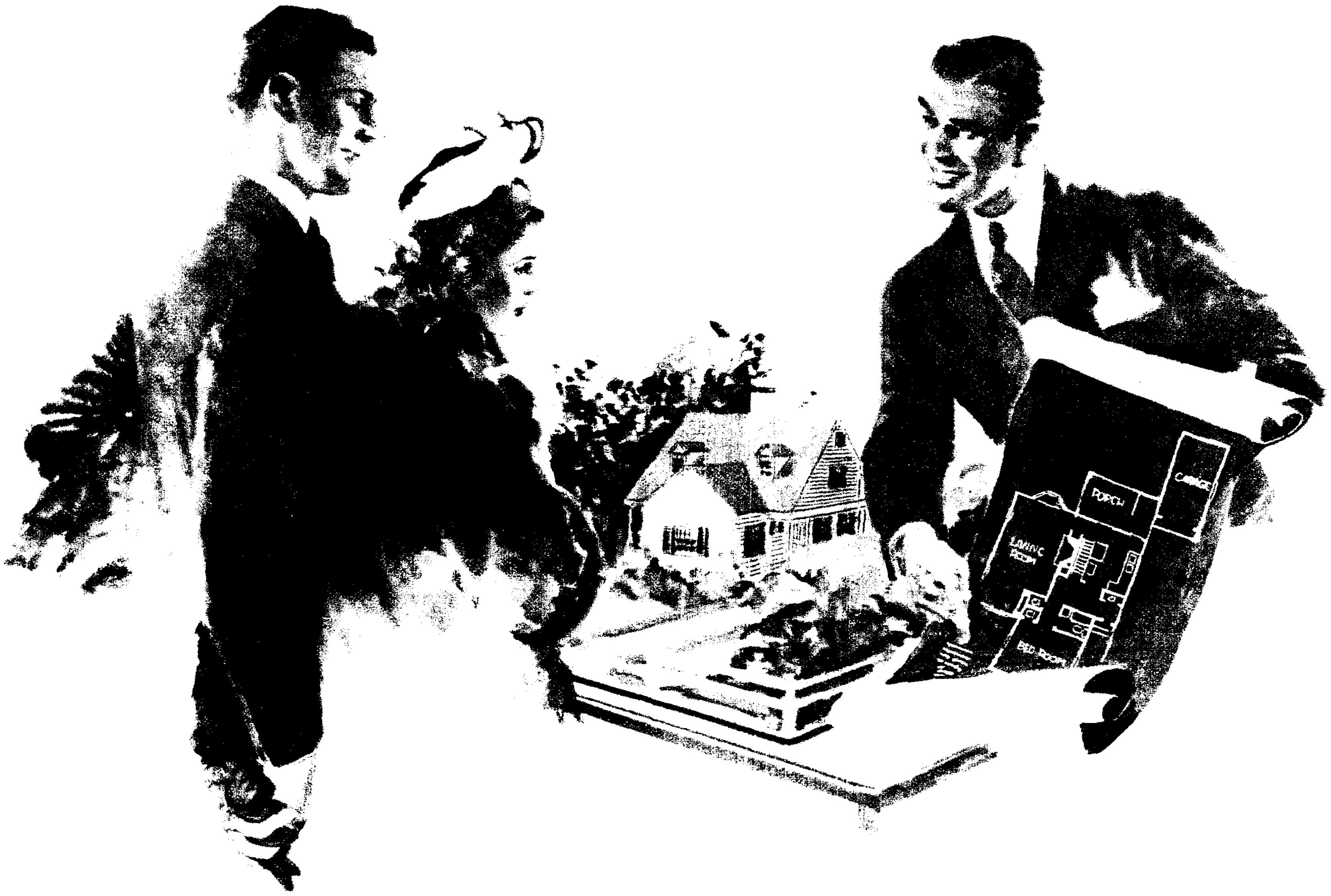
How fast will the planes of tomorrow fly? A new wind tunnel is now nearing completion on the West Coast which will enable aircraft manufacturers to test planes flying at speeds approaching that of sound itself—741 m.p.h.!

• • •

On Consolidated's assembly lines there will soon be gigantic planes which will literally dwarf even the huge Liberator.

AIRCRAFT DESIGNERS AND BUILDERS OF THE LIBERATOR, CORONADO, CATALINA, LIBERATOR EXPRESS

How American it is... to want something better!



THE HOME YOU'VE DREAMED ABOUT—the colors you're going to have in the kitchen and what is going to grow in place of the weeds in that flower bed—maybe the war has made you *postpone* it, but how *American* it is to plan, to search for, to *want* "something better," all our lives. It keeps us young, perhaps, and certainly keeps us awake and alert, this constant *habit* of wanting better things!

WHEN IT CAME TO PICKING AN *ALE*, America followed its "something better" habit. And the ale that turned out to have this "something better"—to live up to the "Purity," "Body," "Flavor" of its now-famous 3-ring trade mark quite *naturally* became...

PURITY BODY FLAVOR *America's largest selling Ale*

BALLANTINE'S
XXX
ALE

To speed the day when we can have more "better things" *buy war bonds and stamps*

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

EHIND

Lingering death for those who submit, sudden death for those who do not—that was the choice left for Warsaw's once-flourishing population of six hundred thousand Jews as the New Order moved in and took over

II

THROUGHOUT 1941, we ran a race against frightful odds. Whatever obstacles we overcame, the Germans erected more. Whenever we managed to adjust ourselves to conditions, they tightened the screw.

They took every conceivable step to halt the black market that kept us alive. Our enemy, the wall, was never still. It grew higher, and its top was strewn with broken glass. Where a gap showed, it became thicker and stronger. Gangs of men worked on it every day, at some points making it bulge out, at others bringing it farther in. These contortions were called "corrective" and were directed against any possible illegal outlet.

All these corrections in the wall took something away from our living space, swallowed up houses, and forced the Jews who were dwelling there to move on to find another lodging, thereby increasing the congestion still further. Many families found themselves in that plight not once but several times, with no chance to take their possessions with them, and were forced to wander around, sometimes for days, before they could find shelter.

The Germans began to hunt our men in the streets. They were caught like animals and carried away to slave at back-breaking jobs in the outside town. Late at night they were brought back and dumped inside the gates, drained of all strength. The less hardy never did return. We did not let our men go out on the streets unless it was absolutely necessary, and then they were preceded by a woman who would scan the surroundings and give a warning whenever she sighted the Gestapo.

[illegible] we woke up to find a number of Jews [illegible] Kupiecka street. They had been caught [illegible] wall. The Germans had shot them down [illegible] and them and then thrown the bodies [illegible]. We never knew what business they [illegible] engaged on or whether they had passes or [illegible] Germans were not troubled by little technicalities like that: they shot first and didn't bother to [illegible] questions after.

There is an old prison, ironically the only place where non-Jews were allowed to live in the ghetto and share the air polluted by the Jews. The German aptitude for thoroughness in everything had made that prison a sinister place not only inside but all around it. In all adjoining houses every window had to be kept closed and locked, every shade permanently drawn. The people living there were condemned to be without light or air. They were forced to burn candles all day, to breathe the same foul air day after day, and were in reality worse off than the prisoners themselves.

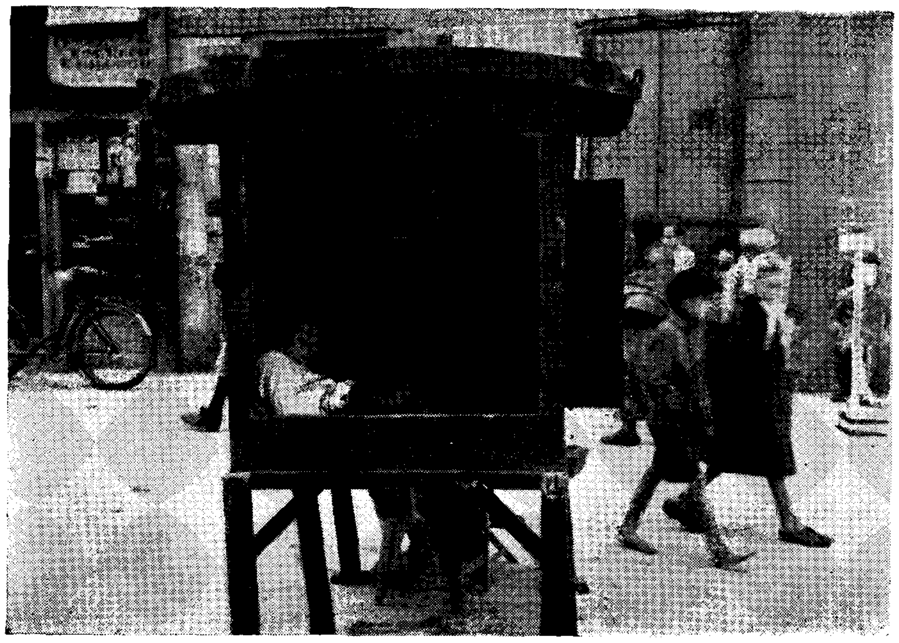
One afternoon a woman in one of those houses on Leszno Street, opened the French windows that led to a balcony and stepped out into the open. She may have momentarily forgotten the order. The craving for a breath of fresh air may have suddenly become overpowering. Or perhaps she was suddenly taken ill and needed help. We never knew, and nobody ever will know, because the moment she appeared she was shot to death.

For our own sake and the sake of our families, we were terrified at any harm that might befall our jailers, because lightning reprisals would always strike at us. Day by day we saw friends and relatives murdered in retaliation for deeds in which they had no share, of which they had no knowledge. On one occasion a Polish policeman had been killed on duty. The Gestapo carried out an extensive search, in the course of which one building, at Nalewki 9, put up a stubborn resistance for several hours. When the defenders were finally overcome, fifty-three male inhabitants of that building were dragged out and summarily shot.

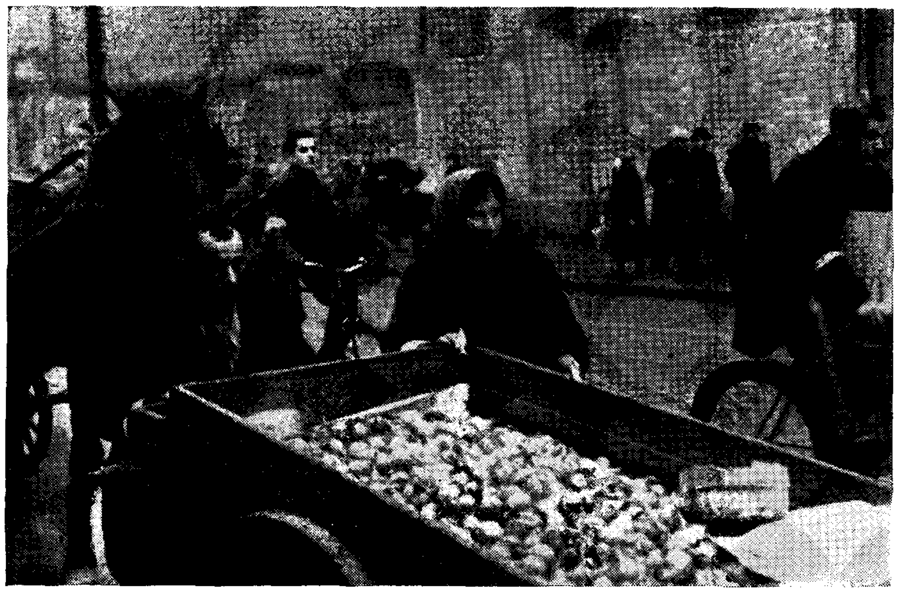
Another time—this happened later, on April 17,

[illegible] topic of ghetto street conversation is food, for which there is a never-ending search. Children like these are the worst sufferers under the starvation rationing system enforced by the Germans

A ghetto policeman on duty. The Gestapo set up a Jewish police force, gave it no arms, but did give it responsibility without authority. It does the best it can to maintain order among starving people



Homeless, hungry children, some orphans and others hopelessly lost, have a hard time. These sleep in an abandoned newsstand



A street vender of vegetables. He collects ration points for each tiny allotment. Note bricked-up fronts of bombed buildings

Everything he has suffered is clearly and eloquently written in the face of this man who was once a prosperous citizen of Warsaw

1942—fifty Jewish policemen who spoke German were ordered to report to the Gestapo. Nobody knew what had happened, and everybody was terrified of what would happen. There is one incident during that night's raid of which I have firsthand knowledge and which will serve to illustrate what went on all over the ghetto. Two heavily armed Gestapo men in uniform ordered a young Jewish policeman, hardly more than a boy, to take them to the house of a certain Mr. Blajman who lived on Dzika Street. He was a baker, respected and well liked. The family and guests were just sitting down for the Sabbath meal when the police arrived. Curtly, Mr. Blajman was told to come with them. His wife, in an agony of fear, pleaded with them to let him finish his dinner.

"Don't worry," said one of the Germans, "you'll have him back very soon."

"You'd better give him his overcoat and a muffler; it's cold outside," laughed the other.

The Jewish police boy looked white as a ghost and was trembling all over. The others in the family were all standing like statues, looking desperately from the Gestapo men to Mr. Blajman, who was quietly putting on his overcoat and not saying a word. He went to his wife and embraced her, then disengaged himself and stepped out into the night with the others.

The German had spoken the truth. Not more than five minutes had gone by when Blajman was brought back. But this time he was dead. The four men had walked through the pitch-dark streets. After several corners had been turned, Blajman was ordered to step out in front. One German flashed his light quickly, and in the same instant the other put a bullet through the baker's back.

Many more were hunted up that night and killed. We never learned the reason.

That winter of 1941-42 was extremely severe. There had not been such low temperatures for many years—and we in eastern Europe are accustomed to cold. Fuel was scarce and terribly expensive. A ton of coal cost 3,000 zloty, more than $500. Wood was wet and refused to kindle. Nearly all of it went to make coffins, for the death rate was going steadily up day by day. To conserve the precious warmth, we opened our windows less and less as the weather grew colder. The smell and the smoke in our overcrowded quarters made us sick, but letting in air meant freezing to death.

Furs for the Germans

In December we had a cruel blow when Commissar Auerswaldt ordered us to give up all furs we possessed by the twenty-sixth of that month. Every scrap of fur was to be seized; all fur-lined and even fur-trimmed garments had to go, because it was not permitted to rip off the fur and keep the cloth. On the twenty-sixth, a bitterly cold day with a howling wind, we stood in line before the council building and waited our turn to hand over the only protection we had against the murderous season. The members of the council were the most tragic of all, for they had to inflict this new hardship on their own people, as executioners for the enemy.

As 1941 drew to an end, our long suffering began to tell on us. Our resistance was waning, for we never at any time had enough to eat. You cannot permanently feed a community of 600,000 people on the black market. It was impossible for the haphazard business of smuggling entirely to replace the regular channels of supplying a city with food under normal conditions. What came in was always far too little, and even that quantity grew less as the German net became tighter. With the increase in risk, the smugglers got bolder and more unscrupulous. Substitute products began to displace the genuine articles, while prices went sky-high.

There were many kinds of hunger in the ghetto. The few who could still pay bought what they got to eat from "under the counter." They were by far the best off, but still they were hungry.

There were tens of thousands of families who could not afford black-market prices and had to depend on the rationed goods for sustenance. Slow victims of undernourishment, these. Their teeth decayed and fell out, their hair and nails refused to grow, their eyes became great sunken hollows in fleshless faces, and their stomachs were repulsively bloated.

And, finally, there were many who had exhausted their funds entirely. These miserable travesties of human beings picked up what they could find in the streets and in garbage piles, consuming the rest of their strength in the awful fight against real starvation.

Disease and epidemic found an easy harvest. Tuberculosis took an increasingly heavy toll. Worst of all, spotted fever broke out and raged uncontrolled for months. Thousands upon thousands perished from this devastating plague, which played havoc with the conditions of filth and overcrowding in the ghetto.

The Threat of Plagues

It drained away the strength of our already overworked and weakened doctors and nurses. Our feeble medical resources were hopelessly unprepared to cope with its ravages. There were no hospitals in which to isolate the cases, no adequate means of disinfecting buildings. Cleanliness was impossible, and there was absolutely nothing to prevent the plague from spreading. We could only hope and pray that by some miracle it would pass us by.

Toward the end of that year we learned that there were people who had reached a degree of suffering even worse

They bet their lives

THERE is a big, open, well-lighted factory spreading its acres out on the flatlands of a Middle Western state.

There's a long assembly line where Buick-built Pratt & Whitney engines grow, test cells where they get an hours-long going-over under power, another line where they are torn down, inspected, put back together — and back of all, huge factories in Flint where countless parts take shape.

And there's a sobering thought that rides with every part through every process, with every engine down the line, with every packing case that carries a finished engine off for installation in a plane.

That thought is this: Some day somewhere an American flying crew will bank their very lives on the way we build that engine.

They will stake everything on it, and on the perfect functioning of every one of its thousands of parts.

They'll trust it to carry them through overcast and ack-ack fire, to hold them steady through the bombing run, to help them wheel and dodge in combat with enemy fighters — to carry them home again, safe and sound and able for more.

Maybe your boy will be in that crew. Maybe ours will. Maybe someone who once proudly called himself a Buick man — there are more than 3,000 such now wearing the uniform.

Good people, do you think Buick is insensitive to that?

Do you think anybody with as many good and loyal and trusting friends as we gratefully can claim can do anything but his unstinted best under such circumstances?

You bet your very life we can't!

And because we can't, flying men can bet their lives on our work.

BETTER BUY BONDS
Let your dollars
lend a hand

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

BUICK DIVISION OF **GENERAL MOTORS**

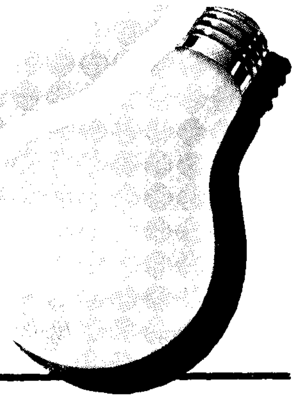
Better *See-ability*
means better work ability

MOTHERS IN OVERALLS are one of the many examples of tough American grit the Axis never figured on. These eager family women are drilling, welding, inspecting, performing a thousand-and-one different tasks that require keen *see-ability*. Keen vision is most important for fast, accurate production. Guard it with good lighting at work and at home.

Wrong light at home, such as above, is injurious to the eyes and actually wastes good light. Shadows caused by the wrong placement of the lamp, make seeing difficult, soon strain and tire the eyes. A very easy way of correcting this faulty lighting is suggested at the right. The lamp should be placed so that light comes over either shoulder. This prevents shadows on the reading matter. Many other simple ways of getting better *see-ability* from your present lamps are described in a new booklet, "How to Get More Light For Your Money". Write Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., Lamp Division, Dept. R-1, Bloomfield, N. J.

Make sure you get all the light you pay for by buying Westinghouse Mazda Lamps. They stay bright, last long, and give utmost light for your money because they are built to the highest standards of quality and performance.

Westinghouse
★ MAZDA LAMPS ★
FOR BETTER SEE-ABILITY



than ours. Small groups of harassed and frightened individuals began to straggle into the ghetto, escorted by the Gestapo. Nearly all of them were old men, women and children, miserable and poor, whose eyes reflected unspeakable terror. They were Jews from small towns and villages in Poland, and their story was a pathetic one. Ten minutes had been given them to collect the few belongings they could carry with them and to leave for parts unknown. Before departing they had been forced to set fire to their huts and barns; with their last look back they had seen the flames devouring the only homes they knew. The younger men were carried away to slave in mines or quarries for the Germans.

Upon reaching the ghetto, they were first sent to quarantine. They they were dumped on the Jewish Council; the Jew could take care of his own. This new influx was embarrassing. There was no room, no food, no facilities for the newcomers, who had nothing but what they carried with them. But there was no other way out; we had to absorb these people. We became desperate as more and more of them were driven in, coming from all parts of Poland. Reception quarters were arranged in former schools and other public buildings. Whoever could helped out with blankets and cooking utensils. At least we still had a little more than they did, and this we could share with these unfortunate peasants, the poorest of the poor, uprooted from their lands and unceremoniously planted in a strange and fearful city. Odd as it may seem, I believe we gained renewed strength from being able to help those people even more miserable than we were.

The Wall Moves In

In December the wall moved again, this time to exclude the Jewish cemetery from the ghetto. Too much smuggling, said the Germans, had been going on through the cemetery enclosure, which bordered on an ancient part of the city. From then on, in order to bury our dead and visit their graves, we had to obtain a special pass. One lane was left open and a gate set up for the burial carts and pedestrians to pass through the wall to the cemetery. The coffins were not permitted to be nailed down before reaching the gate. Grim scenes occurred there when the carts were stopped by the guards before rattling through. The lids would be ordered taken off the coffins, and the guards would poke about inside with their bayonets, searching for contraband. There were often a number of corpses in one large coffin, and from this they would be tumbled in a grotesque heap of tangled arms and legs, white skin and bones, naked and miserable, like a caricature of a Rubens Last Judgment. This was death without tears, without dignity.

The ghetto had become a haunted town full of weird sights and unreal shapes. Death reigned in every house and on every street, was on every person's lips, had become the only industry. Everywhere undertaking establishments had sprung up, covering the entire ghetto, filthy little shops providing miserable coffins crudely put together. The carts that carried them to the gate were pushed or drawn by relatives of the dead. There were no horses to pull them. Undertaking was the only business left in the ghetto. The undertakers charged very little for the scant services they could perform, but even this was beyond the means of many people, who were therefore unable to bury their dead.

It is a gruesome feeling to be walking along an unlighted street at night and suddenly stumble against something which had once been a human being but is now a corpse rotting on the pavement, covered over with a few newspapers held down by bricks. There were many of those piles in the streets that winter. They would lie there until the garbage truck passed on its round, often at irregular intervals.

Pitiful characters wandered about during the daytime, men and women wearing an old overcoat and, as far as could be seen, nothing underneath. In order to protect themselves, some had wrapped feather pillows around their waists and tied them fast with string, presenting a sadly grotesque appearance.

It became dangerous to walk in the street with a package. From nowhere robbers would jump out and seize it. Hurriedly they would tear off the wrapping and stuff the contents into their mouths without waiting to see what they were, in the hope of getting food. One poor man who tried this was badly fooled: the package contained bleaching soda. I saw another burglar fall down on the pavement and cover with his body the loot he had just snatched. The robbed woman screamed and attracted the attention of passers-by, who stopped to help. They beat and kicked the man, who lay still and took the punishment but refused to give up the package.

Such sordid scenes made us deeply ashamed of the level to which we had sunk. Gone were all decent standards of conduct, all civic virtues, all the dignity of man.

The only places we could gather during the daytime were the numerous small coffeehouses, whose growth had paralleled that of the undertaking shops. These places were a testament to the ineradicable optimism of our people. Most of the shopkeepers had long since sold out their stocks. As new merchandise was unobtainable, the stores would be forced to close down. But the owners believed firmly that the day of deliverance would come and wanted to be there when it did. So they converted their empty shops into coffeehouses. They served worthless substitutes: grain coffee, with candies and pastries purchased on the black market and adulterated by mixing and shortening. The coffeehouses were a haven where we could escape from the narrow confines of our one-room home, keep warm for a while and find company.

Curfew at 9 P.M. left no time for night entertainment. The families gathered at home and told one another the news of the day that had trickled in: whether so-and-so had finally died and what was going to be done with the children; how Zobrisky had actually managed to smuggle in two pounds of potatoes last night; or how a Gestapo official had struck one of the council members with his riding whip that morning. The only other pastime we had on these miserable evenings was a dull game of cards. Any step on the stairs, any knock at the door would send our hearts into our mouths. There was a constant atmosphere of gloom and fear in the room. Our men always kept their overcoats in the kitchen, so they could escape by the back stairs when the Gestapo raided the house.

Worship Under Duress

Nor could we observe the rites of our church in any strict sense of the word. The Liberal Synagogue was outside the ghetto, and we did not dare to use the Orthodox synagogues left inside. We were afraid to congregate in large numbers in a place of worship, as this would offer an opportunity to the Germans for massacre. Whatever rites we still observed were performed in private.

with no more than the prescribed ten persons that in our creed form a congregation.

No schools were left in the ghetto. The Germans had decreed that Jewish children should receive no education whatsoever. We refused to let our children grow up to be ignorant savages, so we organized small groups into classes, with courageous men and women venturing to do the teaching.

Strange as it may seem, there were few suicides among the ghetto population. The determination to survive held strong to the bitter end. The Germans openly complained about this state of affairs, having hoped for a more rapid extermination. They drew unfavorable comparisons between our resistance and their experience in Vienna, where the Jewish population had killed themselves in an unparalleled wave of panic. They professed to be unable to understand why we continued to hang on, but I think that at the back of their minds they had some inkling of the truth: that we had no faith in the duration of their reign and were convinced beyond all doubt of their ultimate downfall and destruction.

Now that they had curbed us and reduced us to the minimum standards of existence, the Germans sent their soldiers "sight-seeing" in the ghetto. Individual soldiers could seldom obtain the necessary permit to enter, even if they had wanted to, either because of the danger they might encounter in the ghetto or because of jealousy between the Gestapo and the army. But their pleasure trips *en masse* were not only tolerated but systematically organized. They came rattling in on army charabancs, forty or fifty at a time, well fed, warmly clothed, broad-shouldered and overbearing, and made the grand tour. With wide grins they took in our humiliation and misery. Pointing at us with disgust and scorn, they would tell one another: "Now you see how filthy those Jews are and how wise it was to shut them up together and let them stew in their own dirt."

The Lower Depths

The year 1942 brought nothing but more suffering. Life slowed down still further, and the people in the ghetto looked more like ghosts than ever. Dirt and disease kept increasing all the time. Starvation was widespread, and led to abysmal depths of depravity. In the back yards the garbage was piled mountain-high. It had not been collected for months because the Germans claimed that Jews had been smuggled out in a garbage truck. All winter the filthy piles had been frozen and covered with snow. In the spring they thawed and filled the air with a sickening stench. Rats and mice nested in the dumps, and we had to keep the children from playing in the back yards—the only open spaces we had.

Unnatural conditions breed unnatural facts. Life seemed to balk at being renewed in such adverse circumstances; no babies were born any more in the ghetto.

Early one morning in February, 1942, we were awakened by unfamiliar sounds coming from the street. Looking through the windows, we saw nothing but a cold, gray morning shedding its bleak light on an empty street. From the distance came a peculiar shuffling noise punctuated by sharp clicks. As this sound drew nearer, a line of human beings came into view, wearily stumbling and dragging along in the last stages of fatigue. Escorting them was a squad of Storm Troopers armed to the teeth and marching in step with precision.

Thus arrived the first batch of deportees from Germany, headed for what the Nazis called resettlement in the east. They were from Königsberg in East Prussia, about five or six hundred Jews from all walks of life—decent, respectable people. They had left behind parents, children, and wives.

When they had gone through the usual quarantine nonsense, they were put in the hands of the council, one more burden for the distracted members. Then the Gestapo despoiled them of everything they had carried into exile: stripped of their meager belongings, penniless, and bereft of hope and strength, they were led out again. We were told they were to be settled on a reservation near Lublin.

Many other processions shuffled through the ghetto and out again in the wake of these. I have no firsthand knowledge of their real fate, but grim reports trickled in to us. Between Warsaw and Lublin, the stories went, the Germans would dispose of their charges in several different ways. One was to shut fifty or sixty of them up in a truck and then fill it with gas. Another was to leave them starving by the roadside. Or, when they got tired of such slow methods, they would simply machine-gun them in large batches. The executioners in this organized mass murder were officially termed "Extermination Squads."

Escape from Hell

As the days became warmer and the sunshine crept into our frozen bones, we began to take stock of the winter's toll. Our ranks had been fearfully depleted by the cold, by spotted fever and other diseases. But what terrified us more than anything else was the growing scarcity of food and the sharp rise in deaths from starvation. The realization came to us with startling clarity that unless we obtained relief in a very short time, we could not hope to survive. This was bitter indeed, but we could not let the thought drive us into resignation or apathy.

There was nothing we could do about our position, yet we had to hold fast to the will for survival, even if we should be left with nothing else. Meanwhile we would place all our faith and hopes in a speedy victory for the Allies.

Then one day, when spring had passed into summer, a miracle happened to me and my family. Through an amazing set of circumstances which cannot be told because it would mean death to all who aided us, it was made possible for us to leave the ghetto. Early one morning we crossed the border for the first time since November, 1940. As we passed through the Leszno gate, I carried my little son, born in captivity, and held him tighter when for the first time he breathed air that was free. A wave of emotion surged up inside me: grief at leaving my country, fear for my people left behind, and anxiety for our own future. But the thought that it was to be a free future steadied me, and I marched confidently forward.

Of those whom we left behind, I can say little. This is the third winter they will have passed through, and how many will survive it I cannot say. There can hardly be many left now.

I, who have lived with them through dark years, who shared their bitter fate, humbly bear witness to their martyrdom and offer this chronicle in memory of those who died in the ghetto, and as a tribute to the courage and determination of those who are still living there in torment. I join with them again in the prayer for a new world in which they will resume their place as free human beings.

THE END

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By William O'Farrell

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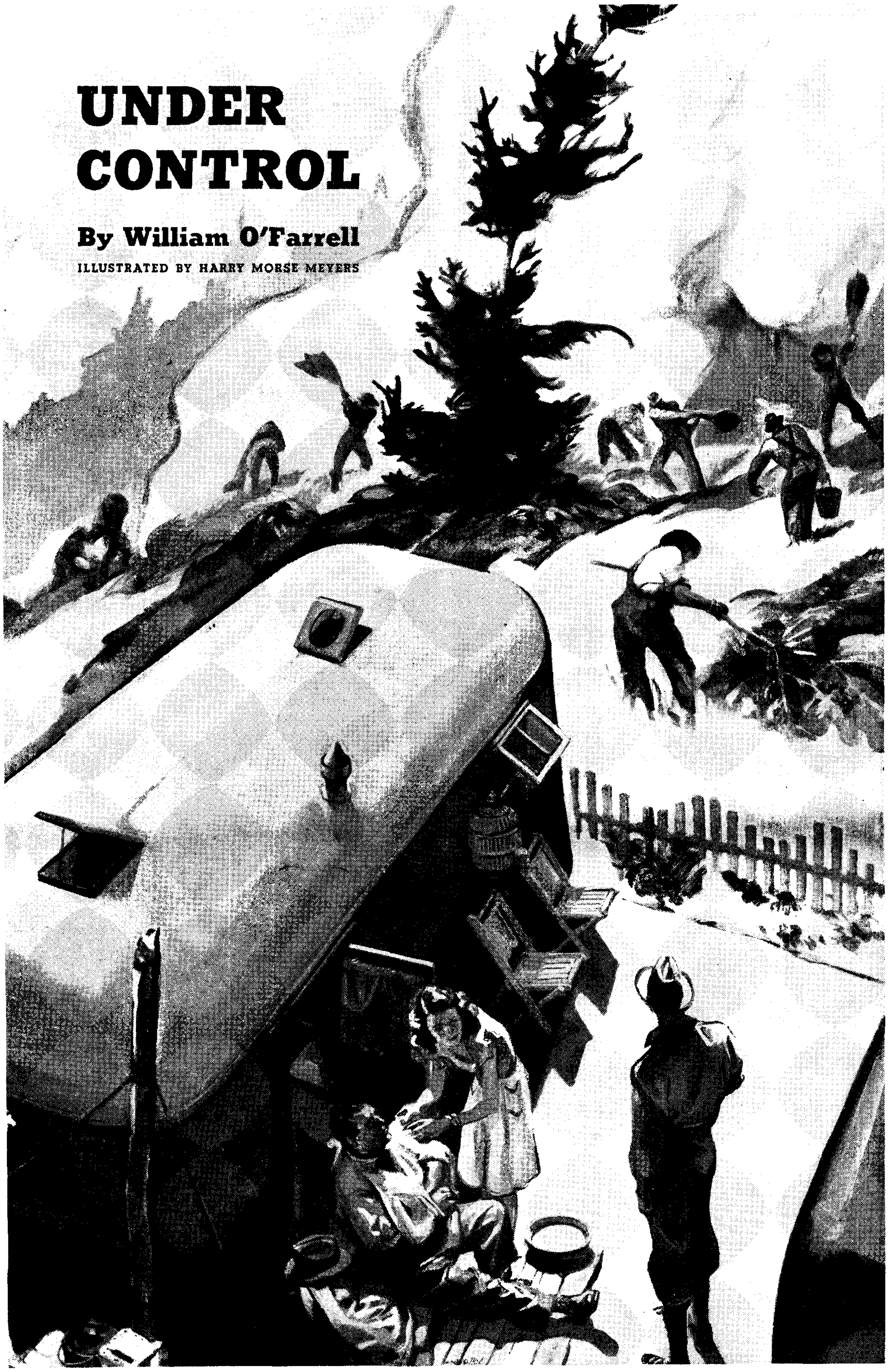


Bill looked at the trailer, at Cook sitting on the steps, at Mildred busy with bandages. Beyond the firebreak men still worked, smoke whirling around them

It wasn't much of a home—just a trailer, as a matter-of-fact—but she loved it and he didn't. Such a difference usually winds up in a divorce court. Here is one that surprisingly did not

THE alarm clock clanged viciously in the night, jerking Bill Libbey back to consciousness. He pulled himself upright on the narrow bunk and his hand, groping through the darkness, found the alarm clock and turned it off.

Then, "How's the fire?" he called. It sounded like "fiah" the way he said it.

Mildred pushed aside the curtain, which, during Bill's sleeping hours, divided the trailer into two compartments, and the light streamed in around her slender figure. "Evenin', honey," she said. "The fire's out, thank goodness; your breakfast's ready. Are you comin'?" Her speech had the wind of West Texas in it, the vowels were long drawn out, like the sighing of wind over flat plains; they whacked into the foothills of her consonants sharply but not unpleasantly, the way the wind does in West Texas. "Comin'?" she repeated.

Bill didn't answer and, when she turned back to break an egg in the already sizzling pan, her eyes were worried. He swung his feet to the deck and laced on his high shoes. As he washed in the folding basin at the rear of the trailer, she quickly transformed his bunk into a couch and, five minutes later, at 10:35 P. M., he sat down to breakfast.

"So," he muttered, "after six days they finally got it out."

She smiled. "They had to call on the Army to do it. The soldiers and firemen passed here about eight o'clock on their way home. They said there wasn't a house or a blade of grass left for eighteen miles the other side of Ramona Canyon, all the way from the ocean four miles inland. But it's under control now. They brought—" her smile faded. She set the coffeepot on the table and looked at him with dismay. "Why, Bill! I do believe you're sorry! I do believe—!"

His face was taut. Under the fading tan, which not even the sunless hours a "graveyard shift" could completely obliterate, little lines of chagrin showed plainly. They made him look suddenly old, older than his thirty-three years. He got to his feet without speaking and took the two steps to the trailer door, opened it and jumped to the ground.

Mildred hesitated and then followed him. They stood in their own little fence-enclosed trailer-camp "patio," among the flowers and vegetables which she had planted during the warmer months, and looked northward across the mesa to where the near-by mountains ran down to the Pacific. The ridge was blackly dentate against a dull red glow on the far side, but the forest fire was dying. There could be no doubt of that.

He looked at the dying fire, and Mildred looked at him, and presently his shoulders, which had seemed to sag, snapped back again. In a determined voice he said, "Well, that tears it, I reckon. But it don't make any difference. We're pullin' out of here regardless."

Mildred said slowly, "You were willin' for that fire to burn us out. You *wanted* us to get burned out so's we'd have to move on again." Then, in a mounting crescendo, "What kind of a husband are you, Bill Libbey?"

SHE turned away and had already climbed the trailer steps before he caught her hand. "You ask me a question like that!" he said angrily. "I'll answer it! I'm a husband with a crick in his neck and a soft spot in his head from bangin' it on a five-foot ceiling. I'm a man that wears hisself out six and seven nights a week buildin' big, beautiful bombers, and then comes home to a two-by-four trailer!" He almost spat the word.

"It's a home, isn't it? You're makin' good money, aren't you?"

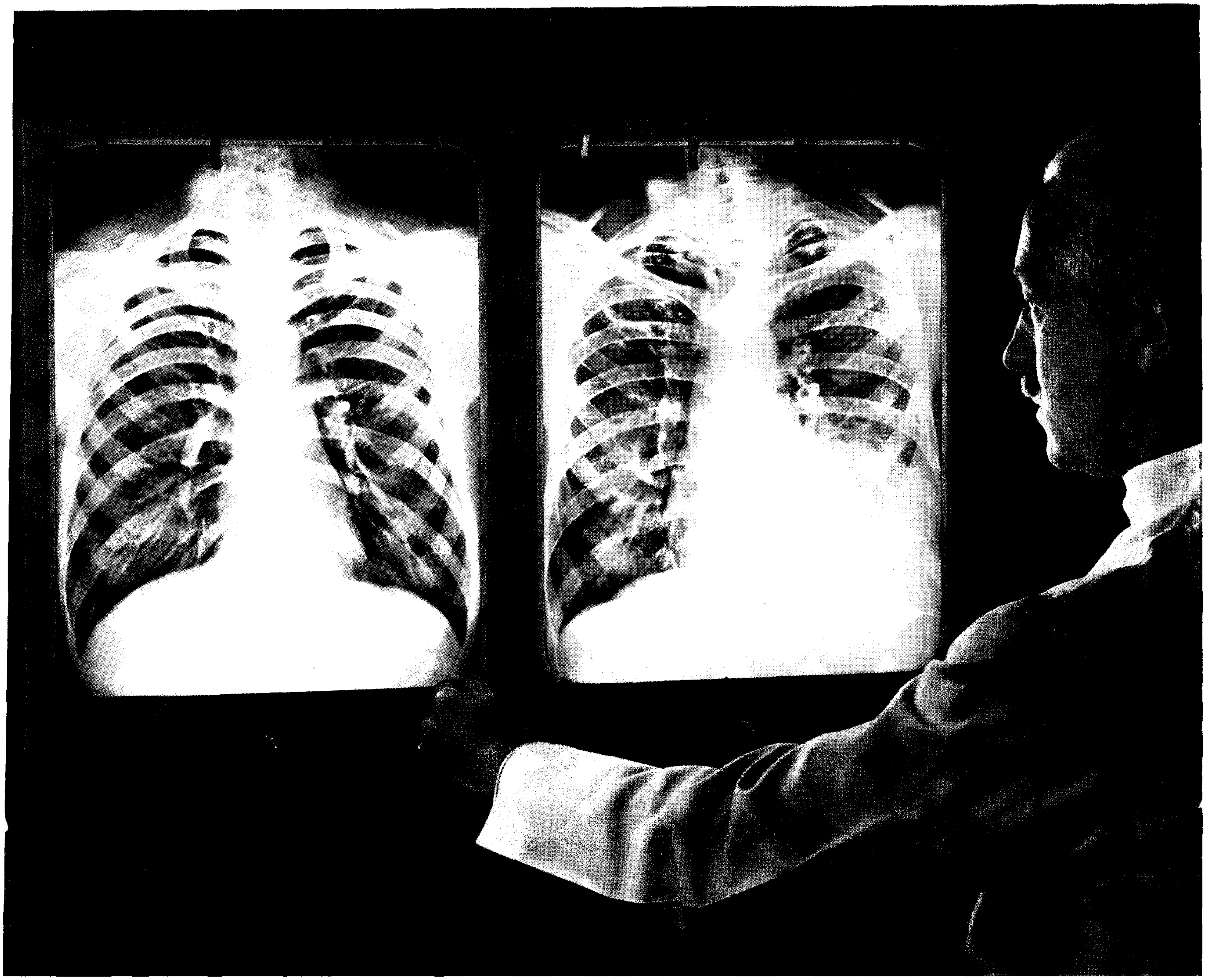
"A lot of good it does me! Comes a free night every once in a blue moon, I'm too tired to do anything but sleep." He looked up at her, standing above him on the steps. Anger, if anything, had made her even lovelier and his voice took on a pleading note. "Look, honey, I'm not the only one. Lots of the fellows feel this-a-way. There's plenty of jobs back home now; they want to get back there before they're gone. Tom Cook's goin'."

"Oh!" Mildred was outraged. She tried to wrest her hand from his grasp. "So Tom Cook's got the itchin' foot again, has he! Well, he can just scratch it hisself. I'm just about fed up with his chasin' jobs, and you chasin' him, and me chasin' you around the country. This trailer may be a poor excuse for a home but it's the only home I got. I'm stayin' here. And I think it's time for you to figure out whether you're married to Tom Cook or me!"

She jerked away from him, and slammed the door. A split second later, however, she opened it wide enough to ask, "Or could it be that Estelle Morgan's movin' out, too?" and then slammed it again. Bill swore helplessly. His little coupé was parked by the door, the spare tire within striking distance of his hand. He struck it and, in the dark, his clenched fist hit a metal projection. It hurt. Grumbling, he inspected his hand, and the sight of the stumps where his index and middle fingers should have been made him swear again.

If it weren't for those missing fingers he'd be in the Army, he'd be out of this monotonous night-after-night grind. Mildred would be at home in Texas, waiting for him, proud of him, and he'd have something to look forward to when it was all finished. The way it was now, the only thing he had to look forward to was more rivets—row after endless row of them—and, at the end of each back-breaking night, the restless, daylight half-sleep of a

(Continued on page 42)



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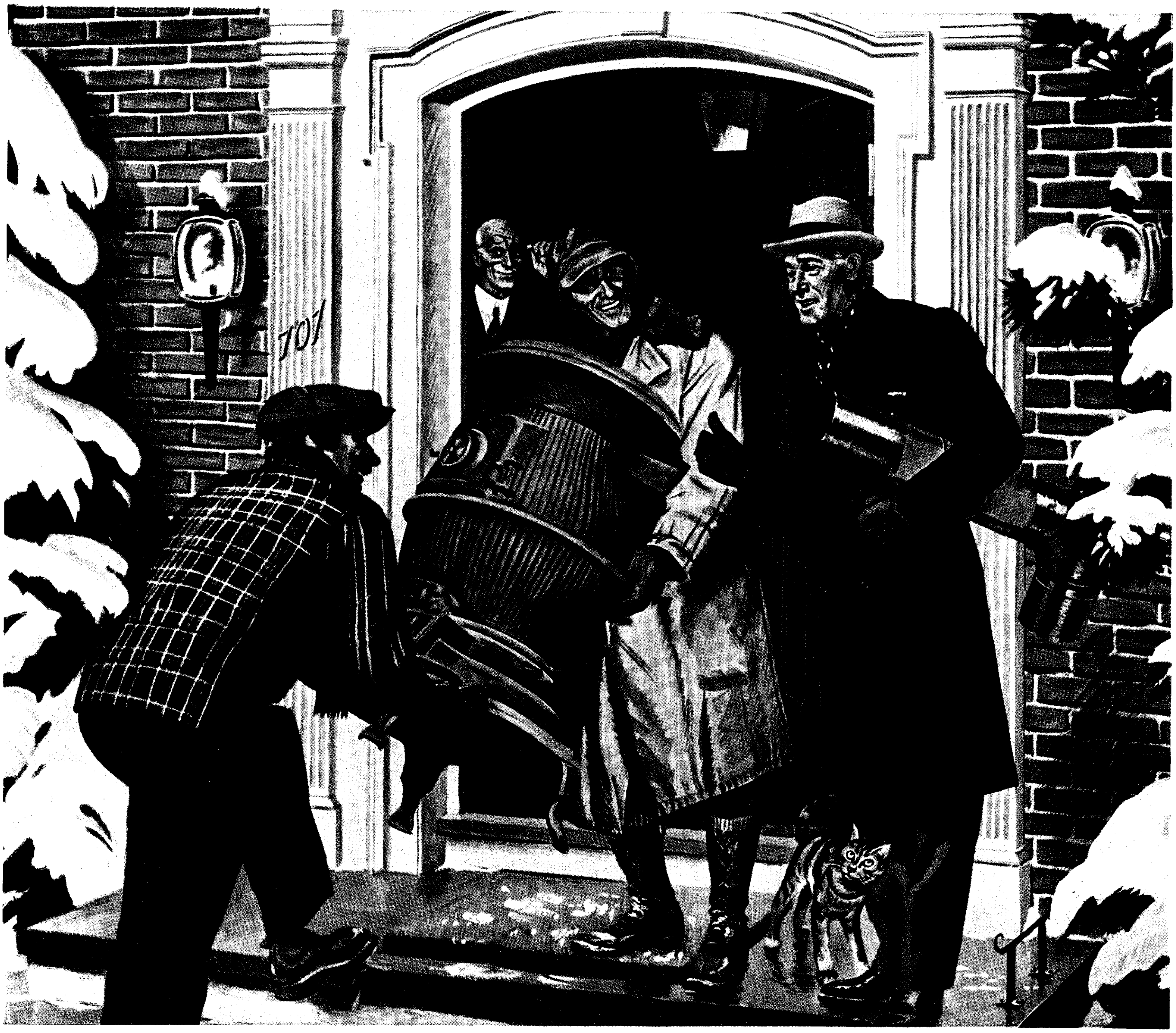

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The Doughboy's Dream

Continued from page 13

COOKIE (*very polite*): I didn't know that.

MISS LAMARR: You are the first man I ever told that to. (*She looks out of the window*) Ah, that is Germany, now.

COOKIE (*lost in admiration of her*): I don't know how I would ever been able to pull this thing off without you, Miss Lamarr. (*Miss Lamarr sighs deeply*) You are sighing, Miss Lamarr. You are not sad, are you?

MISS LAMARR: Yes. I am very sad.

COOKIE: May I inquire the reason?

MISS LAMARR (*with some emotion*): Oh, don't you know without my telling you?

COOKIE: My mind is at work on other matters, Miss Lamarr. Usually I understand women perfectly—their moods, their fancies. But right now I happen to be riding two horses. So would you mind telling me why you are sad?

MISS LAMARR (*wistfully*): I am sad because—after we capture Adolf Hitler and bring him back—then you and I . . .

COOKIE: Go on, I'm listening.

MISS LAMARR (*bravely holding back her tears*): Then you and I will never see each other again.

COOKIE (*with a teasing smile*): And would that make you very unhappy, Miss Lamarr?

MISS LAMARR: Please don't ask me. (*She turns her head away*)

COOKIE (*his voice more serious*): I don't mean to hurt you. But could you only tell me this. When did you first realize you loved me, Miss Lamarr?

MISS LAMARR: In the second reel of Tortilla Flat. (*She looks at him shining-eyed*) You remember, when I was sitting looking out of the cabin window?

COOKIE (*softly*): You wore a little shawl.

MISS LAMARR: I saw you then. You were sitting in the fourth row on the end seat.

COOKIE (*greatly impressed*): What a memory!

MISS LAMARR (*tenderly*): You were chewing on something.

COOKIE: Peanut brittle.

MISS LAMARR (*her memories overcome her*): I could hardly go on with the rest of the movie. It all seemed so false, so unreal.

COOKIE: You didn't act that way when you kissed Spencer Tracy.

MISS LAMARR: Darling, I get paid for kissing Spencer Tracy. It was just a business kiss. Oh, you mustn't be angry with me. Please . . . please forgive me.

COOKIE (*patting her shoulder kindly*): There, there—don't think about it. And don't be sad. Whatever happens tomorrow, we have each other now.

MISS LAMARR: You're so wonderful. . . . Oh, we're landing.

COOKIE: Right in Hitler's front yard. . . . It's called Bertha's Garden.

(Again the lights go out and the mouth organ starts playing off stage. It plays German songs. During the blackout the airplane is pulled out of the scene and there is another change of locale. This time the drama moves to Hitler's private office. A desk is whisked onto the stage and a large Swastika is hung up on the back wall.

At the desk sits Adolf Hitler.

There are two high ranking officers present. They are named Wolfgang and Siegfried. Like Hitler, they are dressed in Nazi military overcoats.)

WOLFGANG AND SIEGFRIED: Heil, Hitler!

HITLER: Vot's going on now?

(All these new characters speak a heavy German dialect which sounds better than it looks in print.)

WOLFGANG: We have some good news for you, Fuehrer.

HITLER: Spill it. I could use some.

SIEGFRIED: We have just captured two Americans!

HITLER (*goggle-eyed*): Vot is dis—a communiqué or haff ve really got two Americans?

WOLFGANG: This is not a communiqué. This is the genuine apple strudel.

(Hitler jumps up.)

HITLER: Bring dem in right avay! Two Americans! Didn't I tell you dot America was a cinch. Ve vill be eating breakfast in the Vhite House in a couple of veeks.

"Come along to the recreation hall, men—this gentleman from the radio station is here to entertain you!"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

WOLFGANG: Ve got a breakfast to eat yet in the Kremlin.

HITLER: Don't talk to me like dot! (*He falls to the floor and starts chewing on a rug as he continues yelling*) Wolfgang, give me back the medals. Und vun more crack like dot out of you und I vill trow you oudt of the army altogether!

SIEGFRIED: You shouldn't talk like that, Wolfgang. It's bad for the carpets.

WOLFGANG: Jiggers, Fuehrer, here are the Americans.

(Cookie and Miss Lamarr enter. Hitler quits nibbling on the rug and stands up. He stares at the prisoners and then starts walking around them, inspecting them like Groucho Marx examining a lady's leg.

Cookie remains unperturbed. But Miss Lamarr is a little nervous. She speaks to her hero while Hitler circles them both.)

MISS LAMARR: What do we do now, precious?

COOKIE: Don't worry, I'm handling this.

MISS LAMARR: Have you figured out some plan of action?

COOKIE: Yeah. I'm going to get his goat. That's the first step.

HITLER (*angrily*): Speak German. I don't understand English. Dot is a language for pigs.

COOKIE (*coolly*): Did you say pigs?

HITLER (*loudly*): Dot's vot I said—pigs!

COOKIE (*with a teasing smile*): It ought to come easy to you then.

HITLER (*angrily*): You are calling me a pig!

COOKIE: I got too much respect for any animal to compare him to you.

HITLER (*fuming*): Listen. Do you know who you are talking to!

COOKIE: I would say Boob McNutt.

HITLER (*thrusting his nose close to Cookie's*): I am der Fuehrer! The whole vorld is scared of me! Like anything!

COOKIE (*his voice steady*): Yeah? Well, I say you're a bogeyman with a glass jaw.

HITLER (*fuming*): I got a glass jaw!

COOKIE: Yeah. Two of 'em. And I say you can't take it.

HITLER (*leaping*): I can't take it!

COOKIE: Not when you're up against somebody your own size.

HITLER (*wildly*): Wolfgang, give me the gloves, quick. I am going to give this American pig a boxing lesson.

(All is action now. Wolfgang produces two sets of gloves. Cookie removes his overcoat and is in his underwear. Hitler removes his overcoat and stands forth in a pair of rompers with a swastika embroidered on the seat.

During this activity the various characters speak.)

COOKIE (*to Hedy*): What did I tell you? It worked.

MISS LAMARR: I was worried for a minute.

COOKIE: Nothing to worry about from now on. You're my second. You better take a look at his gloves. We don't want them sticking any horseshoes in.

(Miss Lamarr goes to Hitler's side of the ring. A ring, by the way, has been put into place, various anonymous characters standing the ring posts in the corners and hitching up the ropes to them.)

HITLER (*putting on his gloves*): Where is der referee?

WOLFGANG: I have sent for him.

HITLER: Siegfried, you vill be the knockdown timekeeper.

SIEGFRIED: Thank you.

MISS LAMARR: Shouldn't we have something to say about the referee? (*She has returned to Cookie's corner*)

COOKIE: Don't worry. I'm handling this.

(The referee enters. He is another Hitler. He removes his overcoat and is revealed in the same rompers favored by Adolf.)

COOKIE (*regarding this second Hitler*): Oh, there's two of you.

WOLFGANG: No, this is the referee.

MISS LAMARR: It's unfair! My man will get mixed up.

COOKIE: Don't worry. I'll rely on my sense of smell.

REFEREE: Are you ready? (*Hitler and Cookie and the handlers come to the center of the ring*) You know the rules, gentlemen.

HITLER: Vot rules?

REFEREE: Good. Ven the bell rings you vill come out fighting und may the vorst man vin.

WOLFGANG AND SIEGFRIED: Heil, Hitler!

(The contestants return to their corners. The bell sounds and continues playing Taps. At its conclusion both men come to the center of the ring. They box nimbly for a few moments, landing light blows. Wolfgang leaves the corner and starts prowling around the ring holding a large mallet in his hand. It is his purpose to crown Cookie. He finally gets behind Cookie and lets him have a bang on the skull with the mallet.)

COOKIE (*turning to the referee*): That blow don't count. He's a stranger in the ring.

REFEREE: Don't worry—I didn't see it.

(The contestants resume boxing. Cookie lands a solid right on Hitler's button. Adolf buckles and goes down. The referee starts counting over him. At the count of four Hitler moves as if to rise. The referee helps him up and quickly takes Hitler's place on the canvas. Hitler continues the count up to 9. At 9, the referee rises and starts throwing punches. Hitler is now the referee.

Cookie lands another haymaker and the referee goes down. Hitler changes places with the referee who rises and starts counting over Adolf. At 7, Adolf gets up. Cookie stands toe to toe with the Fuehrer until the bell.

Both fighters go back to their corners.)

REFEREE (*consulting his score card*): I give the round to der Fuehrer.

WOLFGANG AND SIEGFRIED: Heil, Hitler!

COOKIE (*to Hedy who is massaging him*): How did I do?

MISS LAMARR: You were divine.

COOKIE: Better than Spencer Tracy?

MISS LAMARR: A hundred times.

COOKIE (*tenderly*): Rub here. (*He indicates the back of his neck. The bell rings and continues to play Taps*)

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MISS LAMARR: This is the round, Cookie. Let him have it.

COOKIE: It's in the bag.

(He prances into the center of the ring. The lights go out suddenly leaving him in darkness for a moment. Then a strong spotlight shines on him. The ring is empty.)

COOKIE (*prancing around*): Hey, Pretzel-head . . . where's Pretzel-head?

MISS LAMARR (*calling from the dark*): Take it easy, Cookie.

COOKIE (*swinging a right at nothing*): There's nobody here.

MISS LAMARR: Keep your head, Cookie. It's a war of nerves.

(A sign appears in the spotlight. It reads: "Your Ma Is Sick."
Another sign appears. It reads: "Your Sweetie Loves Another.")

MISS LAMARR (*calling from the dark*): Steady, Cookie, steady. . . . (*A girl in a bathing suit appears and starts dancing seductively around Cookie*) Keep your guard up, Cookie. Remember, it's a war of nerves.

WOLFGANG (*from the dark*): All right, Fuehrer. You can go in now. Ve have softened him up.

(The lights go on. Four Hitlers, all in identical rompers and wearing boxing gloves, come slowly at Cookie.)

MISS LAMARR (*calling from Cookie's corner*): Look out—they're trying to fool you. Be sure you hit the right Hitler . . . or it won't count. . . .

COOKIE (*sparring*): Don't worry . . . I got my sense of smell.

(He goes after one of the Hitlers and lands a haymaker. The Hitler referee starts counting over the fallen fighter. For good luck, Cookie clouts him on the button and he, too, goes down. The other two imitation Hitlers flee. Miss Lamarr comes to her hero.)

MISS LAMARR: Quick, we have no time to lose. We will walk out with him and no one will dare to touch us. At the first unfriendly move we will plug the Fuehrer right in the belly.

COOKIE: You think it will work?

MISS LAMARR: It always works with Georgie Raft and Humphrey Bogart.

COOKIE: If they were only here! You got a gun?

MISS LAMARR: Yes.

COOKIE: O. K., precious. I think we can make it.

(They pick Hitler up and start out with him. The stage darkens completely. We hear outcries and screams of baffled rage. It is obvious that Miss Lamarr and Cookie are doing as well as George Raft and Mr. Bogart.

When the lights go on, this indeed proves to be the case. We see the airplane again. Cookie, Miss Lamarr, and Hitler are in it. But Cookie sits alone at the controls. Miss Lamarr and Hitler occupy a seat together—some five feet behind him. Cookie is too busy guiding the plane to pay much attention to them for a few minutes. Above the hum of the propellers we hear the mouth organ music. It plays the Blue Danube Waltz with variations.)

HITLER (*softly*): Has anybody told you, Miss Lamarr, dot you got beautiful eyes? (*Miss Lamarr does not answer him. She remains looking at him meltingly as he continues*) Dey do somedings to me. Dey open a Second Front. (*Miss Lamarr sighs*) May I ask you vun question, blease? (*The great beauty sighs again*) Miss Lamarr, do you believe in love at first sight?

(Impulsively Hitler seizes her hand and covers it with kisses. When he releases it, she strokes his cheek affectionately. At this moment Cookie turns around.)

COOKIE (*appalled*): Say—what's going on back there?

HITLER (*glowing*): You tend to your business und I'll tend to mine. (*He puts an arm around Miss Lamarr*) Don't pull avay, blease.

COOKIE: Take your hands off that woman. You are my prisoner!

HITLER: I am the prisoner of love—nobody else.

COOKIE (*bewildered*): Listen! This can't go on like this! Miss Lamarr, think of your fans. They'll hiss you off the screen for this.

HITLER (*purring into the great beauty's ear*): Think of me. Only me. Nobody else. I made vun mistake. I vanted to conquer the vorld. To hell mit de vorld. All I vant now iss you . . . und ve should go vay to the land of dreams. Dot's all I vant.

COOKIE: I can't stand this. If I'd took Lana Turner along she would have remained true blue. Or Betty Grable or anybody.

HITLER (*quietly*): Come here, Cookie.

COOKIE (*leaves his seat slowly and moves toward him*): What's up?

HITLER: Come here. I vant you should love me, too.

COOKIE: Nothin' doin'!

HITLER: I say, yes. Come here. Say it, come on—say, "Heil, Hitler . . . Heil!"

COOKIE: No! You're trying to hypnotize me! That's what you did to her! You hypnotized her. (*He cries out of the window*) Hey, somebody get this guy off me. He's hypnotizing me.

HITLER: Come on, Cookie.

COOKIE (*holding back with all his powers*): It's that music playing! That Blue Danube. Turn it off, somebody. That ain't fair! Play something else.

(The music obeys. The mouth organ strikes up I'm A Yankee Doodle Dandy and Cookie is saved. Miss Lamarr is also saved. She comes out of her trance. Cookie raises his voice, singing lustily the chorus of I'm A Yankee Doodle Dandy and Miss Lamarr joins in. They are singing triumphantly when the lights go out.

The singing dies away in the dark. The lights come on again and we are back where we started—in the soldiers' bedroom. The three soldiers can be dimly seen sleeping in their beds. A spotlight shines on Cookie's empty cot. Cookie and Miss Lamarr enter. Hitler is between them. They are taking no chances. The Fuehrer is in chains and a gag made out of red, white and blue bunting is over his mouth.)

COOKIE: He had me fooled for a minute. I thought sure you'd fallen for him. Then all of a sudden I realized he'd hypnotized you.

MISS LAMARR: How could you think I would love anybody but you?

COOKIE: I couldn't understand it—but you know how women are sometimes . . . they can love two people at once.

MISS LAMARR (*softly*): I can't bear it if I did anything to make you suffer.

COOKIE: Forgive me, I'm talking like a cad. It wasn't your fault.

MISS LAMARR (*looking around*): Where are we—in Washington?

COOKIE: Not yet. I got something up my sleeve first. I'm going to hide the Fuehrer under the bed. Then I'll be in a position to go to Washington and dicker.

MISS LAMARR: You are going to dicker?

COOKIE: Yes. With President Roosevelt. I'm telling him I don't turn Adolf over unless I get all the exhibition rights—exclusive. Once Frank signs that, I pull Adolf out from under the bed, set him up in a cage, and tour the country. We'll clean up. There's a hundred and thirty million Americans and each will be willing to pay two bits for a look at Hitler where he belongs. That makes roughly thirty million bucks a year coming in—and no overhead whatsoever. (*He has been pushing Hitler under the cot*) Come on, Pretzels, under you go. And don't try anything funny, if you know what's good for you.

As he talks and disposes of Hitler, sounds begin to be heard. They are faraway and slowly draw nearer.)

NEWSBOY'S CRY: Extra paper! Read all about it! Cookie Johnson Captures Hitler.

SECOND NEWSY CRY: American Hero Cookie Johnson Brings Hitler Back Alive . . . Extra . . .

THIRD NEWSY CRY: Extra Paper! President Calls Special Session of Congress to Honor Cookie Johnson. . . .

COOKIE (*on his feet and listening with amazement*): There's been a leak somewheres.

MISS LAMARR (*beside him*): What are you going to do?

COOKIE: I don't know. I got to think this over.

(Now the cries of extras have grown nearer and the sound of music is heard. The music is for Private Cookie Johnson. Bands are playing for him, bands from everywhere. Cookie stands listening, and Miss Lamarr darts out. She returns in a few moments, all aglow.)

MISS LAMARR: Cookie, listen. It's for you! The whole Army is marching. . . . And everybody's carrying your picture on a flag! And they're all singing about Cookie Johnson. They're all making speeches. The President and all the generals and senators. They're all saying that as long as there are men like Cookie Johnson in our country, the U. S. A. will live forever. . . .

(We hear The Battle Hymn of the Republic and Yankee Doodle and The Halls of Montezuma and other tunes in a brave and giddy montage of cheers and melodies.)

COOKIE: For me, huh?

MISS LAMARR: Yes, isn't it wonderful?

COOKIE: Then why are you crying if it's so wonderful?

MISS LAMARR: Because—now that you're the most famous man in the world you won't love me any more. You'll love her.

COOKIE: I don't even know who you're talking about.

MISS LAMARR: Lana Turner. And Betty Grable. And Rita Hayworth. They'll all be throwing themselves at your head. And you'll forget me.

(Cookie stands staring as the music and cheering swell. Miss Lamarr cries out above the happy sounds):

Darling, remember that whatever happens, my heart is yours—always and always . . . (*Cookie has sat down on the bed*) Goodby . . . I'll go tell them where you are—goodby. . . .

COOKIE (*very confused*): Don't go way. Here—there's lots of room.

(He lies down on the bed. The lights on the other beds grow brighter. Miss Lamarr has gone. Cookie lies asleep on his cot. The Battle Hymn of the Republic and all the other brave tunes grow fainter. . . . They *segue* into a single bugle blowing reveille. . . .

Privates Lee, Farragut and Pershing sit up at the sound of the bugle. Private Johnson remains sleeping.

Sergeant White Fang appears.)

SERGEANT: What do you think we're running here—an old people's home? Why ain't you dressed? Come on, snap into it, you flatheads. . . . (*He approaches Cookie*) Wake up, you lug!

COOKIE (*stirring*): Don't go way. There's plenty room in here. . . .

(He opens his eyes and sees White Fang. He rises and starts dressing quickly.)

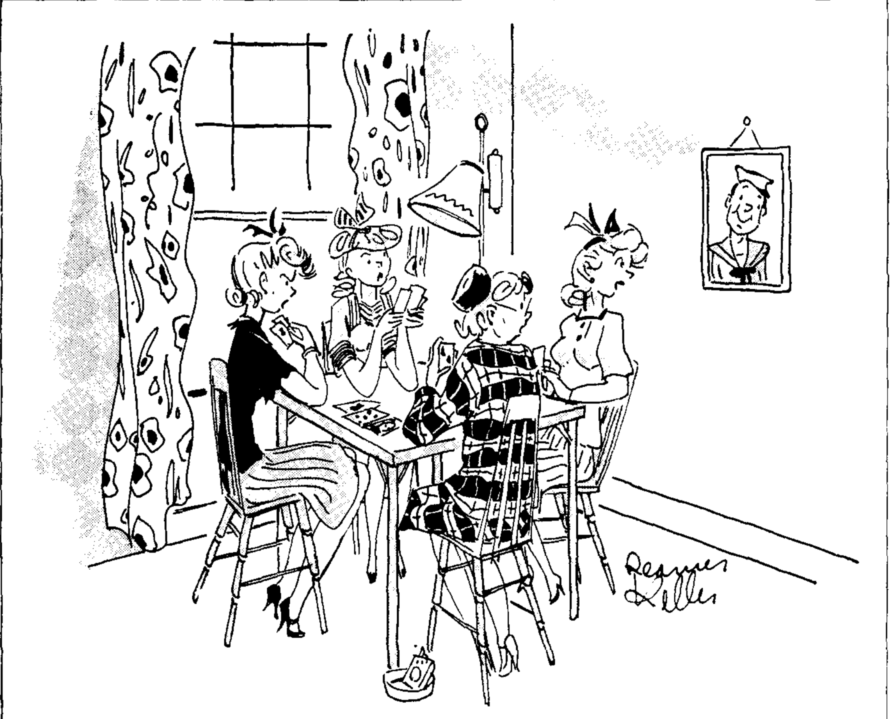
SERGEANT: Come on—get going.

(The soldiers are dressed. They walk out of the barracks. Cookie is the last to leave. He gets to the door, pauses and then darts back into the room. He returns to his cot, kneels down and looks under it.)

SERGEANT (*in his hoarse, unpleasant voice*): What'sa matter, you lost something?

COOKIE (*straightening up*): Yeah. I guess I'll have to do it all over again. Okay. Lead on, Sergeant.

THE END



"Patriotic, my eye! He enlisted because the Navy has dinner on time!"

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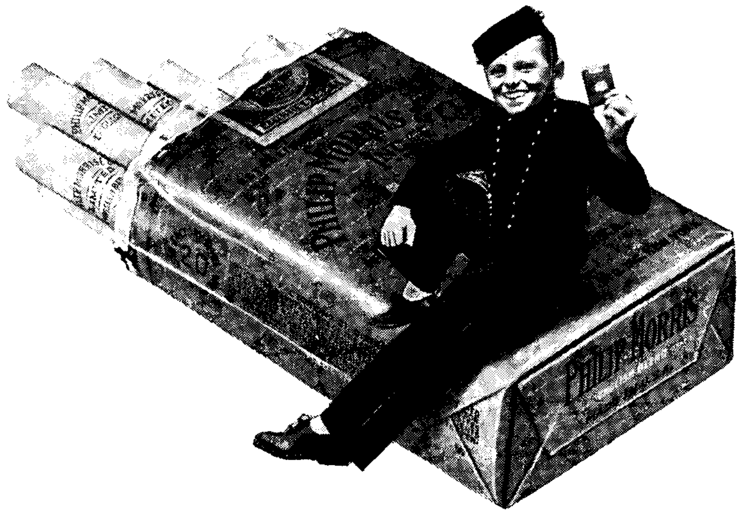
*GOV'T. FIGURES SHOW ALL-TIME PEAK IN SMOKING!



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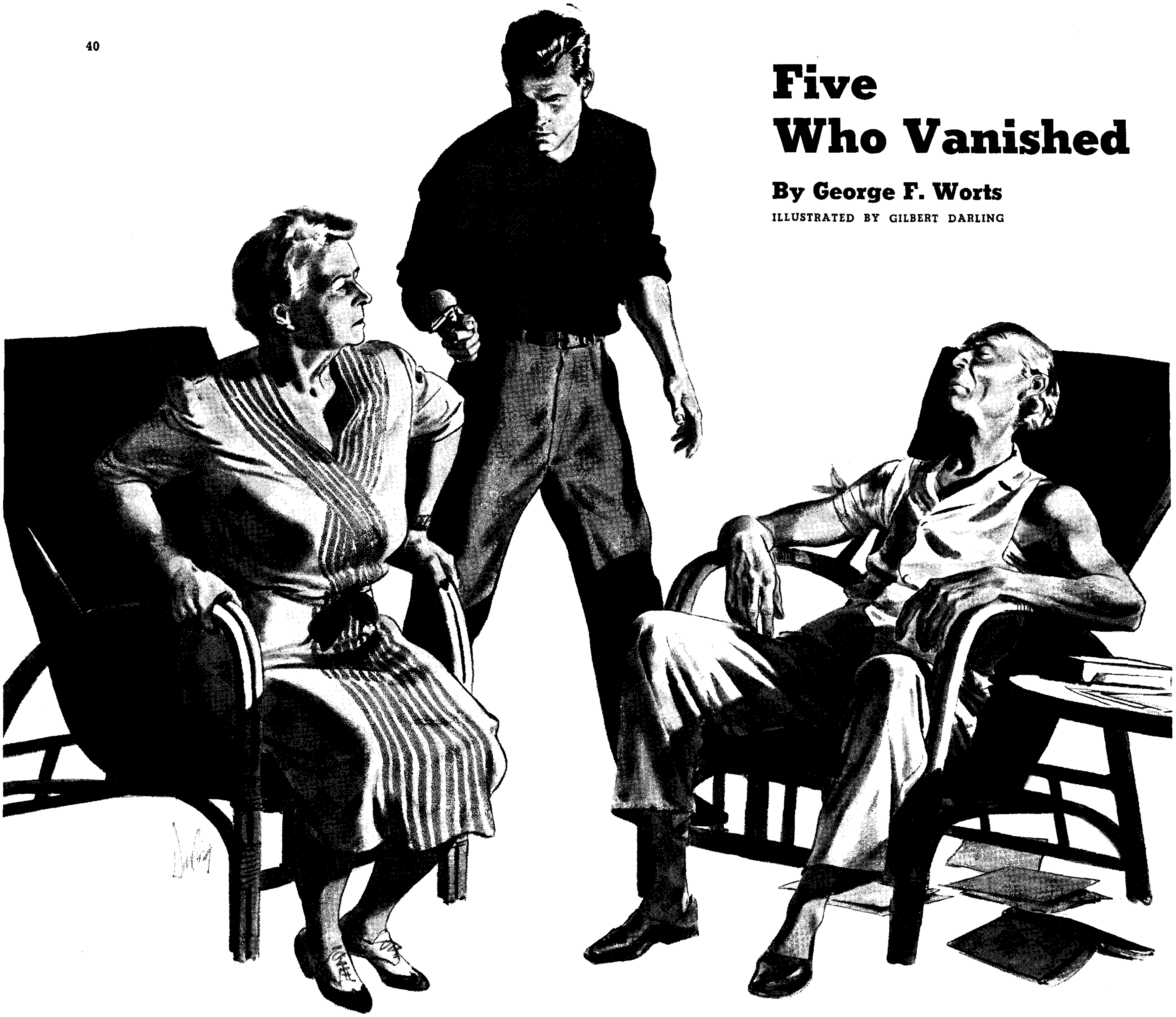

The Story Thus Far:

EARLY one morning, a girl enters Jason Amboy's San Francisco apartment, knocks him out, takes some letters (from his brother, Wayne) and goes away. Flack, his eccentric valet, follows the intruder and learns that her name is Luana Topping.

A short time later, Jason is notified that Wayne—employed by the wealthy Grazzard family in Hawaii—has disappeared. Suspecting murder, he takes the first boat he can get and starts for Honolulu. Luana Topping and Flack take the same boat! The former is a member of a Grazzard party—old Mrs. Hiram Grazzard, head of the clan; her son, Lorrin, who is Luana's fiancé; Channing Mace and his wife, Natalie; and one or two others. . . .

A man—a stowaway—disappears. Natalie tells Jason that he was Winfield Grazzard; she says that he and Wayne had been trying to blackmail the Grazzards!

Jason becomes convinced that Mrs. Grazzard is a dangerous woman, a killer. Nevertheless, when he finally reaches "the islands," he accepts her invitation to become her guest, at Kokala. By this time, he has evolved a startling theory. In brief, it is this:

Mrs. Grazzard is guilty of a terrible crime (she has murdered some of her relatives). Her brother, Colton, had been a material witness; so, to prevent his talking, the old woman sent him to Kahuna Island, not far from Kokala. Wayne and Winfield Grazzard had. somehow, found evidence against her. She had murdered both of them. Now, fearing Jason, *she is planning to murder him!* . . .

Someone enters Jason's bungalow. He attacks the intruder, who manages to get away. In the midst of the struggle, Flack suddenly appears. Accompanied by a man named Sam Shay ("Singapore Sam"), he has come to Kokala to protect Jason. Jason shows him a gold pencil which can be transformed into a siletto—which he had wrested from the intruder. *The pencil is the property of Mrs. Grazzard!*

In the darkness, Mrs. Grazzard and a man enter a large sampan. Flack slips into the sampan with them. The sampan starts. Jason follows, in Flack's small craft. He reaches *Colton Grazzard's home* just as the old woman is trying to shoot her brother! He snatches the revolver from her—but not until she has wounded Colton once.

Conclusion

THE wounded man had settled back against the arm of a chair. With his thin brown hands, his baldness, his long narrow face, he resembled a monk—a scholarly monk whose cloister had been rudely invaded. His air was one of shock and complete bewilderment.

"Do something about that shoulder," Jason said to the fat Hawaiian woman.

She answered him shrilly in Hawaiian.

"Tell her to get a bandage—or something," Jason said.

The white-haired man said thickly, "Yes, yes, yes," then spoke rapidly to the woman. She ran out of the room. She returned at once with a roll of bandage. Her deftness, her composure—especially her composure—were, Jason thought, remarkable. When she had finished binding the wound, she left the room.

The man in white pajamas had sunk back in the chair in which she had placed him. He let his head fall back against the back of the chair. He closed his eyes.

Bertha Grazzard started determinedly out of her chair. Jason turned slightly to face her. "Aunt Bertha," he said softly, "I'd hate to have to shoot you, but I don't trust you. Please stay where you are."

Her amber eyes were dull and half-lidded. She settled back in the chair. Her composure didn't surprise him. He knew now that her composure was a habit that never deserted her.

Jason turned slightly to face her. "Aunt Bertha," he said, "I'd hate to have to shoot you, but I don't trust you. Please stay where you are"

The wounded man was staring at Jason. He was obviously making a determined effort to control himself.

He said in a shaking voice, "Who are you? What are you doing here?"

"He's a blackmailer, Colton," Mrs. Grazzard said in her deep, firm voice. "I want him driven off this island."

"She shot you with this," Jason said. "She tried to have me eliminated tonight, too. That's why I'm here, Mr. Grazzard. When the job of killing me was bungled, it occurred to me she'd try to kill you. I don't know whether you realize it or not—you should, by this time—but she's a very desperate woman. She murdered my brother and she murdered your cousin, Winfield Grazzard."

"I want you to call some of your men, Colton," Bertha Grazzard said in her

(Continued on page 80)

The first 100 steps are the hardest

THERE's a long, long walk ahead of those tiny feet...some 100,000 miles in an average lifetime. But, through the years, as those first difficult steps lengthen into the easy, vigorous strides of manhood, dextrose, the important fuel sugar of the body, will power all activity.

An eminent scientist says: "..not a twitch of our muscles, not a throb of our hearts, not a flash of our imaginations, but is produced by dextrose. The gas in the fuel tank of our human automobile is dextrose."

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Modern food producers use dextrose as an important ingredient of their products, because dextrose generally improves flavor and texture, and always enhances food value.

So look for "dextrose" on the labels of foods you buy—canned fruits, fruit juices, candy, ice cream, crackers, cookies, soft drinks, jams and jellies—it is your assurance of quality, flavor and genuine food energy—at no extra cost.

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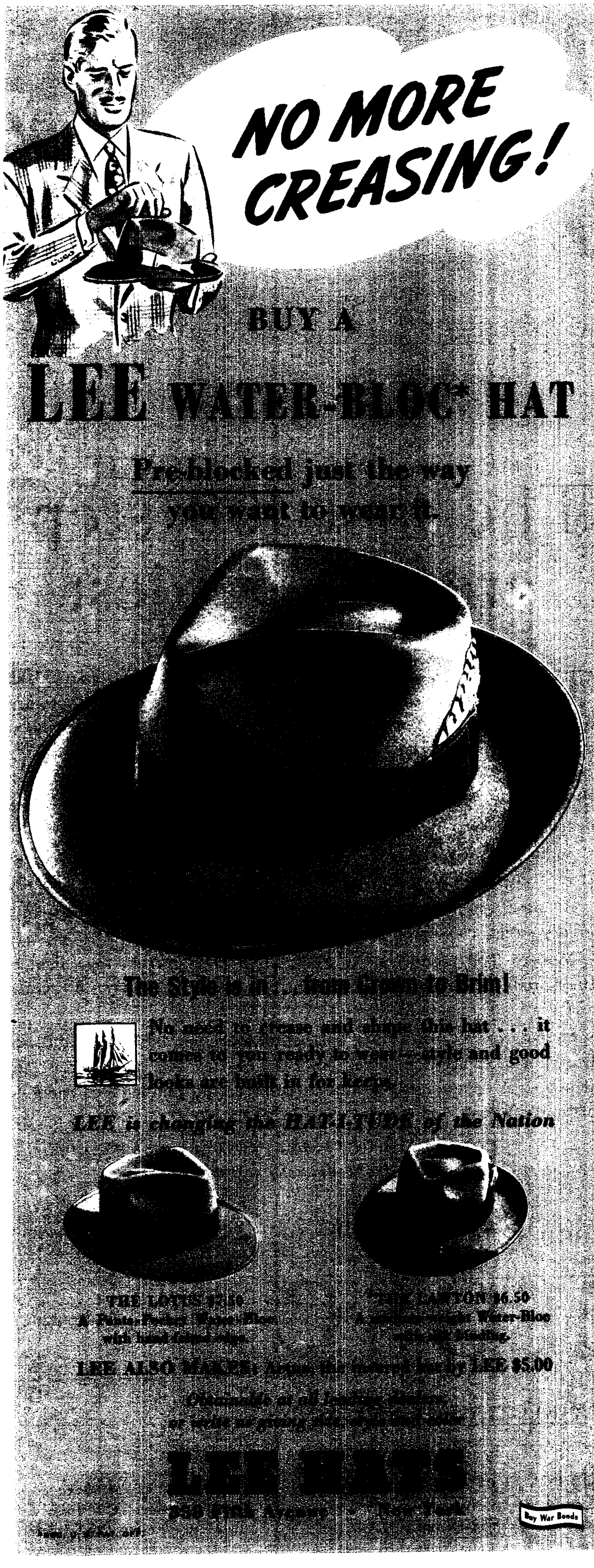
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Under Control

Continued from page 34

trailer camp. No wonder Tom Cook was fed up. Even some of the women—the unmarried ones—were restless.

He looked down the lines of parked trailers toward the one which Estelle Morgan shared with two other girls. There was a light burning; she was getting ready to ride to work with him. There was a light in Tom Cook's trailer, too; Cook worked days and seldom went to bed before midnight. Maybe he'd have some hot coffee on the stove. In her present mood, Bill didn't feel up to eating breakfast under Mildred's eyes.

He hopped over the little fence and walked down the line to Cook's trailer.

"I RECKON I can't stop you," Bill Libbey sighed. "But you know there ain't another defense plant in the country will hire you if you quit."

Clad only in a pair of shorts, which were too tight for his robust figure, Tom Cook sat on the edge of the bunk and grinned at him. He was fifty years old but his hair was as black as it had ever been. His eyes were black, too. They were set deep in a creased, plump face, twinkling in their sockets like two bright pieces of jet. "There's other jobs besides defense work," he chuckled. "Comes tomorrow mornin' I'm headin' back for Texas."

"How about the war? You can't just pick up your marbles and quit!"

"Why not? I figure I've done my share in this particular war. We'll have those Japs and Nazi fellows where we want 'em pretty soon. I'm just jumpin' the gun a little."

Bill lowered his head. "Maybe so. But I sure hate to see you go."

"Me, too," Cook stared uncomfortably at the deck. "But you know how it is. Mildred's never goin' to approve of me. She thinks I'm a bad influence."

Bill nodded glumly. "Women are funny, Cook. They start out to fix a little garden and the first thing you know they've tooken root themselves. And their husbands along with 'em."

"Yeah. Well, I'll write you a post card as soon as I get located. Maybe . . . you never can tell . . ."

His voice trailed off as Bill got to his feet. He stood up, too, and they faced each other shyly.

"Well," Bill said, "I got to be hightailin' it if I'm goin' to get to work on time. Good luck." He turned to the door.

Cook's bare, calloused feet padded morosely after him. "The same to you, fellow."

They stood in the doorway looking up at the red glow on the far side of the mountains. Bill's fists doubled slowly. His lips moved and suddenly words began to tumble through them.

"Why couldn't it have come down here?" His voice was uncontrolled and bitter. "Three fourths of the men in this camp feel like I do. We're all insured. Why didn't it burn us out?" He slammed his right fist into the palm of his left hand, and his already bruised knuckle protested with a twinge of pain. He said, "Ouch!" inspected his knuckle and then lifted a shamefaced grin to Cook.

"Now, ain't that a fine way for me to be talkin'!" he said.

ESTELLE MORGAN was already waiting in Bill's coupé. She rolled down the window and put her bright yellow head out to call, "Where you been? We're going to be awful late if you don't hurry."

He waved a reassurance and entered the trailer. His vacuum bottle and wrapped sandwiches were on the table but Mildred was not in sight. The curtain was drawn across the center, and he stepped to it and partly pulled it aside.

"I'm leavin' now, honey," he said.

Her eyes were open; he could feel them on him in the darkness. But there was an appreciable lapse of time before she quietly answered, "All right."

He'd expected that but, nevertheless, it hurt. "Is that all you got to say?" Bill asked.

"What do you want me to say? You don't come to me for conversation any more. When you want that you go to Tom Cook."

He told himself that she was mad; that she was just blowing off steam. "You can lay off Cook now, honey. You've won. He's leavin' in the mornin'."

"That's just fine." Her voice was liquid with unshed tears. "Will you be leavin' with him?"

That did it. He stood there feeling the anger mount within him, and this time he let it come. It started in his stomach and surged upward through his chest and throat until it spilled out of his mouth. "Well," he said, "I hadn't quite got around to thinkin' of that. But since you put it in my head it's not a bad idea. I've taken all that kind of talk I aim to. The car's in your name. So's the bank account and trailer. I'll bring the car back in the mornin' and pack my suitcase. Is that okay with you?"

He waited for an answer but it didn't come. After a moment he repeated, "Is that okay with you?"

Mildred's voice flicked at him through the darkness: "It certainly is! And you can take Estelle Morgan with you! Now, will you please go away and let me sleep?" And he said, "I certainly will, honey!" and backed out of the trailer, closing the door after him.

BILL piloted the car cautiously through the dim-out zone, leaning forward over the wheel. He watched the road ahead and Estelle watched him. "I'm awful sorry, Bill," she murmured. "I couldn't help hearing. But you're right. Settling down's okay when you're old, but a young fellow like you—"

"I'm no chicken," Bill said. "I'm thirty-three."

"Well, I'd never have believed it! But I always say a man is as old as he feels. Some women, too. I'm only twenty-two, but when I'm as old as your wife is I'll feel just as young as I do now. That's because I like to keep on the move."

Bill glanced at her suspiciously. "Mildred," he said, "is only twenty-six. And all the women talk the way you do before they get married. Afterward they get different ideas."

"Not me." Estelle was positive. "You know the kind of a girl I am? I'm the kind of a girl that your friend Mr. Cook is a man. There's a fellow I could really go for—if he was young, I mean. He's leaving tomorrow, isn't he? So'm I. My suitcase is all packed. I don't know where I'm going," she giggled, "but I'm on my way."

Two soldiers with flashlights stepped into the road to guide the coupé to its parking spot. It took all of Bill's attention to handle the wheel. Later, though, as they were crossing the street toward the piles of camouflaged sandbags around the main gate, he spoke again:

"Cook's got an idea the war won't last much longer. He figures he might as well get back to Texas before the rush starts."

Estelle nodded vigorously. "He's right. I've never been in Texas, but I'd love to go there—or anywhere else." She peered up at him from under her lashes. "Are you going too, Bill?"

He was silent, fumbling for his identification card as they took their place in line. She kept her eyes focused on his face and presently, "Look, Bill," she said. "I always come outside during the 4 A. M. lunch period to get a hamburger. Why don't you meet me and we'll have one together?"

Bill frowned. He was looking over her shoulder and she turned impatiently to see what had captured his attention. It was the fire. From where they stood the sky seemed very red. Was it imagination which made it appear brighter, yellower than when she had looked before? She shrugged the notion away. "Will you, Bill?"

Reluctantly he pulled his eyes away. After a moment, "All right," he said. "Why not?"

THEY sat at a board table outside the hamburger stand with sandwiches and mugs of black coffee before them. There were thousands of voices talking, calling, laughing all around but, in the complete blackout, they might have been alone.

Estelle said, "Gee! They put onion on my hamburger and I've already bit into it. You'll think I'm awful."

"Eat it," Bill told her. "I'm certainly goin' to eat mine." He was watching the sky above the mountain. "Isn't that fire brighter?"

"It looks that way. But maybe that's just because it's so cozy and dark here." She sidled closer on the bench and clutched his arm.

"Could be. But it sure looks—" He heard her disappointed sigh and turned to her in surprise. "Why, what's the matter?"

Faintly illumined by the glow of many cigarettes, her face pouted up at him. "That's what I'd like to know," she murmured. "What *is* the matter? Is it the onion?"

Bill stiffened, the way a man who has been shot stiffens just before he collapses. Her lips were parted, straining up to his, and he toppled toward them.

Then the whistle blew, snapping him to his feet. She jumped up beside him. "Please," she implored, "wait—!"

"Gotta run," he said. "See you at seven-thirty. Gotta run." He hurried toward the gate, waving his identification card.

She called after him but her voice was lost among a thousand others. No one heard her savage, "Darn that onion!"

THE rumor raced through the shop at 5 A. M. A fellow who had gone to the dispensary met a guy from Production Control there. This guy had it straight from a fellow in one of the Personnel offices, and Personnel, of course, gets the latest dope on everything.

The fire had started again. The firemen, assisted by a battalion of infantry, had smothered it on the far side of Ramona Canyon. They'd put it out, congratulated themselves and gone on home.

And now it was burning worse than before.

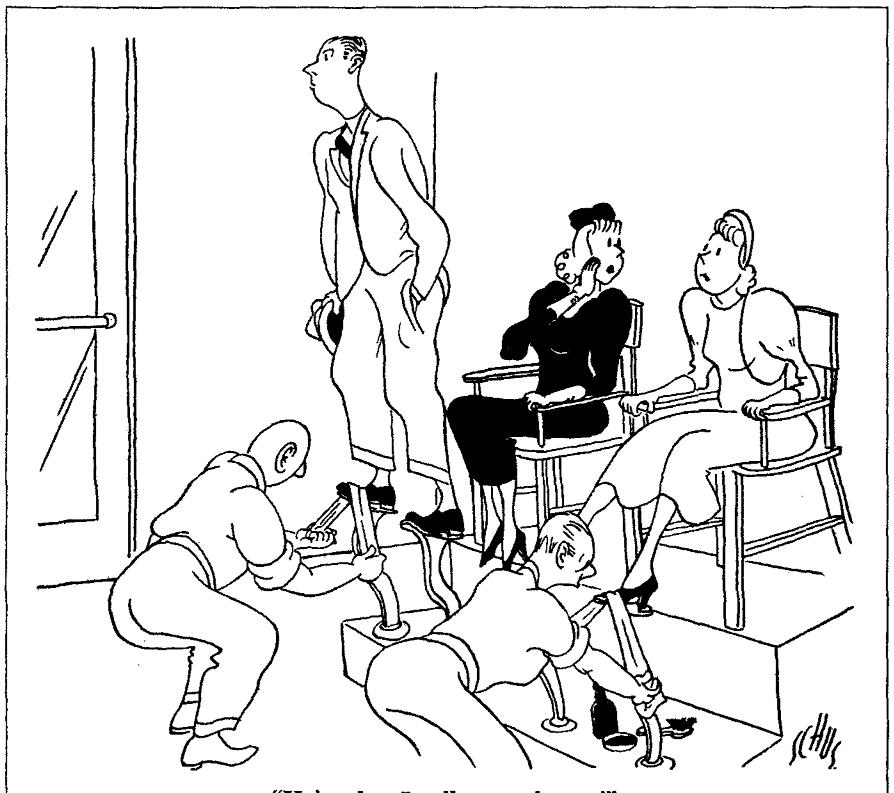
Bill grinned when he heard it; he knew there wasn't any danger. The night before, when he'd wished they could be burned out, he'd forgotten about the Army. If the fire got too close those soldiers would hitch the trailers to their jeeps and haul 'em out quicker'n you could wink. Mildred was safe.

She had gotten her comeuppance, too. Come seven-thirty he'd find the whole bunch of 'em parked along the road, probably at the foot of the canyon. He'd spend the morning looking for a new camp for Mildred and the others who were staying. And then those who were leaving . . .

He thought of Estelle Morgan and stopped smiling. He flushed and shook his head impatiently, but it didn't do any good. It didn't stop him from thinking but, after all, thinking couldn't do any harm, could it? Or could it?

At seven twenty-five, when the warning buzzer sounded, he put down his tools and moved quickly to the door. At seven-thirty, he was the first man to punch "Out" on the time clock.

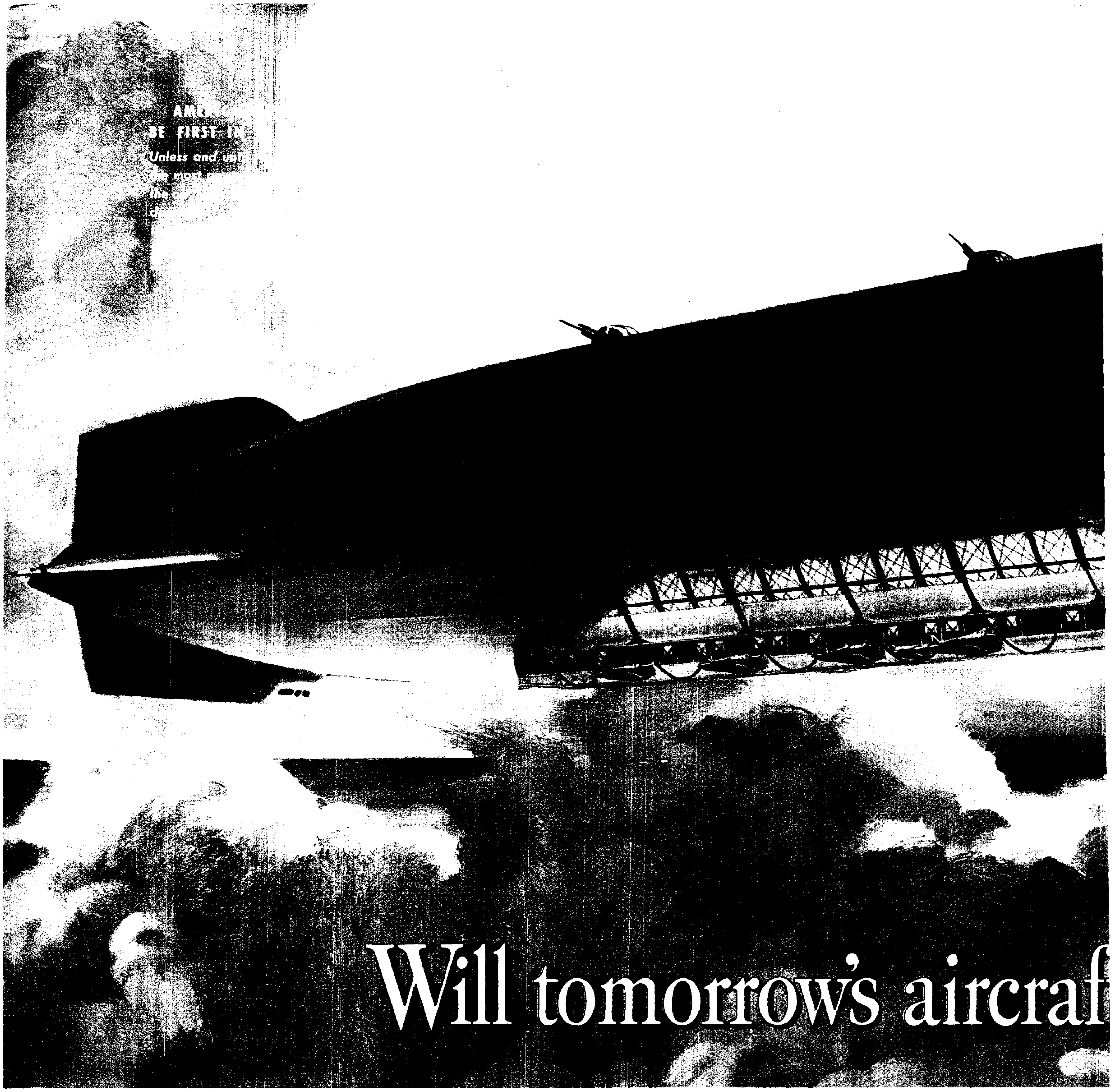
Estelle met him at the gate and they raced, in the gray morning light, to the parking lot. They jumped in the coupé and he twisted it free of the thirty-five-mile-an-hour traffic, hurrying toward the ocean. He turned right, there, and let the car out. A thick cloud of black smoke smothered the mountains ahead,



COLLIER'S "He's what I call a gentleman!" ADOLPH SCHUS

IT'S THE RIGHT NUMBER _BUT THE WRONG ANSWER!
WELL, YOU'VE SHOT THE WORKS, JOE! THAT WAS THE LAST NUMBER IN YOUR LITTLE RED BOOK!
LOOKS LIKE I DON'T PASS INSPECTION WITH ANY FI-FI IN THE TOWN!
FI-FIS ARE FUNNY, JOE! LOOKS TO ME LIKE MAYBE THEY THINK YOU NEED SOME SCHOOLING FROM A DENTIST ON YOUR BREATH-APPEAL!
HERE'S WHAT THE DENTIST SAID!
TO GET RID OF BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH INSTANTLY!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO THE HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH_HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES _STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS_ REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER_THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE PASSING INSPECTION THESE DAYS, JOE!
IT'S A BREEZE, MARINE! NOW THEY ANSWER MY CALL-TO-ARMS... ON THE DOUBLE!
AND THANKS TO COLGATE'S_MY TEETH ARE SO CLEAN AND BRIGHT THEY FAIRLY SPARKLE!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH
Take an empty tube with you when you buy

AME[illegible]
BE FIRST IN
Unless and un[illegible]
[illegible] most [illegible]



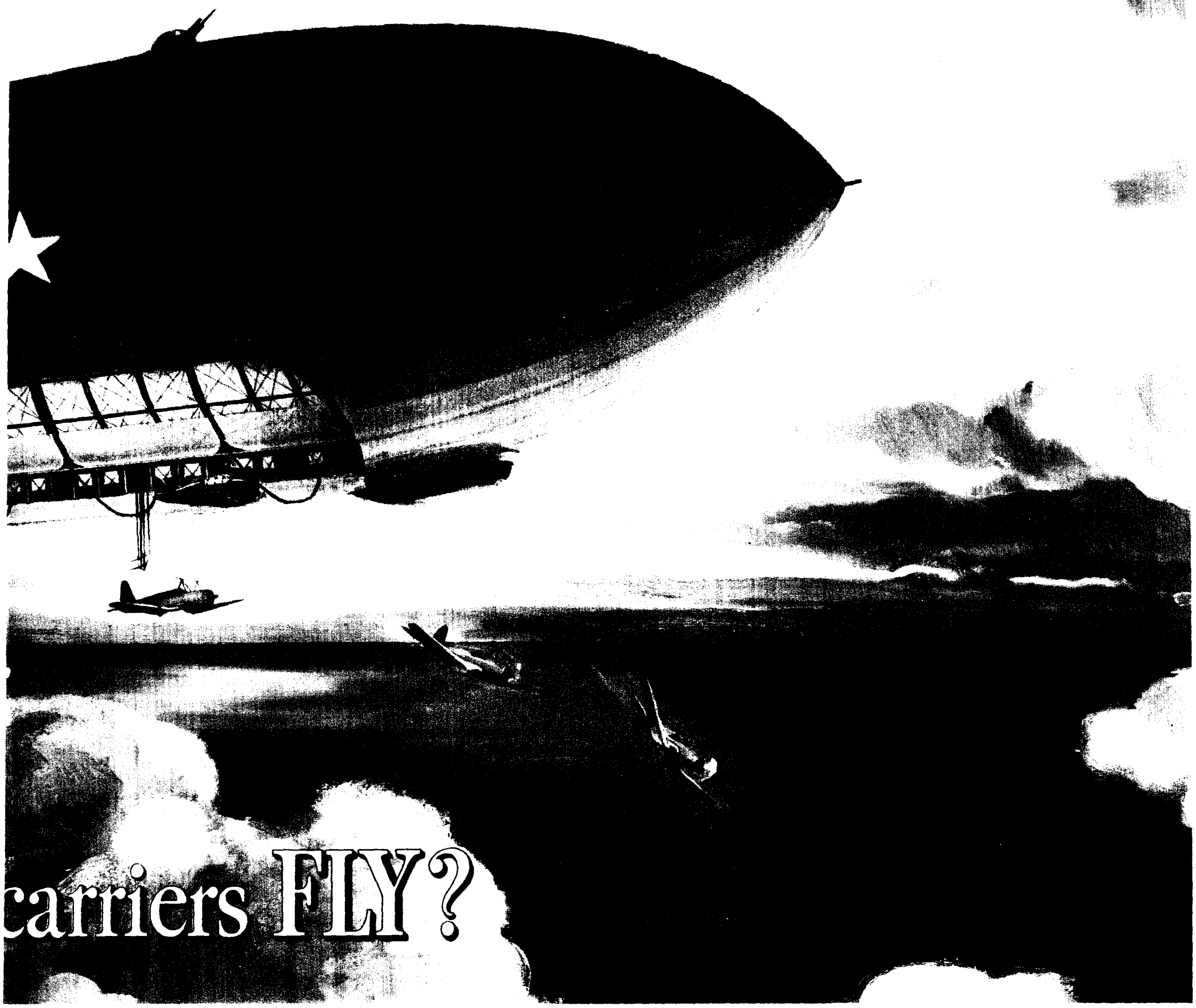
Will tomorrow's aircraf

It is not venturing too far into the realm of fantasy to suggest that the aircraft carriers of the future may be giant dirigible airships. More than twelve years ago Navy fliers demonstrated the practicability of launching airplanes from dirigibles and taking them aboard in flight.

The airship has several advantages for this duty. It is immune to submarine attack. It requires no cruiser escort. Its top speed of 75 knots or more gives it far greater range than any surface ship, and permits it to overtake or elude an enemy fleet at will.

How vulnerable is the airship to incendiary fire from hostile airplanes? Less than you might think. Any American dirigible would be inflated with non-inflammable helium gas, eliminating danger from fire or explosion. Its motors would be fed from bullet-puncture-sealing fuel tanks. And like the Flying Fortresses that have repeatedly routed attacking fighters could be protected from stem to st with armored blisters mounting he machine guns and aerial cannon.

In considering the possibility of fly carriers, it is well to remember that fe than two hundred large dirigibles h been built in all world history; but n have learned much about their handl and operation. In recent years, since m accurate weather data has become av


carriers FLY?

Sectional view shows how planes are carried inside the airship; also the "hook-on" gear by means of which they are launched and taken aboard in flight

ɔle, small Goodyear-built airships have ɔwn more than *four million miles* in l kinds of weather — without the slight- ɜt injury to a single one of the 400,000 assengers they have carried. Perhaps ɪis is a portent of things to come.

• • •

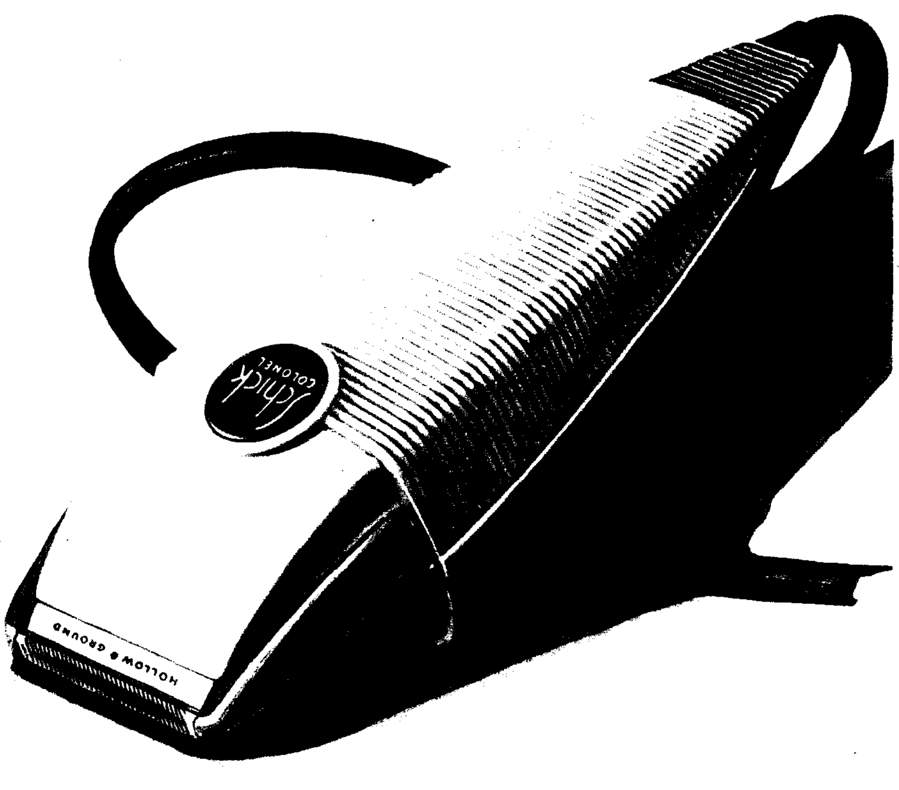
or America-at-war Goodyear is building the Corsair, ɩiftest carrier-borne fighter airplane in the world, and ɥadrons of Naval airships for U-boat patrol. Also ing, tail, cabin and fuselage subassemblies; control ɪrfaces, wheels, brakes and bullet-puncture-sealing gas- line tanks for many types of fighter and bombing planes -products of Goodyear's thirty years' experience in 'l branches of aeronautical engineering.

GOODYEAR

GOODYEAR

AIRCRAFT

A LITTLE GOOD CARE WILL
PAY YOU
DIVIDENDS!



You know the old story about never missing the water till the well runs dry.

We suggest you give it a thought next time you use your Schick Electric Shaver. You wouldn't want to miss those quick, clean, comfortable shaves, would you?

So, the smart thing is to take good care of your Schick. For we're not building any new ones, you know, for the duration. Our factory is going full blast on war work, these days.

But we want you to know that if you do accidentally damage your Schick, all will not be lost!

At any of the offices listed below, you can get renewal parts and expert repair service at low cost. For only $3, they can fit your present Schick with a new 2-M Hollow-Ground Shearing Head, if it needs one.

In any case, we suggest you take or mail your Schick in for a check-up job—cleaning, adjusting and lubricating. Why not do it today? The charge will be trifling!

SCHICK INCORPORATED, Stamford, Conn., U.S.A.

★★

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603 Rhodes-Haverty Bldg.
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BROOKLYN
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BUFFALO
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CINCINNATI
814 Schmidt Bldg.
CLEVELAND
9 Union Com. Bldg. Arcade
COLUMBUS, O.
1200 Beggs Bldg.
DALLAS
611 Southland Life Bldg.
DENVER
501 Colorado Bldg.
DES MOINES
413 Fleming Bldg.
DETROIT
908 Industrial B'k Bldg.
HARTFORD, CONN.
1202 American Ind't'l Bldg.
HOUSTON
521 Shell Bldg.
INDIANAPOLIS
703 Merchants B'k Bldg.
KANSAS CITY, MO.
710 Fidelity B'k Bldg.
LOS ANGELES
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MIAMI
129 Shoreland Arcade
MILWAUKEE
152 W. Wisconsin Ave.
MINNEAPOLIS
612 Andrus Bldg.
NEW YORK
17 East 42nd St.
NEWARK, N. J.
810 Raymond Com. Bldg.
OKLAHOMA CITY
206 Hightower Bldg.
OMAHA
647 Omaha Natl. B'k Bldg.
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SCHICK INCORPORATED SCHICK ELECTRIC SHAVER

TO HASTEN VICTORY—BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

and they leaned forward tensely, watching it.

Estelle talked. There was an excited lilt in her voice and, as she spoke, she watched Bill's face. "We're the lucky ones," she said; and, "Just think of the work those dopes have put in! Fences and gardens and all." She moved closer and her left arm brushed against his. "Isn't it funny how you and I think the same things, Bill?"

He listened. He nodded his head and smiled as the little car scurried over the beach road.

Estelle watched him the way a pin-ball player watches his marble hover outside the jack-pot groove; intently, with her heart in her mouth.

"You're not worried about Mildred, are you? That's all over, isn't it?"

"Mildred's okay," he said. "They're *all* okay. We'll find every last livin' one of 'em sittin' up here at the foot of the canyon."

"And when you do—?" She looked at him archly.

He reddened and turned away. "Well—" he began, and got no further. For at that moment the car rounded the foot of the canyon and there was no one there.

NO ONE, that is, except a corporal and two privates. The privates barred the road while the corporal stepped to Bill's side.

"You can't come up here," he said. "There's a fire."

Bill looked at him. The corporal's face was covered with soot and, under the soot, were lines of fatigue. Bill looked up the canyon. Half a mile farther on, yellow flames flickered through the black smoke blanketing the hillsides. He listened. The crackle of burning underbrush was like an infantry battle.

"Do *tell*," he said. "Couldn't be that somebody knocked off a little too soon yesterday, could it? How about the people in the trailer camp up there?"

The corporal snorted angrily. "I wouldn't know about them. Early this morning we sent two trucks to evacuate 'em. I rode one truck myself, and you'd 'a' thought I was General MacArthur they was that glad to see me. Then, when they found we couldn't spare jeeps to haul their trailers, you'd 'a' thought I was Hitler. Last I heard they was still callin' me names. Gosh knows what's happened by now."

"They wouldn't leave their trailers?" Bill's face was suddenly gray.

"I never seen anything like it," the corporal said. "All of a sudden they thought more of those few dinky flowers they got planted than they did of their hides. They're crazy. But then they're Texans and I never seen a sane Texan yet. Hey!" he cried. "What do you think you're doin'?"

Bill's horn had blasted the privates from the road. He slipped into low gear and, as his foot eased on the clutch pedal, he turned a gray, set face to the startled corporal. "What *would* I be doin'?" he asked mildly. "I'm goin' home!"

He stepped on the accelerator and the coupé leaped ahead. It was a hundred yards nearer to the fire before Estelle recovered sufficiently to reach for the emergency. She jerked it back and screamed, "Let me out of here! You—you fool! Let me out!"

He turned to the trembling girl. "Well, then, get goin'." His voice was still gentle.

"Couldn't you take me back to town?"

He reached across her to open the door. "No, ma'am. Get goin'." He put his hand on her shoulder and shoved.

She got her legs out in time to light on her feet, and she swung back as he slammed the door. Tears of mortification streamed down her face. "Bill!" she cried. "Darling! Will you let me know what happens? I'll wait at the foot of the canyon. Will you come back?"

He was too busy prying her hands loose from the door to answer.

"And, darling," she begged, "will you bring my suitcase back for me? I'll be waiting for you. I'll be—!"

Sharply, he whacked the side of his palm across her knuckles. She gasped and let go, and the little coupé chugged sturdily up into the smoke.

COOK'S black eyes twinkled at him. "What delayed, you, fellow? Didn't you know I'd have to borrow your car this mornin'? Mine got a little singed." He lifted his bandage-wrapped arms. "Reckon the supervisor'll let me work with these?"

"You leave those arms be," Mildred said, "until I finish workin' on 'em."

Bill looked at the trailer, at the fence-enclosed patio gay with flowers, at Cook sitting on the steps, and at Mildred bent over him busy with bandages and ointment. He turned his eyes away.

Fifty yards off, beyond the improvised firebreak, a thin line of men still worked with water-soaked potato sacks. Smoke swirled around them, sometimes hiding them from sight, but the fire was under control again. And this time, Bill knew, it would be kept that way.

He turned back to Cook. Mildred hadn't even looked at him and he wouldn't speak to her until she did. "I thought the war was over for you," he said. "I thought you'd bucked your last rivet. How come you changed your mind?"

Cook winked at him. "The fire changed it for me. Suppose I got home to Texas and then the war didn't end like I expected? Why, I'd have to turn around and come right back again. Not on *my* tires, fellow! How about yourself? Last night you was wishin' we'd burn out. Did you hotfoot it up here just to watch us sizzle?"

Bill leaned over and picked up the wet sack at Cook's side. He spoke to Cook but it was Mildred at whom he looked. "The keys are in the car," he said. "But you'll have to ask Mildred about usin' it. It's in her name."

MILDRED'S back stiffened. Her hand closed on the jar of ointment and she whirled to face Bill with angry eyes. Then she saw that he was smiling, and the anger was washed away by a swift surge of tears. Her throwing arm relaxed, and the jar of ointment slipped to the ground and rolled into the geranium bed.

"Oh, Bill!" she said. "Oh, Bill!"

She bent quickly to pick up the jar, and when she straightened she was back to normal again. "Look what you made me do," she complained. "Now get along with you, and make sure that fire's really out before you go to bed. . . . And you, Tom Cook, if you're goin' to work you'd better get started. You dawdle half the mornin' and . . ."

Bill was already walking toward the firebreak. He was smiling. The last thing he heard over the chug of the coupé's starting motor was Mildred's voice calling instructions to Cook:

". . . and tell the butcher I want steak for five people. That way I'll be sure to get enough for you and Bill. Use your own sugar and coffee coupons. We've been runnin' mighty short lately and it'll be a relief to . . ."

It sounded pretty good to hear her talking like that.

THE END

So Small a World

Continued from page 24

Charleston in winter; about the Old Man's mustache, half shaved off with a lurch of the ship in that November blow.

Vin finished his cocktail. No go. He looked at his watch, the last present of Linda's he had. He said, "H'mm. Later than I thought, Taze. I'll have to blow."

"Darn' fools, I said," repeated Tazey Williams.

Vin scarcely heard because now he was confronted with the awful task of walking past Linda again, looking into her gray eyes again. He made it creditably past the table, though he didn't trust himself to speak, just nodded to her with a tight, controlled grin. And then he was out the door, feeling like a bombed cruiser that hadn't quite missed that last one.

When am I going to get over this? he wondered, disgusted with himself. For fourteen months he'd been insulated by distance from this girl, and still a glimpse of her could stick him like a spear.

HE WALKED down the main drag, feeling savage, feeling like a man alone in a rubber boat on the thirtieth day with no help in sight. . . .

Approaching the bay, Vin began to pass the huge and ancient houses that are a Charleston feature. Like great long boxes, mainly clapboard, they stretched back from the street; and a few were unkempt, but most were sleek with the substance of rich Northerners, who bought them as a fad and then poured money into them as into drains.

Like Vurney House.

Ballard Vurney, Linda's father, had the moola, all right, skimmed from the creamy twenties. With rare insight he'd hung onto it through all the intervening storms, in the process apparently instilling in his female offspring the overwhelming importance of wealth. . . .

"Nuts!" said Vin aloud, striving to divert his thoughts. They didn't divert so well.

This was one of four homes visited by the Vurney crowd as the calendar wheeled around: Maine, New York, Charleston, Palm Beach. Then back again. But this wasn't the time they usually hit Charleston. Vin felt that he'd had gratuitous bad luck to bump into Linda now. And it would be three weeks before the Holmes put out again. Three weeks in the same town with her. Even Charleston was too small for that.

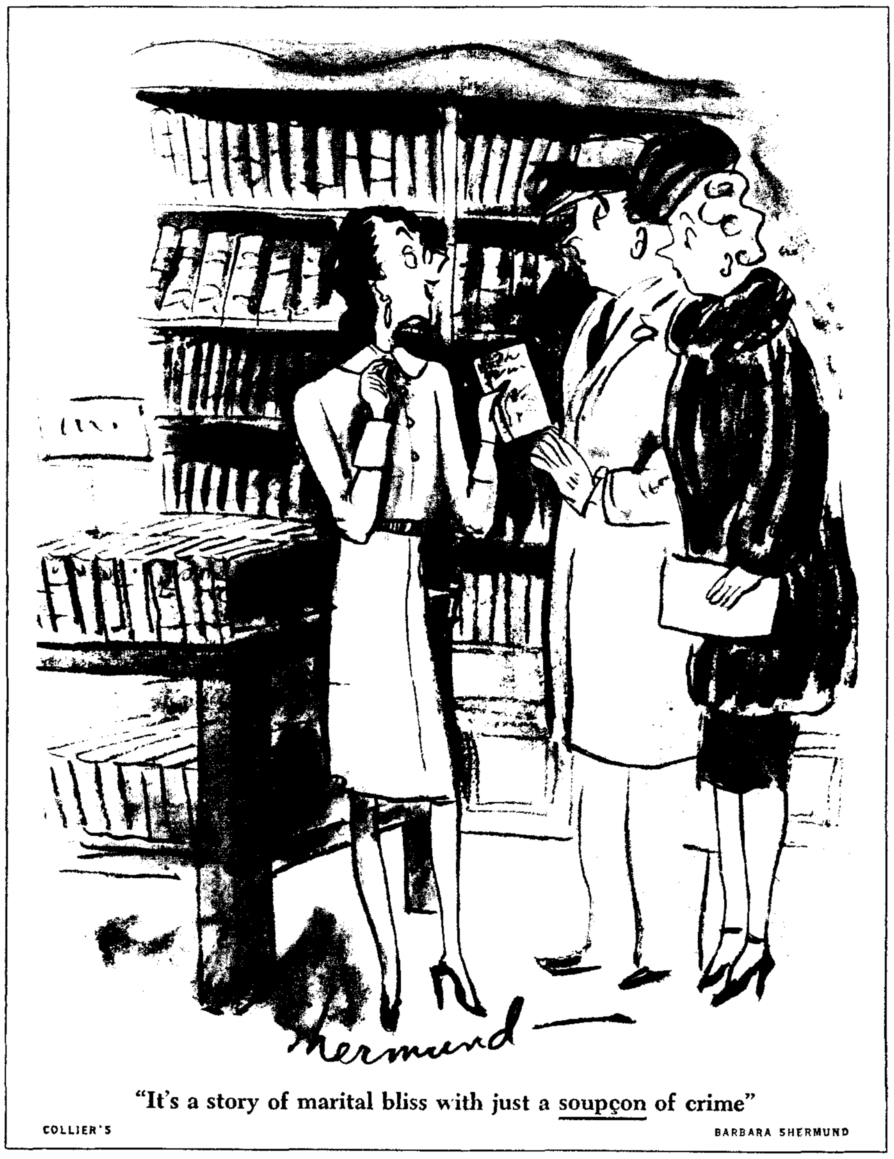
Someone said, "Hello, Vin," and he replied absently, "Hello," and then looked more squarely and stopped and said, "Why, *hello!*"

It was Dorothy Wesley, sweet and nice as ever, though one more lost pound would be downright alarming. Dorothy Wesley. Vin went to her and put a hard, dark hand on each arm and looked deep into her eyes. For here was trouble of a kind to make his own look pale, though he knew that the end result of each was the same: irrecoverable loss.

"You're looking swell, honey," he lied gently. "Staying on here? I thought you'd be home in Vermont."

"No, I won't go home for a while longer." Dorothy's voice had always been nice. It was like cello strings now. "The mild winter is good for little Bill, and I like Charleston anyhow."

No word of big Bill. And no widow's black, either. He was missing after the Casablanca show. Well, some had been



"It's a story of marital bliss with just a soupçon of crime"

COLLIER'S BARBARA SHERMUND

How to Supplement Your

WAR RATIONS

And Be Sure of Getting All the Vitamins You Must Have to Maintain Vigorous Health!

ALTHOUGH MANY FOODS may be rationed to insure a fair share for everyone, we will continue to get more and better foods than any other nation in the world.

BUT EVEN WHEN huge food surpluses were a national problem, some nutrition experts estimated that 3 out of 4 Americans did not get enough vitamins for vigorous good health.

AND TODAY, for the sake of your country and yourself, it's more important than ever before to get *all* the known essential vitamins every day . . . Protective potencies of *all* the vitamins you *must* have to enjoy vigorous good health—to resist illness—to avoid dread vitamin deficiency diseases.

Yet it's so easy and so economical to do! Just take two tiny capsules of* "VITAMINS Plus" *once every day.

"VITAMINS Plus" is a complete, balanced combination of *all* the known essential vitamins. Not just one or two, but protective potencies of *all*—the vital B-Complex Vitamins B_1, G and Niacin Amide, combined with the equally valuable vitamins A, C and D.

And that's not all! "VITAMINS Plus" actually gives you *extra* vitamins of the B-Complex and *added* iron. Try it! Remember . . .

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OLDER THAN YOUR YEARS?

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I am going to kill you—

I am a Nazi.
You stand in my way.
Therefore, you must die!

"You believe you are going to win this war. Ha! You have no idea what it will take to win.

"Because you did not have to suffer much, give much, or sacrifice much to win last time . . . you think you can get by as easily again.

"Ja . . . it is good that you think so . . . good for *us!*

"Every man and woman in Germany is *told* how many hours to work, while you decide it yourselves.

"You tell yourself that the German people will crack as they did before. You are an idiot! The German people will not crack because they know what it means to lose a war.

"This time, *you* will roam the streets fighting for scraps of garbage to eat. It's *your* turn to see life savings turn into bushels of worthless paper money.

"*Your* families will be broken up. *Your* young girls will sell themselves for bread. Such treatment befits your mongrel race.

"Don't be stupid. We *shall* not—we *dare* not lose this war!

"We shall kill and kill and kill until nobody is left . . . nobody to bar our passage. *Then* you will see!"

RIGHT NOW, unless you are a member of our armed forces or unless you are working at a war job to the limit of your ability . . . you have a personal enemy who is doing much, much more to win the war for his side than you are doing for ours. Multiply that enemy by the million . . . multiply yourself by the million, then ask yourself who will win unless things change. The way to make them change is to pick yourself a Nazi or Jap . . . and work harder, sacrifice more, and fight harder than he does. There's a part-time task for you in your local Citizens Service Corps of the Defense Council. Find out about it today. Should no such activity be available, help to start one. Write this magazine for free booklets giving full instructions. Do it now!

EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER

Contributed by the Magazine Publishers of America picked up after weeks. Why couldn't Bill Wesley perhaps be reported in after months? You don't always have to agree with a Navy Department telegram, do you?

"It's swell you're here," said Vin. "Has wee William perchance been fed that awful soupy stuff they give to kids, and are you free to have a celebration dinner with me?"

Wee William had. She was.

THEY went to the Blue Lion. The waiter there said, "Yes, *suh*, Lieutenant," and Vin blocked his ears to whisperings that lingered still from times when he and Linda had come here. He ordered a daiquiri for Dorothy. He said gruffly, "Of course you want one. Didn't I say celebration?" And she sat across from him, dark haired, blue eyed, as pretty as a flower which—at least in public—hardly shows its roots have been cut off. The only thing about her was that far-off look. You knew she heard and saw, but also knew that half of her was gone somewhere.

"Linda's in town, Vin," she said.

He nodded. "Yes, I saw her." He said, very lightly over the top of the menu, "We came here a lot. You and Bill did too, didn't you?"

"Yes. Till small Bill arrived. Then there wasn't much to eat out on. The Navy doesn't make you rich."

"So I've heard," Vin said wryly. "Bill loved it, though." Should he lay off Bill? Vin thought not. He thought Dorothy liked to hear the name on a close friend's lips.

"Yes," she said. "I've heard you rather like it yourself, Vincent Maller. Certainly it likes you."

He grinned, teeth extra white in his weathered young face. "I don't know if it likes me, but at least it's kind to me. Under the hat, darling, I'm being upped a grade. One of these new destroyers they're turning out like peanuts will have my napkin ring at the head of the wardroom table."

"Oh, Vin! I'm glad. So would Bill be. . . ."

"Bill was due to get a ship before me. His record tops mine and he had a Navy Cross besides. He—"

Vin stopped and stared across Dorothy's shoulder at the door.

"Well, I'll be darned," he muttered.

Voices sounded there; the waiter's, "Yes, *ma'am!*" and that of a man saying, "Looks all right to me." But over these came Linda's voice as she looked brightly, blankly at Vin: "The place is dead. There's no one here at all."

Will we fall over each other twice a day all the time I'm here? Vin wondered savagely.

He said hastily to Dorothy, "She didn't see you—you had your back turned. If she had, she'd have been over here fast to greet you. You know that?"

"Of course." Dorothy smiled. "You don't have to explain Linda to me. She rang my bell yesterday, as soon as she hit town. I think she's swell. You're not too repulsive yourself. Vin—what happened?"

"Stockings," Vin said. "A pair of stockings." He wanted to laugh, but thought it might have a slightly wild sound.

It hadn't been just that, of course. Not just a pair of stockings. But that had touched the whole thing off.

"A run!" Linda had wailed. "In my last decent pair! Oh, darn this being poor!"

Well, before they'd started he'd told her what Dorothy had just said. The Navy doesn't make you rich. He'd told her he would never leave it, and she'd have to live on what he made. No gifts from father; no furtive charge accounts; no allowance.

All her life Linda had simply phoned an order for what she wanted. When it was a tenth worn out, she phoned for another. But this could not go on as Mrs. Vincent Maller. There were shortages. There were denials. With each came a bit of sarcasm quickly detected by Vin, who had married her half expecting such complaints.

"Just stockings?" Dorothy's voice recalled him to Charleston, 1943.

"Well, naturally there were a few other things."

Naturally. Eight months of marriage with a trifle out of reach 'most every day. She'd regretted in humorous terms—but she'd regretted. The stockings had been the final, small fuse, that was all. Some fuse!

"We had quite a row," he said. "She's no doormat, you know."

They finished out the dinner, with Dorothy's dry blue eyes far off again, and with Vin wishing he could trade an arm or something for Bill Wesley's safe return home to her.

He took her to the small apartment she maintained now; very small, but very nice, with warmth in it. The girl who'd watched over little Bill said good night, and Vin tiptoed in to look at the kid, not quite two, sprawled like a puppy in his crib with his button nose askew against a bar.

Against his will, Vin remembered another apartment, larger and more extravagant than this, but without a crib.

"A child, Vin?" Linda had exclaimed. "In a world like this? On a j.g.'s pay?"

"It happens all the time, Linda."

"What? Worlds like this? Or children on credit?"

"All right."

"No, please!" Linda had caught his arm, gray eyes not imperious for once. "It's not a thing to be flip about. I'm sorry, Vin. But couldn't we wait a little, darling?"

Vin looked at Dorothy and found her speculative eyes on him; eyes that still had room for kindness in spite of all the loss that crowded them.

"I enjoyed the dinner, Vin. Have one on me. Tomorrow. Here."

He said he would. He said he'd love it. He'd be around at seven, if that gave her time to tuck small William in. He went to his hotel and cursed the coffee, or whatever it was that kept his mind alert and filled with a lot of little Lindas doing a lot of attractive little things.

HE LUNCHED next day with Taze on the Byrd, that boat not being so torn apart as was the Holmes. And then he went to Charleston's bay street and finally sat down on a bench across from the Vurney house and down a little way.

He stared moodily at the place, big, expensive, one of the city's show places. "Well, why would it work? A girl like that—with a Kansas mailman's son who got a lucky appointment to Annapolis. I had a hunch from the start we couldn't make it click."

The garden door opened abruptly, and Vin prepared for flight, but it was Buck who came out, Linda's fourteen-year-old brother. He flipped on his bike, saw Vin, and swooped across the street.

"Vin! Gee, Sis didn't say you were here. Gee, I'm glad to see you." A nice kid, untouched yet by the Vurney money.

"Glad to see you too, Buck." Vin's arm rested lightly around the unfinished shoulders.

"Vin, are you and—and Linda done for keeps?" Buck blurted. "Are you, Vin?"

"What do you think, kid?"

Buck swallowed unhappily. "She don't say much. And there's a guy hanging around."

Vin thought of Linda's escort of last night. He shut his hands hard, and his wrist watch glinted and caught his eye.

He wanted Linda very badly, and he couldn't have her, so he wanted to beat her. He said, "I'm glad I saw you, Buck. You've always admired this. Here, take it."

"Gee, Vin." Buck put the wrist watch on with eyes shining. But even in his incredulous joy, vague doubt stirred. "But Linda gave you this, didn't she? She might not like this."

"Take it. I wasn't around on your last birthday. Keep the chin up, Buck."

He walked away from there, wrist feeling naked without the watch; he walked for miles, till it was time to go to Dorothy's apartment. He walked in parts

"It's just like I always say, 'It never rains but it pours'"

COLLIER'S LEONARD DOVE

NEW, EASY WAY To Get Greater Breathing Comfort

Easy to carry, easy to use, the new Vicks Inhaler is mighty welcome to folks "on the go." It's packed with effective medication that makes a cold-stuffed nose feel clearer in seconds! And it's one inhaler you can use as often as needed.

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CHILD'S COLDS To relieve misery—rub VapoRub on throat, chest, back and let its time-tested poultice-vapor action go to work! Ideal for children. Just as good for adults, too. VICKS VAPORUB

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"FIRSTS"
A ZENITH HABIT

A GOVERNMENT official was being shown a new idea in the Zenith laboratories. In passing, he commented upon the outstanding manner in which the radio industry was effecting the rapid and continuous changes necessitated by war requirements. A Zenith official replied—he said:

"... the answer is easy. Radio and Radionics represent a trigger-quick, fast moving business. Concerns that couldn't 'change overnight' are out. In this industry, we're used to fighting with new ideas—only—now we're 'fighting' Japs and Germans instead of each other."

In that statement is evidenced the condition that made possible Zenith's attainment of industry leadership. Ever increasing public acceptance of Zenith name and product resulted from a never ceasing stream of Zenith "firsts"—new features—new devices and new sets which enabled us to truthfully say to the public:

"ONLY ZENITH HAS THIS"

Today you find as commonplaces—essentials—of most radio sets —features first introduced to the public by Zenith—such as—

"FIRST" Push Button Tuning

Years—yes, *years* ahead of the industry—(1928) a Zenith set embodied push button selection of the station desired. Our slogan in 1928 was "Push the button—there's your station."

"FIRST" House Current Sets

"Way back when" (1926) all home radios were operated from storage batteries until Zenith offered the first set run by house current.

For over seven years, Zenith Radio Corporation has advertised on our short wave sets—"Europe, South America or the Orient Every Day or your money back." It has never been called upon for a refund.

BELOW—A FEW NEW ZENITH "FIRSTS"—"FROZEN" BY ZENITH CHANGEOVER TO WAR PRODUCTION

"FIRST" Long Distance Push Button Portable

1942 saw the national introduction of a revolutionary new portable—the Zenith Trans-Oceanic. Without increase in size or weight it gave *push button* operation for foreign and U. S. short wave stations —tuned in the same way as locals—and standard broadcasts too. It contained a disappearing fish pole antenna plus dual Wavemagnets—operated from battery or house current—was born of Zenith pioneering in LONG DISTANCE RADIO RECEPTION.

"FIRST" Safety Auto Radio

The only auto radio you can operate WITHOUT TAKING YOUR EYES OFF THE ROAD—or—YOUR HANDS OFF THE WHEEL—the Zenith Safety Foot Control Auto Radio. This remarkable new radio was on the FORD, NASH, MERCURY, LINCOLN-ZEPHYR, HUDSON and WILLYS. Owners of these cars will gladly demonstrate their Zeniths—give you a "preview" of "tomorrow's radio today."

—AND THESE ARE JUST A FEW OF THE MANY ZENITH "FIRSTS"—

"MILITARY SECRET"

Today all Zenith production centers on war needs. What we are making is a military secret. But three things we *can* tell you. *First*... we are dealing with the thing we know—Radio—and Radionics exclusively. *Second*... we are learning every day—gaining new knowledge which will reflect itself in Zenith civilian products when the time arrives. *Third*... we now know—by first hand experience—that our Army and Navy are more than "up-to-date"—they are alert and progressive in thought and action—almost unbelievably so. This fact is a great reassurance to us here *as citizens*—it commands our complete confidence as it would yours if you knew what we know.

RADIONICS
the New Miracle Industry

Four great industries are destined to lead this country back to normalcy after victory is won.

Planes and Radionics are two of the four. Radio—never a necessity on ship or train—is as essential as the engine itself to that great new form of individual and mass transportation—the airplane.

1917 WAR RUN BY TELEPHONE
1943 WAR RUN BY RADIO

—a Zenith Radio Dealer near you is giving reliable service on all radios—regardless of make.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION — CHICAGO

●

BETTER THAN CASH
U. S. War Savings Stamps & Bonds

ZENITH •LONG DISTANCE• RADIO
RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

of Charleston where it was highly unlikely he'd bump into Linda. Tazey's phrase was in his ears: "You going to spend the rest of your life running out back doors to get away from her?" *No,* he told himself, *I'm not. A little more and I'll have her cut out of me.* And Tazey seemed to say, "Oh, yeah? It isn't as if you were getting over it. You're not."

Irritably he punched the Wesley bell. But he arranged his face for Dorothy as he went up the stairs. He put on a smile and he extended flowers he'd bought at the last corner: but when the door opened, the grin froze on his lips and his hand froze where it was, half out with the flowers in offering—to Linda.

Vin could think of nothing more profound to say than, "Oh!" And Linda didn't even say that much. She went back a step or two. "What are you doing here?" she got out finally.

"Dorothy asked me to dinner."

"She must have got her nights mixed. She asked me too."

"Where is she now?"

"I don't know. She went out as soon as I got here, ten minutes ago. She had her hat and coat on, waiting. She asked me to watch little Bill, then hurried out."

Vin was beginning to get it. A friendly frame-up. Bring Linda and him together unexpectedly, and then duck out and leave them alone. Kindhearted, though pretty clumsy.

"It was a nice try, anyhow," Vin said. "Tell her for me she was sweet to think of it. Good night."

He started for the door. Linda said coolly, "Buck's mad about the watch. He showed it to me. You thought he would, didn't you?"

"It was kind of rich for the Navy," was all Vin said.

HE WENT on toward the door, but stopped a second time as Linda's laugh sounded behind him, light, lazy, amused. And suddenly he resolved that he'd be hanged if he'd keep on running from her. She wasn't that important.

"On second thought," he said, "you can be the one to leave, this time. I'll look after little Bill."

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of leaving, Lieutenant. Only you. Won't you sit down? Can I bring you a drink? I believe Dor has a few bottles still around."

She lost her lightness for an instant as this slammed home the fact of Dorothy's tragedy; but she picked it up again. "Martinis, as I remember?"

Vin nodded, and told himself it was as well, after all, that they had met like this. They had to define things sometime; it might as well be now, through Dorothy's well-intentioned if obvious frame-up.

"As expert as ever," he said, tasting his drink. "I've been rather expecting a letter from you in Reno, Linda."

"I haven't bothered, Vin, because there's been no reason for it. Until now."

"Now? Oh, I see. The fella I saw you with yesterday. Congratulations. You'll be in your own league, this time. You'll have dozens of pairs of stockings, shortage or no."

COLOR spread in Linda's cheeks. She didn't have the mahogany tint in her hair for nothing. But she kept control. She seemed to have much more control than she'd had a year ago. Yes, she'd changed. She was harder now. And chillier, he told himself.

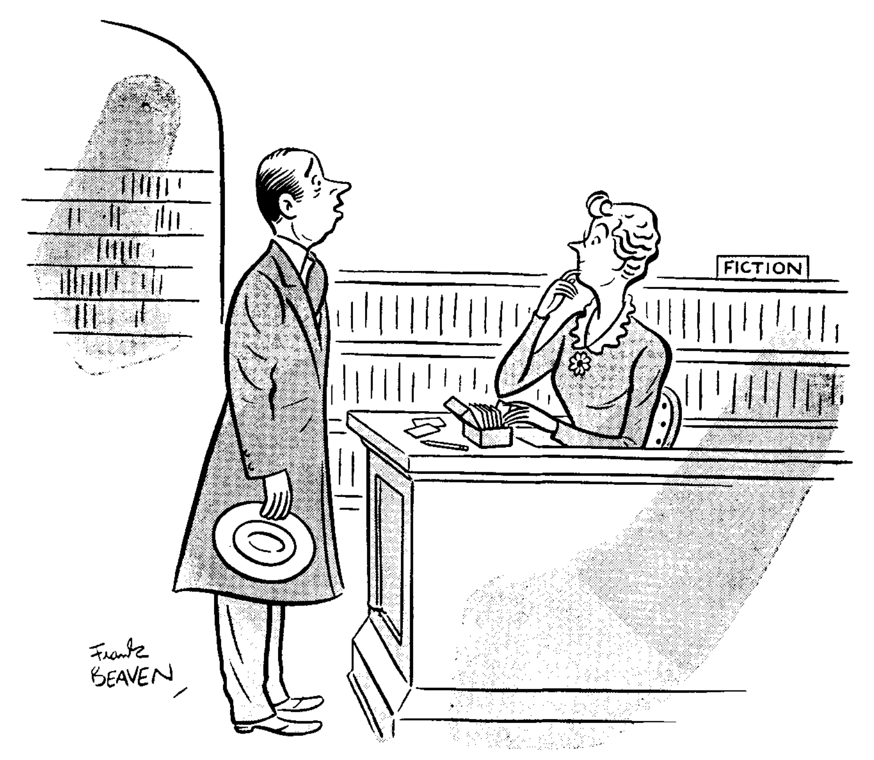
"That's right," she said calmly. "I'll have many things I didn't have with you. There will be important differences. I won't have somebody watching my face like a hawk every time I look in a shop window, to see if I'm regretting my marriage. I won't have someone reading six meanings into a couple of cuss words when I prick my finger making over an old dress.... Oh, why hash it up again? You married me dead sure I'd never be able to live on a Navy income. You put two and a half strikes on us before the honeymoon began."

"I suppose you didn't complain. I suppose—"

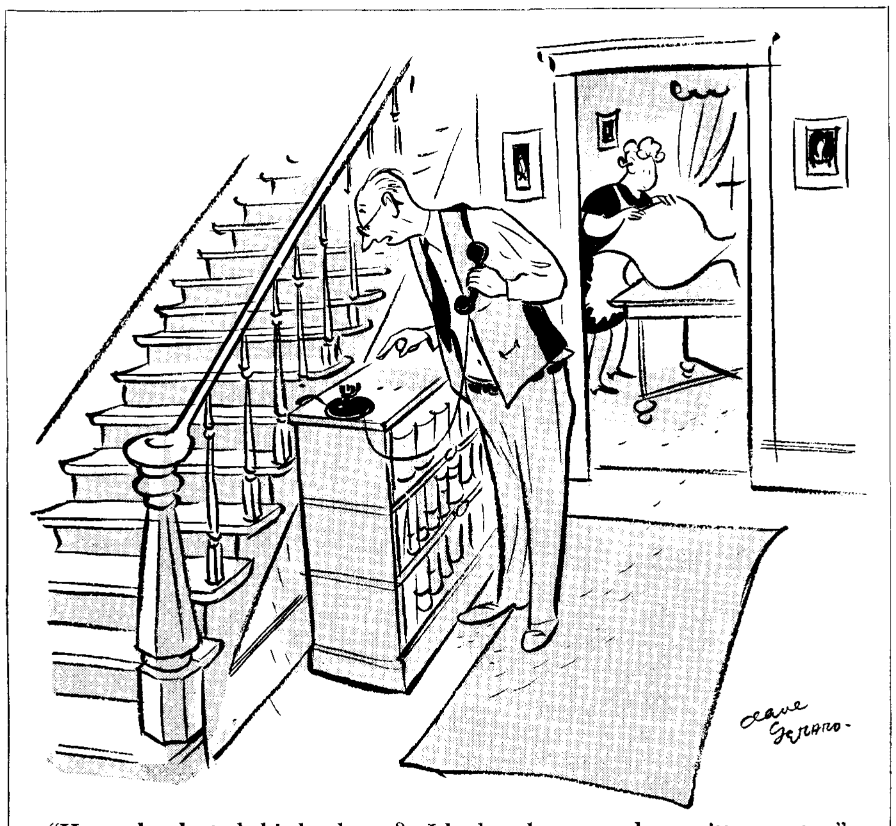
"Look, Vin. You love the Navy. It's your life. Yet I've heard you complain —I've heard all you men complain—about certain angles of it, times without number. Only you call it grousing. You say it means nothing. You say it's healthy to gripe and get it out of your system. Certainly you don't throw a man out with a dishonorable discharge when he grumbles about the chow."

"That's not the same thing at all," Vin said.

"Isn't it? Oh, for heaven's sake—go on home. Get out of here. You think my



COLLIER'S "Have you a book on What Every Boy Should Know? I want to cram for a man-to-man talk with Junior!" FRANK BEAVEN



"Hey, who dusted this bookcase? I had a phone number written on top"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

immortal soul is less important to me than a run in a pair of stockings. I'll never forgive you for that."

Vin said, "You'd have been a nice girl if you hadn't been smothered in all that dough."

"And that," said Linda, "is what you can never forgive me for. Money. I'm leaving for New York in the morning, Vin, so we won't get under each other's feet any more. And you'll get your letter from Reno very soon."

"Good!" said Vin, on his way out. But then the door opened and Dorothy came in. He'd almost forgotten about Dorothy and her good intentions. . . .

"Here! What's up?" he demanded. He stepped swiftly to her and put his arms around her. She sagged there heavily, and Vin looked quickly at Linda, and Linda jerked her head toward the bedroom door.

THEY got her in there, and Vin looked through the medicine cabinet for smelling salts, while Linda put her to bed. Dorothy stared at the two of them as if trying to remember who they were. Then she said:

"He didn't see him."

Linda and Vin looked at her, puzzled.

"One of the men from Bill's boat got into town. I heard about it just before you came, Linda. I hurried to see him—to see if he—when the boat went down—"

"Take it easy, darling," soothed Linda, voice rich and tender.

"One of the seamen," Dorothy whispered. "He said, no, he knew nothing of Bill, hadn't seen him at all. He said it was night when—it happened—and so much was going on. He said he was sorry . . ." She came apart, then, and Vin shivered with the violence of it; and she glared at Linda and at him.

"You two fools!" Dorothy Wesley cried. "You fools! When the time could be so short! When any day—"

There was hysteria and quite a lively period, with Vin and Linda shoulder to shoulder trying to help their friend. Vin had time to feel that this was good, this partnership, even if it only lasted an hour; and he had time to feel ashamed of his assumption that Dorothy had planned this evening just for him and Linda. Nothing, it appeared, had been further from her distracted mind.

Dorothy came back to normal—if you could call the far-off look in dry blue eyes normal.

"It's okay," she said evenly. "I'm okay now. Run along, you two. Sorry I spilled."

They left in silence; in silence stepped into the night. "I knew it was tough for her," said Vin. "I knew because I know how bad it was with me to lose you. But I didn't know it was that bad."

Abruptly then, he had a second crying woman on his hands, and this one stopped him cold. He'd never seen Linda cry before.

"If you could only know how I hate you!" she said. "Didn't know! Didn't know! Of course, you didn't know. You don't know anything. You went to sea and into danger I could have no knowledge of—and you came back—and you didn't know that every time you left I died all around the place for fear you wouldn't return. You were ashamed because you couldn't give me things, so you took it out on me. You didn't know that, either. All you knew was that I got exasperated sometimes because I missed what I was used to. What of it? Did I ever say I wanted to go back to it?"

Vin tried several times to answer this, but nothing came out because none of the answers seemed appropriate. Not knowing what reply to make, he made none at all, thereby unconsciously achieving a moment of common sense rare in the case history of Maller versus Maller. He cleared his throat. He remarked, mildly, "Say, I'm hungry."

"You would be," Linda sniffed. "Nobody else would be, at a time like this. But you would be."

"Aren't you? That diner we used to hit isn't far from here. Chopped steak sandwiches. Remember?"

"The very idea is nauseating. I'm going home." Linda opened her car door, but stood there, with her back to him.

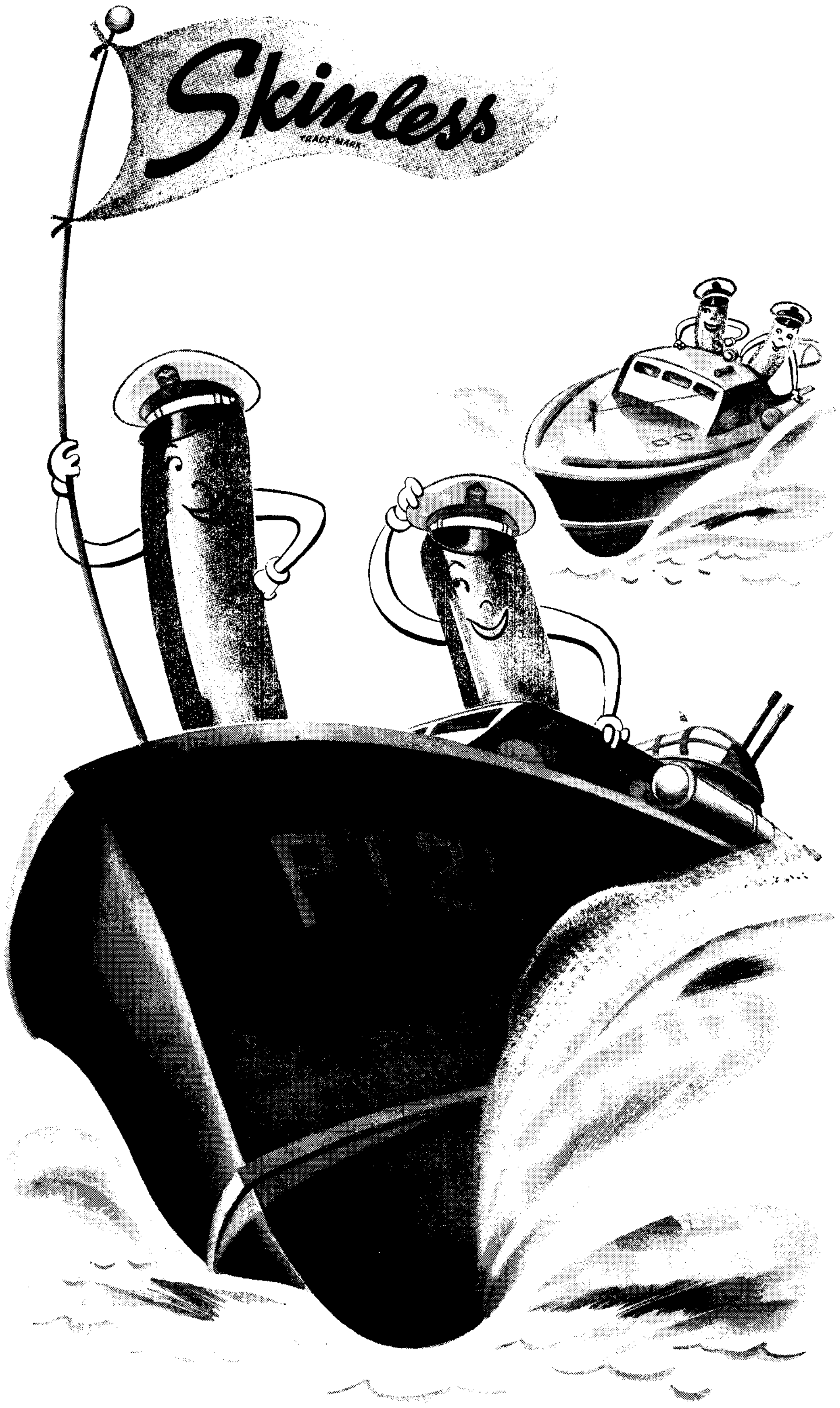
"With onions," said Vin softly.

"Well . . ."

"And lots of ketchup."

"We didn't have any dinner, did we?" Linda said. "I suppose . . . I wonder if he would have chopped steak, Vin?"

THE END



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Daily, the Navy, Army and Marine Corps demand more and more SKINLESS frankfurters, for they are packed with nourishing FOOD POWER to keep our fighting men fit.

That's why your retailer may be temporarily out of SKINLESS frankfurters. So please bear with him . . . chances are he'll have a new supply tomorrow.

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ONE FOOT ON THE GROUND

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

WABASH CANNONBALL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT CAPA

Capable, loving hands, working with ordered haste, have tapped a line here, made a 3,000th-of-an-inch adjustment there, checked every part, and another Flying Fortress sets out for a raid over France

Give a thought, the next time you read about the big bombers carrying off a spectacular mission, to the anonymous heroes back on the line—the grease monkeys of the ground crews who sent them in there fit to fight

THE storm has passed over at last; the gusty wind drives a final scud of rain across the deserted cement landing strip, and the black puddles bounce with myriad little geysers for a moment. Thunder growls in the distance and occasional blue flashes light the sky, as the storm, fighting a rear-guard action, retreats along the high ridges to the westward. In the darkness, little groups of men huddle in the shelter of the control tower or in the lee of repair trucks at the edge of the field or in the emergency welding tents set up behind the parking area—smoking, grumbling, waiting.

Now the big landing lights go on along the east-west runway, and the head-on silhouette of a four-motored bomber tilts down into the light and settles like a giant moth on the wet concrete. She taxies smoothly down the field, brakes to a halt, turns and rolls back to the line, warping into place as the landing lights go off again.

Almost before the big plane's props stop spinning, one of the huddled groups is swarming over her. Some anchor her securely to the ground rings, others refill her gas tanks, check and clean her landing gear, examine her minutely from wing tip to wing tip, their right-angle flashlights winking in the darkness like a troupe of benevolent gremlins.

The landing lights come on again, another Fortress slides onto the strip and maneuvers toward her parking area, another group of mechanics run out to meet her. Still more ships circle overhead, awaiting their landing instructions from the tower. The shouts of the ground crews are barely audible above the constant drone of motors: "Give us a hand with this dolly."

"Toss me up that three-sixteenths socket, Joe."

"Looks like a loose lead here . . ."

You shiver in the raw wind that sweeps the secret concentration field, chopped out of an evergreen wilderness. This is where the big bombers assemble like a flock of migrating crows, darkening the field for a few days, then abruptly taking wing as though guided by some mysterious impulse and heading across the water. One night the field is crowded, the next morning it is bare and silent,

Times like these teach us a new gratitude for the simple things in life. A quiet evening of rest, a friendly game with a next door neighbor, good talk, good refreshment, these make a welcome interlude of sanity in a seething world. For millions of Americans that interlude becomes calmer, happier, more content with a glass of friendly Schlitz.

Copr. 1943, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

America votes for No bitterness
BALLOTS

Guest Bottle
Schlitz
The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous

Just the KISS *of the hops* — all of the delicate flavor — none of the bitterness. Once you taste America's most distinguished beer you'll never go back to a bitter brew. You'll always want that famous flavor found only in Schlitz. *In 12-oz. bottles and Quart Guest Bottles. On tap, too!*

Schlitz

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

"Mommy . . . who *was* Hitler ?"

Today too many children know who Hitler *is* . . .

Wherever his ruthless men have marched, childhood has become a nightmare of terror, want, misery and death. For the sake of our own children we must destroy the source of this brutality.

For that, our men are storming the beachheads of the world . . . our industries are turning their vast peacetime energies into a great stream of war supplies.

For that, we of The Texas Company have turned our peacetime resources into an ever increasing flood of the 100-octane aviation gasoline, Toluene for high explosives, high quality lubricating oils for the Navy, Army and Air Corps and many other war products needed for the fight.

For that, we as individuals must conserve our cars . . . our gasoline . . . our tires . . . buy war bonds and stamps . . . and help in every way we can.

There must come a day when children will ask . . . "Mommy, who *was* Hitler?"

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF AND SKY CHIEF GASOLINES • HAVOLINE AND TEXACO MOTOR OILS

TEXACO
REG. T. M.

and the whole flock has left for some distant battlefield.

This is the last step in their preparation for combat, the bottom of the funnel. Here the squadrons mass for their final inspection; and here, amid the tension and hurry, their ground crews check and recheck the waiting ships, test their turrets, examine guns and mounts, tune their motors, make sure they are ready for the long hop across.

You've heard them say that a pilot flies with one foot on the ground. This is why, for the dozen grimy mechanics who make up the ground crew of each Fortress or Liberator are as vital to that ship as her pilot or engineer or gunners. When she completes a spectacular mission later over Africa or the Solomons, when she licks her weight in Focke-Wulfs or Zeros, you can take your hat off to these anonymous grease monkeys back on the line, who sent her out there fighting.

The crew chief of the ship that just landed is squinting at the flight report; an assistant holds a trouble light, so he can see. Number Three motor was giving some trouble; loses oil pressure, the report says. The crew chief's ladder, a twelve-foot scaffold made of inch-and-a-half pipe, is rolled under Number Three, a couple of young sergeants scramble up and remove the two crescent moons of cowling covering the circle of cylinder heads. A gathering pool of oil on the cement under the motor tells the chief that there's a loose connection or a crack in the feed line.

His practiced hands twirl wrenches, reveal the tiny split at a bend of the feed pipe. Without looking up, he removes the faulty tube, replaces it with a new one an assistant hands to him, climbs down from the ladder, goes into the cockpit and starts Number Three. He guns her, nods in satisfaction, cuts the motor. The ladder is shoved in close again, the cowling is fastened into position. Fourteen minutes, all told!

Another ship cuts her motors at the other end of the parking area; her flight report shows that she pulls a little to the left when the brakes are applied. That may mean too little clearance on the left brake or too much on the right, the chief knows. Three thousandths of an inch difference is enough to cause a fatal ground loop when twenty tons land at better than seventy miles an hour. The wing jacks, huge worm-screw lifters, are set under the jack points, two men turn the spindles, the fat wheels lift slowly off the concrete. The wrenches get busy, the broad brake bands are exposed.

The landing-gear expert makes measurements with his micrometer caliper: "Take up on the right one."

He turns the adjustment bolt carefully, stops to measure with his caliper again, turns the bolt some more. A final measurement; he moves back to let his assistant replace the cover, watching intently until the last lock wire is twisted to seal the nut securely. Just twenty-one minutes!

Surgery for Planes

The lights flicking on and off in the darkness, the quick, deft movements and the ordered haste remind you of an emergency operating room in a field hospital. There is no waste motion here, no indecision. These men are specialists in mechanical medicine; they are skilled surgeons with X-ray eyes and stethoscope ears and hypersensitive finger tips. They tap and probe their patients with a family physician's devoted care, diagnose each ailment, prescribe for the slightest symptom of organic disorder in the big bomber's hydraulic or oiling or ignition system.

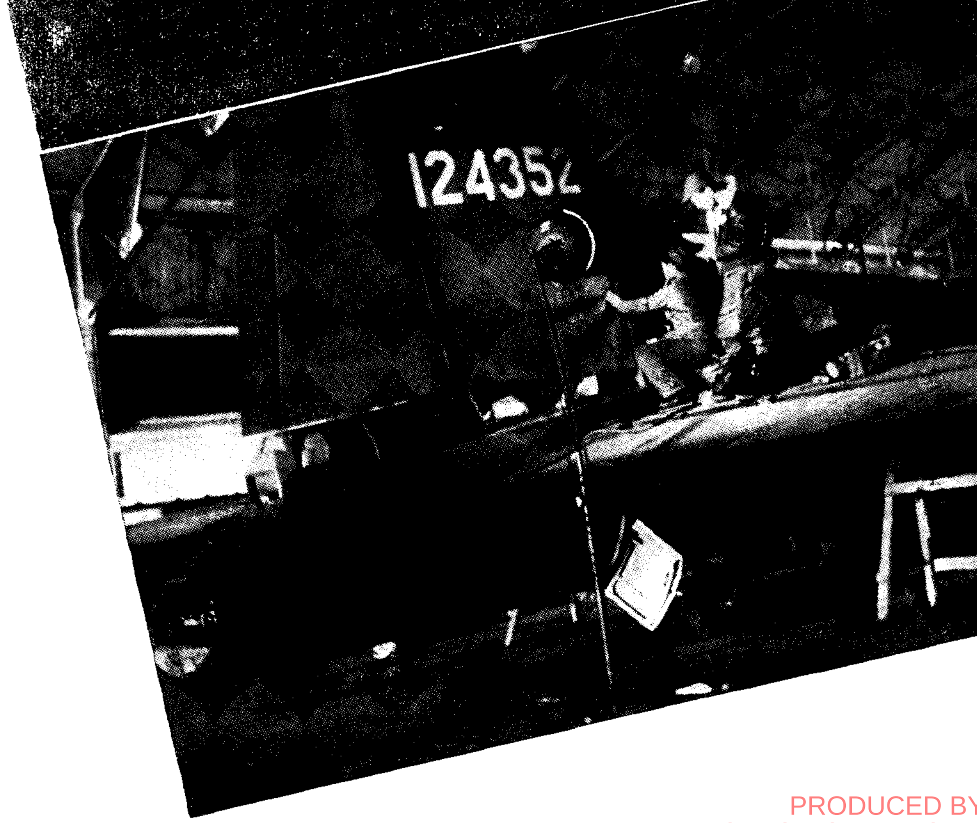
Their surgical kit consists of socket wrenches and spanners and micrometers and feeler gauges and air compressors and pressure grease guns and electric welding units. They plunge their hands deep into an engine's vitals, feeling expertly, finding the trouble. They are the pick of the best technicians in a country that leads the world in technical skill—the trained doctors of the flying line.

Their training is as exacting as any premedical student's, as practical as a hospital intern's. A mechanic spends his first month in the Air Forces learning to be a soldier—drill, manual of arms, taking and carrying out orders. In the classroom he brushes up on the rudiments of mathematics, takes machine-shop and aptitude tests. If he makes the grade, he is sent to one of the Air Forces technical schools.

Here he begins the long six-days-a-week grind of higher math, instructive movies, lectures, study of model airplanes, advanced theoretical and practical mechanics. He spends weeks tearing down, repairing and rebuilding motors—radials, liquid-cooled in-lines, the tiny three-cylinder sputterbugs of the single-seater hedge-hoppers, the two-thousand-horse turbo-supercharged power plants of the latest pursuits. He packs in all the theory and practice that engine doctors have stored up for the past forty years; and at last, at the end of six months, he is assigned to work with a crew at an airfield, under the relentless eye of a grizzled master sergeant crew chief.

Master Sergeant "Chief" Pickering, for instance. Gray-headed, spare as a shitepoke, with pallid skin and broken fingernails permanently blackened with carbon, when he contemplates a motor, he stands weighing a wrench in his hand and humming happily, a little off key. He has a nasal twang that could only come from the northernmost part of New Hampshire. Chief's a veteran of the last show, can still tell you the serial number of every Jenny he worked on in France. That's why he closed up the best-paying repair shop in Colebrook, he says. "I guess I had to feel the ground shake under me just once more."

Sergeant Joe Streeter is an ignition expert, lean and weather-tanned. He comes from a town in Texas whose name, he says, you wouldn't recognize if you heard it; claims he started tinkering with motors when he was a kid



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With service men, Jockey—the famous brand of support underwear—is a link with home, a reminder of the days of peace. So great is its popularity that they are buying a large proportion of our total output, and the demand is steadily increasing. So, since civilian needs must wait upon the military, you may have to be patient when shopping for Jockey, but it's worth it for the reasons that have made it the service men's favorite.

Mild Support! Only Jockey has the famous patented no-gap, Y-front construction that gives mild masculine support. It's exclusive with Coopers and popular with service men and civilians everywhere.

Cool! Because its knit fabric absorbs perspiration and lets their skin breathe, Jockey keeps them cool—even in the tropics. Various leg lengths in cotton and wool mixtures will keep them warm too.

No Bind! Washes Easily!

Jockey Midway

Jockey is favored by active men everywhere because it doesn't bind, crawl or creep even during the most strenuous exercise. Jockey is famous as the underwear that ended squirming.

Dries Overnight—Jockey launders easily, needs no ironing and because it's tailored to fit, quickly returns to body contours. Look for the names "Jockey" and "Coopers" on the label.

Two-piece . . . contoured shirts to match

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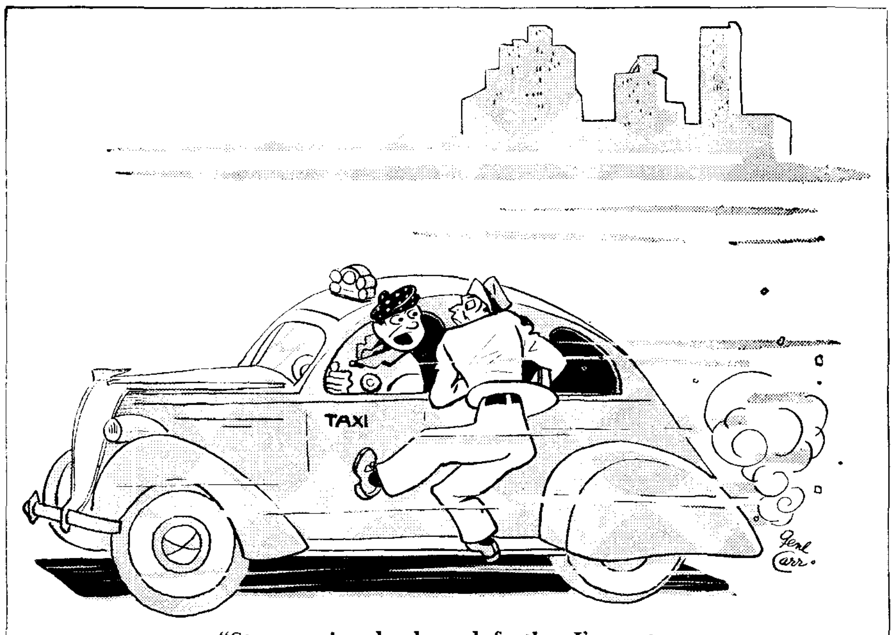
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE
Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; In Australia by MacRae Knitting Mills, Sydney; In British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; In New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S 1



COLLIER'S "Stop pacing back and forth—I'm getting her to the hospital as fast as I can!" GENE CARR

because car cushions make easier sitting than a cayuse. He spent the past five years working in a garage on the main route of the big transcontinental Diesel trucks, but he's always liked the high-speed stuff best.

"Reckon there'll be plenty of private planes to work on by and by when we git home," he drawls. "That's how I come to git in this outfit."

Sergeant Billy Minor from Allamuchy, New Jersey, is round-faced, bespectacled and savvy-looking. He hasn't turned twenty yet, but he's rated one of the cleverest hydraulics men on the field.

He had just started his mechanical engineering course at Stevens when the shooting began. He decided he might as well get the practical end of the course before as after. Anyway, he was turned down for cadet training on account of his eyes. He's not sorry, in a way; says he's never really happy except when he's working on machinery.

"This country's going to keep on having a big air force," he says. "Maybe there'll be a top spot at Wright Field after the war."

They've been gathered from the four corners of the country. They come from the de luxe garages of New York and Chicago. They come from wooden three-stall garages on the Maine coast, where a man works on a logging tractor one day and on a one-lung lobster boat the next. They come from cluttered garages in the Carolinas where pop bottles line the flyspecked windows.

They Keep 'Em Flying

They come from the heat-soaked garages of the plains where the wind never stops blowing and the junk piles out back seem to sink deeper and deeper into the red dust. North, East, South, West—they thrill alike to the clean staccato of a combustion engine; they know that a motor is a beautiful and holy thing and they know their responsibility to that motor. If an oil-line connection works loose, if a bearing pounds out, if a valve sticks, if ignition points burn and pit, if a gas line clogs, then a quarter million dollars' worth of fancy airplane will be grounded, maybe for keeps. They know it's up to them—at all costs, at all hours, in all weathers—to keep 'em flying.

The lights on the runway have been turned off, all the other planes have landed, their ground crews are finishing up and heading in for late coffee and doughnuts at the PX before they hit the hay. Only one group is still waiting: they perch glumly along the workbench and on the metal chests in the tool shack, their cigarettes marking their locations in the dark room.

"It would have to be our lead-and-zinc mine that gets lost," a voice complains. "The first date I made in town in a month, too."

"Last anybody saw them was heading south to duck the storm."

"Maybe one of her motors might have—"

"What are you getting at? Them motors was okay." The cigarette behind the voice bobs excitedly.

"Keep your shirt on, Mike."

"Anybody got the time? I said I'd phone by ten if I got held up."

"Better tell her you meant ten in the morning. It's half past now."

"Suit me okay if we got assigned some other crate than that built-in head wind."

"You go ahead along on your date if you can't wait. We'll cover up for you."

"And leave you guys to mess it up when she gets in? Hell, no!"

"Shut up! Listen!"

They pile out the door, stamping their cigarettes hastily. For a moment, they hold their breath, looking up.

They all hear it now, not clearly, but enough so there's no doubt. "It's her." The sound comes closer, closer and passes directly overhead, a steady drone.

"Motors are okay," Mike gloats.

Now, through a rift in the clouds, they see her. "He's signaling with his lights. Radio must be sour."

She circles lower, her lights flashing a blinker-code message. They look quickly at the tower. A green light appears in the window. She heads in, glides down quietly, barely ticking the cement, and skims to a stop. They race her to the parking place.

One of them holds his hands aloft, motioning her into position; two others are ready with the wheel chocks; another ducks the blast from her props and runs to open the door in the fuselage. The crew chief meantime moves under her big belly, turning his flashlight swiftly on her wheels, her bomb-bay doors, over her wing flaps, up onto the name painted on her nose.

She's not just another plane with a serial number to him; she's a personality, a living thing. He reaches up, pats her sturdy rear end possessively.

"You run around with them young fellers," he murmurs, "but you always come back to me."

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

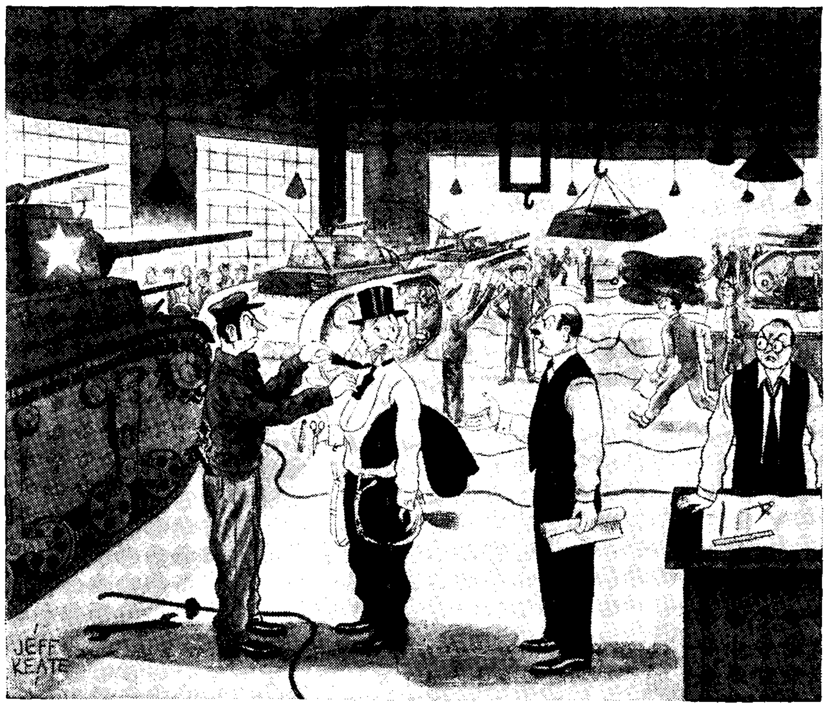
Hollywood. "He's in the Navy," said the director. Mr. English said something appropriate—something about the patriotism of a terrific guy like that, getting terrific dough for being terrific, chucking it all and enlisting in his country's Armed Forces. "Oh," said the director, "it's not like that. He hasn't been on the lots for two years. His memory ran out."

MORE admiration arrives—this one from Mr. William W. Acheson of Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico. "For many years," writes he, "I have entertained a most pleasant feeling for your magazine. My recollection goes back to the time hookworm first came into the public notice and the most splendid publicity you gave to that most annoying vermin. About your recent article by Mr. Herbert Hoover, however, I desire to say that a cog has slipped someplace. Perhaps Mr. Hoover has not got out of bed very early in the mornings over a long period of time. I have been around a very considerable. . . . One never sees two full and two empty garbage cans standing side by side. I am respectfully, sirs, yours."

NEVERTHELESS, we carry on gallantly with a neat bit from the domestic Jap front. From Mr. Francis Hayes of Guilford College, a Quaker school in North Carolina, we learn that when the Japanese were moved out of California, the Quakers rescued many of the young college students from detention camps, placing them in Eastern colleges. Five of them were taken by Guilford, "all American citizens—two Baptists and three Presbyterians." They have, says Mr. Hayes, overcome early local objections and are good students. "One of them has been drafted into the Army," goes on Mr. Hayes. "He is to report soon, and I have just learned that he is to be given time to visit his relatives in a detention camp on his way to the Army."

WHEN we first read Mr. Hayes' letter, we thought of saying something significant about it. We still think it would be nice to do so. But we've forgotten what the significance was. Frankly we rattle all too readily these days and we're thinking of seeing That Doctor Fellow. He holds forth in Burbank, California, and we've just heard from him. "Drop in and consult me and I'll tell you who I am," reads his card. "Among my patients are movie stars and other brainworkers too numerous to mention. Is your memory failing? See me. Are you in financial, social, family, industrial or business troubles? So was I. See me. Do you itch? See me. Maybe it isn't a physical itch at all. See me anyway. I'm That Doctor Fellow. Hollywood has beaten a trail to my door and I don't mean mousetraps. Drop in for a checkup. That Doctor Fellow."

OFFHAND, we'd call this one improbable, but a gentleman whose fondness for truth amounts almost to a passion assures us that our doubts would be unfounded. What he told us is that the Treasury of the United States (or wherever the money comes from) has more than a million dollars in uncollected salaries and is pretty sore about it. What happened and still happens is this: During the past year or so, a considerable number of professional and business specialists have gone to Washington to fill well-paid but frequently mysterious jobs. After hanging around for a while trying to find out what they are supposed to do and, if they find out, trying unsuccessfully to get it done, they quietly pack up and steal away home, saying nothing to anybody and fearing to collect salaries due them lest they have to confess their failure. Our friend tells us that at least one such frustrated deserter quit in the middle of the afternoon and was seen no more. His superior spent two weeks trying to locate him and finally telephoned his home in the Middle West. And there he learned that his erstwhile aide had enlisted in the Air Forces where, doubtless, he knows exactly what it is that the government wants done and is in touch with people who can tell him how to do it. . . . W. D.



"I don't care if you just can't get along without your former valet. Stop coming here every time you've got a date!"

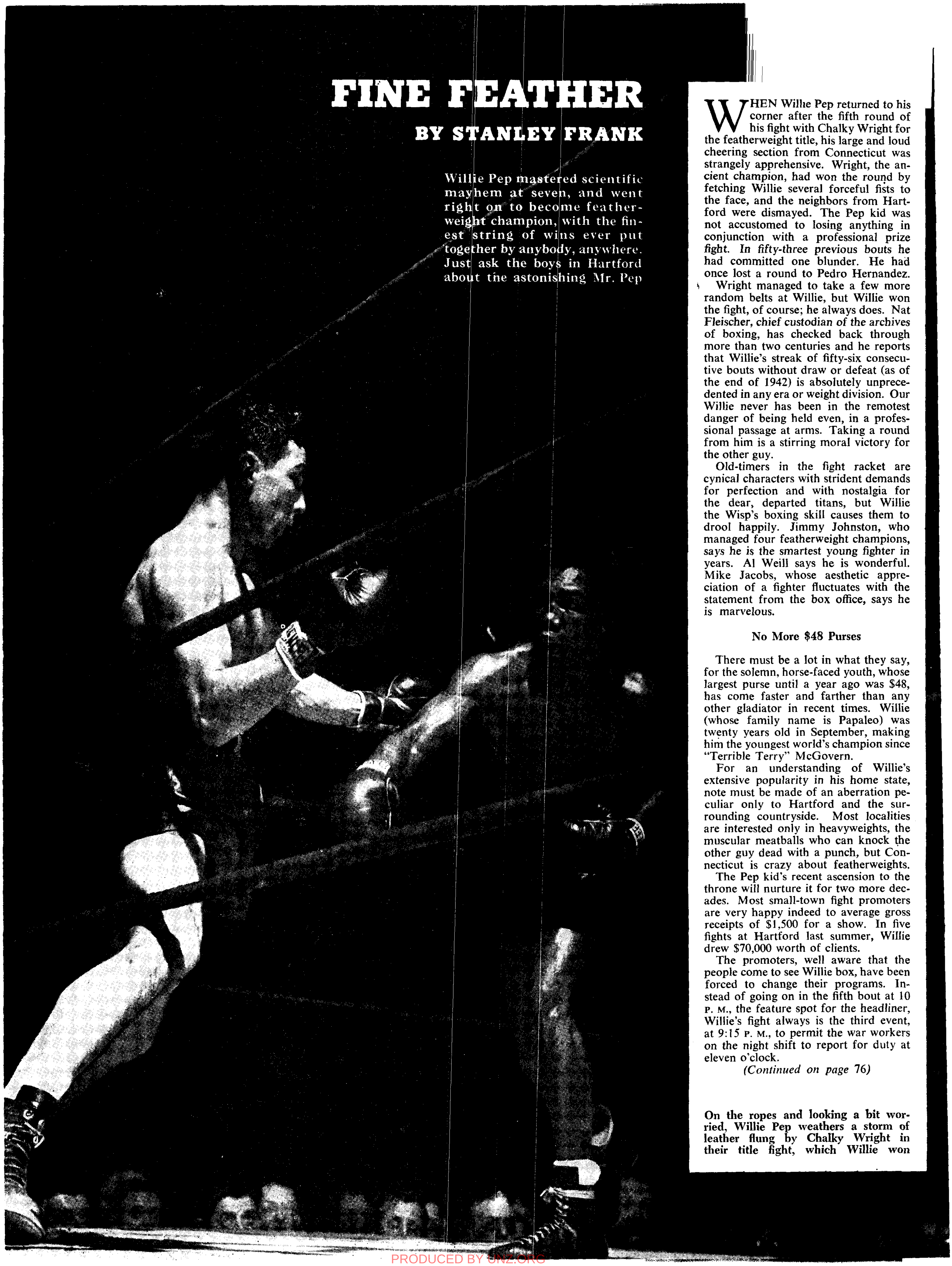
COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

TEACHER COMES TO LUNCH!
HERE'S ONE FOR THE BLACKBOARD, TEACHER! AUNT JEMIMAS + MORE AUNT JEMIMAS = HAPPY, HUSKY BOYS AND GIRLS!
I WISH YOU COULD DIGEST YOUR ARITHMATIC AS EASILY AS YOU DIGEST THESE PANCAKES!
WHY, PA! WHAT BRINGS YOU HOME AT NOON?
WELL, IT WASN'T JUST TO MEET THE TEACHER! I LIKE AUNT JEMIMAS TOO!
LOOK! THEY'RE MULTIPLYING!
OH, TEACHER! HERE'S THE HOME WORK I LIKE!
I STILL SAY "SPARE THE ROD AND SPOIL THE CHILD"!
I'M GOING TO MARRY A GIRL WHO CAN MAKE LIGHT, FLUFFY PANCAKES!
BUT YOU CAN'T SPOIL AUNT JEMIMAS! THEY ALWAYS TURN OUT JUST RIGHT!
I CAN DO THAT NOW, SMARTY! AUNT JEMIMAS ARE EASY AS 1-2-3 TO FIX!
"GLORY BE! Appetitin' AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKES make a delicious lunch or supper, too!"
GET BOTH the Yellow Box for Buckwheats, the Red Box for Pancakes AND WAFFLES!
AUNT JEMIMA READY-MIX for PANCAKES
AUNT JEMIMA READY-MIX BUCKWHEAT, CORN & WHEAT FLOUR
AUNT JEMIMA READY MIX FOR PANCAKES AND BUCKWHEATS

morning, noon or evening—they're America's Favorite One-Dish Meal! Delicious, nourishing, wholesome, digestible Aunt Jemimas—made from her secret Old-South recipe—please every member of the family! And they're easy as 1-2-3 to fix! Have 'em today!

Try These Scrumptious

Mix together 3 cups Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour, ⅔ cup Sugar, ¼ tsp. Nutmeg, 3 tsp. Cinnamon. Add to this ¾ cup Milk, 1 Egg (beaten), 1 tblsp. Melted Butter. Stir well; then toss dough onto floured board and roll lightly to ½ inch thickness. Cut with doughnut cutter and fry in deep fat (360°F). Drain well on absorbent paper. Makes 24 delicious doughnuts.



FINE FEATHER

BY STANLEY FRANK

Willie Pep mastered scientific mayhem at seven, and went right on to become featherweight champion, with the finest string of wins ever put together by anybody, anywhere. Just ask the boys in Hartford about the astonishing Mr. Pep

When Willie Pep returned to his corner after the fifth round of his fight with Chalky Wright for the featherweight title, his large and loud cheering section from Connecticut was strangely apprehensive. Wright, the ancient champion, had won the round by fetching Willie several forceful fists to the face, and the neighbors from Hartford were dismayed. The Pep kid was not accustomed to losing anything in conjunction with a professional prize fight. In fifty-three previous bouts he had committed one blunder. He had once lost a round to Pedro Hernandez.

Wright managed to take a few more random belts at Willie, but Willie won the fight, of course; he always does. Nat Fleischer, chief custodian of the archives of boxing, has checked back through more than two centuries and he reports that Willie's streak of fifty-six consecutive bouts without draw or defeat (as of the end of 1942) is absolutely unprecedented in any era or weight division. Our Willie never has been in the remotest danger of being held even, in a professional passage at arms. Taking a round from him is a stirring moral victory for the other guy.

Old-timers in the fight racket are cynical characters with strident demands for perfection and with nostalgia for the dear, departed titans, but Willie the Wisp's boxing skill causes them to drool happily. Jimmy Johnston, who managed four featherweight champions, says he is the smartest young fighter in years. Al Weill says he is wonderful. Mike Jacobs, whose aesthetic appreciation of a fighter fluctuates with the statement from the box office, says he is marvelous.

No More $48 Purses

There must be a lot in what they say, for the solemn, horse-faced youth, whose largest purse until a year ago was $48, has come faster and farther than any other gladiator in recent times. Willie (whose family name is Papaleo) was twenty years old in September, making him the youngest world's champion since "Terrible Terry" McGovern.

For an understanding of Willie's extensive popularity in his home state, note must be made of an aberration peculiar only to Hartford and the surrounding countryside. Most localities are interested only in heavyweights, the muscular meatballs who can knock the other guy dead with a punch, but Connecticut is crazy about featherweights.

The Pep kid's recent ascension to the throne will nurture it for two more decades. Most small-town fight promoters are very happy indeed to average gross receipts of $1,500 for a show. In five fights at Hartford last summer, Willie drew $70,000 worth of clients.

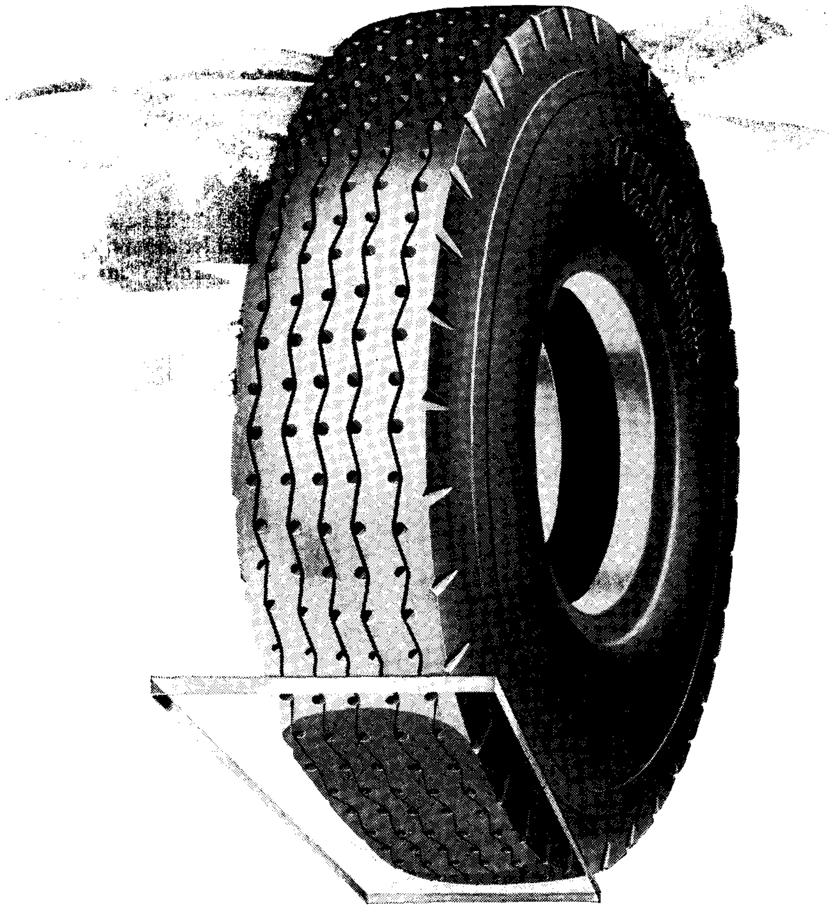
The promoters, well aware that the people come to see Willie box, have been forced to change their programs. Instead of going on in the fifth bout at 10 P. M., the feature spot for the headliner, Willie's fight always is the third event, at 9:15 P. M., to permit the war workers on the night shift to report for duty at eleven o'clock.

(Continued on page 76)

On the ropes and looking a bit worried, Willie Pep weathers a storm of leather flung by Chalky Wright in their title fight, which Willie won

NOW and AFTER VICTORY

Pennsylvania
TURNPIKE



What Pennsylvania has for you TODAY

Can you buy a tire? What about recapping? What IS this new War Tire? Can you buy one? How? Are all War Tires alike? How can you make your present tires last?

If you want the *right* answers to these questions—(and who doesn't?)—see your Pennsylvania dealer! His information is complete, up-to-the-minute, and *boiled down* to the essentials in which you, as a car or truck owner, are interested.

If you *are* entitled to apply for new tires or retreading, he gladly will help you make the *proper* application to your rationing board. When you get your ration certificate—whether for a new tire, or for retreading—use it *wisely:* insist on Pennsylvania!

Retreading and recapping work is done by factory-trained craftsmen.... The Pennsylvania War Tire, like all Pennsylvania Tires, is made with genuine Supertest Cord and Super-Pressure Curing....With certificates calling for #1 grade tires, you have the choice of Pennsylvania RX or Advanced for passenger cars. For truck tire certificate holders, there is the Pennsylvania Turnpike or V. C. Cleat. In each class, the finest tire available today is a Pennsylvania!

What Pennsylvania has for you after VICTORY

[illegible]

Pennsylvania Rubber Company
JEANNETTE, PENNSYLVANIA

Will You Wait for Me?

Continued from page 14

pleasure in her voice. "I've missed him. Where is he?" She went across to the fire then, found a match and lighted it. Woodley watched her. He wondered how old she was. Thirty, possibly. Penster was twenty-two. And he wondered, too, why Penster had had the assurance to think this woman was in love with him, and would wait. It was her charm, Woodley thought, her appearance of sincerity, her friendliness. Lallie had had these things, too.

"He's gone east," Woodley said, "for officers' training." He saw her eyes on him again, noting his sergeant's stripes, careful to draw no visible conclusion.

"Please sit down," she said. "What is the message?"

"It will amuse you," Woodley said coldly. "He wants you to wait for him."

"Wait for him? Where? When?"

"He wants you to wait for him until the war is over," Woodley said, and he made no attempt to warm the words. Penster was well out of this, safely away.

"Oh, no," she said. "This is a joke." She wasn't angry. Laughter waited in her eyes for his explanation.

"Not to Penster," Woodley said, and anger began in him. He had not sat down and she stood up quickly, looking up at him, searching his face for some clue to a clearer understanding of what he meant.

"But Bruce is a child," she said. "What is he—twenty-one, twenty-two?"

"His feeling for you isn't childish."

SHE sensed his hostility at last and her eyes withdrew their laughter.

"I am sorry," she said. "I have just come from the nonsense in there." She paused. "You are fond of Bruce," she said simply.

"He's one of the best."

"So am I," she said, lifting her head and speaking coolly, "but I am also thirty-four and I have no intention of waiting for a boy, no matter how delightful and devoted he may be."

"Is that your answer?" He put his hands on the back of a chair and kept them there.

She turned away from him and looked through the window toward the fog. "You have embarrassed me," she said. She turned back to him. "Besides," she said, frowning, "you've delivered the message very badly. It was stupid of you to come here to say this to me. You must have known it was stupid."

Yes, he had. He had cursed himself most of the way up here from camp; his anger became complicated and vindictive.

"It must have been," she went on, "because you couldn't refuse Bruce. I couldn't either, you see. I let him kiss me. Several times. Is that what you wanted to find out? And why?"

Woodley didn't answer. He was thinking of Penster when this word reached him, of his young face whitening, of the abandonment of his grief; and he was thinking, too, of the others, the many others she had kissed. Several times. Why? Because, at thirty-four, widowed, she wanted a last chance at touching innocence again, or she wanted to reestablish the illusion of her own youth, or she was bored.

It seemed to him now, at last, he understood Lallie. This woman was Lallie, grown older, lonely, selfish, paying with an expensively acquired charm for emotions she lacked the perception to classify. It seemed to him this was Lallie and he despised her impersonally. The vagrant thought came to him that he could do what Penster hadn't done; he could awaken this woman's love. It would, he thought, somehow avenge Penster, but he put the thought away as melodramatic and answered her question.

"No," he said, "it doesn't matter to me why you kissed him."

"A month from now," she said, her voice softening, "he will scarcely remember me. You know that, don't you? You do if you know Bruce, if you understand him."

"Well," he said, picking up his cap, "I'll write him."

"No," she said. "Please don't. Give me his address and let me write. I promise to put it very plainly." He could not help wishing, abruptly, he had not known Lallie. It would have been so pleasant, while it lasted, to trust Blossom Blaine.

"I'll finish the dirty job," he said bleakly.

At the door she looked up at him.

"Won't you come in and join us?" she said. "There are only thirty today. It's the fog. It makes anyone who hasn't grown up in it lazy and suspicious." They were scarcely two steps apart. He could see now the brief, vague lines at the corners of her eyes, corroborating her age. Turned toward him, her hand on the doorknob, she spoke again: "It is curious, your friendship for Bruce. I don't understand it. Either there was something in him I didn't sense, or you are not being completely honest with me."

She opened the door and the music from the drawing room was robust and inviting. It was young, tempestuous with laughter, and it recalled to Woodley his reasons for joining up, for enlisting as a private when he could have had a commission. It took him back to the man he had been before success had begun for him, before he had turned irritable with worry and pressures, before Lallie.

"Please stay," she said again.

No reason why not. He had nothing else to do.

"Sure," he said. "I'm a soldier now." It was insolent and she looked at him gravely, but the music boomed an interruption. A young fellow with freckles on his forehead put his arm around her and urged her back on the carpeted floor. There were other girls, younger than Blossom, he saw with cynical surprise, and very pretty, tanned, groomed, at ease with five males responding to every gesture. Near the fireplace, one papery hand tapping out the rhythm, was an old lady, a black ribbon around her throat, lace at her wrists. She was like a dainty statue in a niche, carefully selected to enhance the elegance surrounding her.

"Please," Blossom said, disengaging herself from the freckled youth. She led Woodley through the dancers to the fireplace.

"Granny," she said, "here's another one. Not handsome. Bleak."

The papery hand in his had an unexpected vigor.

"What's his name?" Granny demanded. Her voice was silvery sweet and very clear.

"Woodley. Lance Woodley," he told her. "From Chicago."

"What does Blossom mean by bleak?" she said. "Is your nose pointed?"

HE LAUGHED and in the midst of his laughter realized she was blind. He reached for the papery hand again, and put it on his nose.

"Round as an apple," he said, "and half as big."

She asked him a great many questions and he answered all of them. He had forgotten Blossom. He was surprised, looking up, to find her still there, her eyes on Granny, tender and yearning.

This is someone she loves, Woodley thought.

He began wilfully wooing Granny but Blossom was recalled to the dancing, and the old lady reached down, fumbling for his hand. "Don't waste yourself on me, boy," she said dryly. "Go and dance with her." Instead Woodley put his other hand over hers and tried to bring warmth to the desiccated fingers; he felt young, abruptly, and at peace and he forgot young Penster for the moment, trying to recall when he had ceased to believe in kindness.

From time to time soldiers ambled past him through another door and came back presently, munching. He followed them and found sandwiches and cakes and tea and coffee arranged among candles on a polished table in the dining room. There was no one to serve the food. It was there if you wanted it, and Woodley helped himself, aware of his hunger.

He came back to the music and danced with one of the young things, a leggy morsel scarcely past the robust age and unexpectedly appealing, but he knew he would dance with Blossom before he left. He told himself he needed to know her better for Penster's sake, and yet when she was in his arms at last he could think of neither Penster nor Lallie. He even forgot he was thirty-six and did some of the intricate steps he hadn't tried for years. Blossom's laughter was friendly and contagious, and she was warm and responsive in his arms.

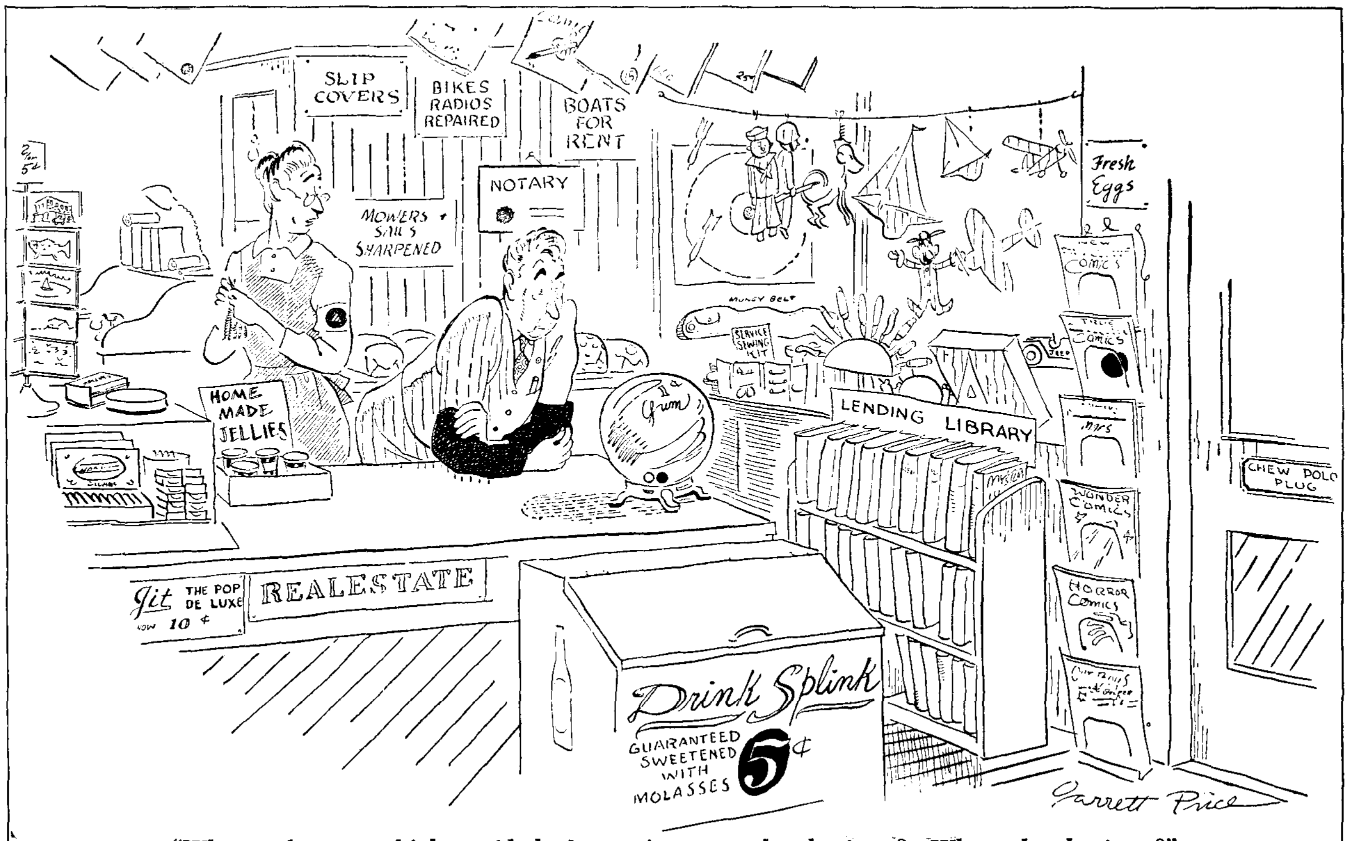
He had meant to leave with the others, collecting their caps as the tall clock near the piano chimed six, but Granny clung to his hand and he was left alone with her in the big room.

"You will come back?" Granny said and pressed his finger tips urgently. Her sightless face was drawn with weariness and her delicately rouged lips moved as though she were still speaking. Woodley had the impulse to insist that she make her continued thoughts audible to him. "Yes," he said instead, "I will come back."

He paused in the doorway to the hall. Blossom was there near the big outer door with the young fellow of the freckled forehead Outside, Woodley could hear the hilarious withdrawal of the others, but here in the hall it was quiet. Blossom saw him standing in the door.

"I'm shipping out," the young fellow said. "I won't be back here before I go. Would you—kiss me goodby, Blossom?"

"Good luck," she said, and her voice



COLLIER'S "What makes you think you'd do better in some other business? What other business?" GARRETT PRICE

HERITAGE OF HOSPITALITY

FAMOUS SINCE 1894

STEEPED IN CHERISHED TRADITIONS—MILITARY, CIVIC, CULTURAL—PHILADELPHIA IS EQUALLY FAMED FOR ITS HERITAGE OF HOSPITALITY. AS THE CAPITAL OF GOOD LIVING, PHILADELPHIA'S TIME-HONORED NAME IS TODAY PROUDLY UPHELD BY A GRACIOUS WHISKY. WITH YOUR FIRST DELIGHTED SIP, YOU INSTANTLY SENSE THAT HERE IS A TRULY ARISTOCRATIC BLEND BASED ON CHOICEST RESERVE STOCKS. PHILADELPHIA IS ESSENTIALLY A "SPECIAL OCCASION" WHISKY. YET ONE YOU CAN AFFORD TO ENJOY, REGULARLY AND OFTEN.

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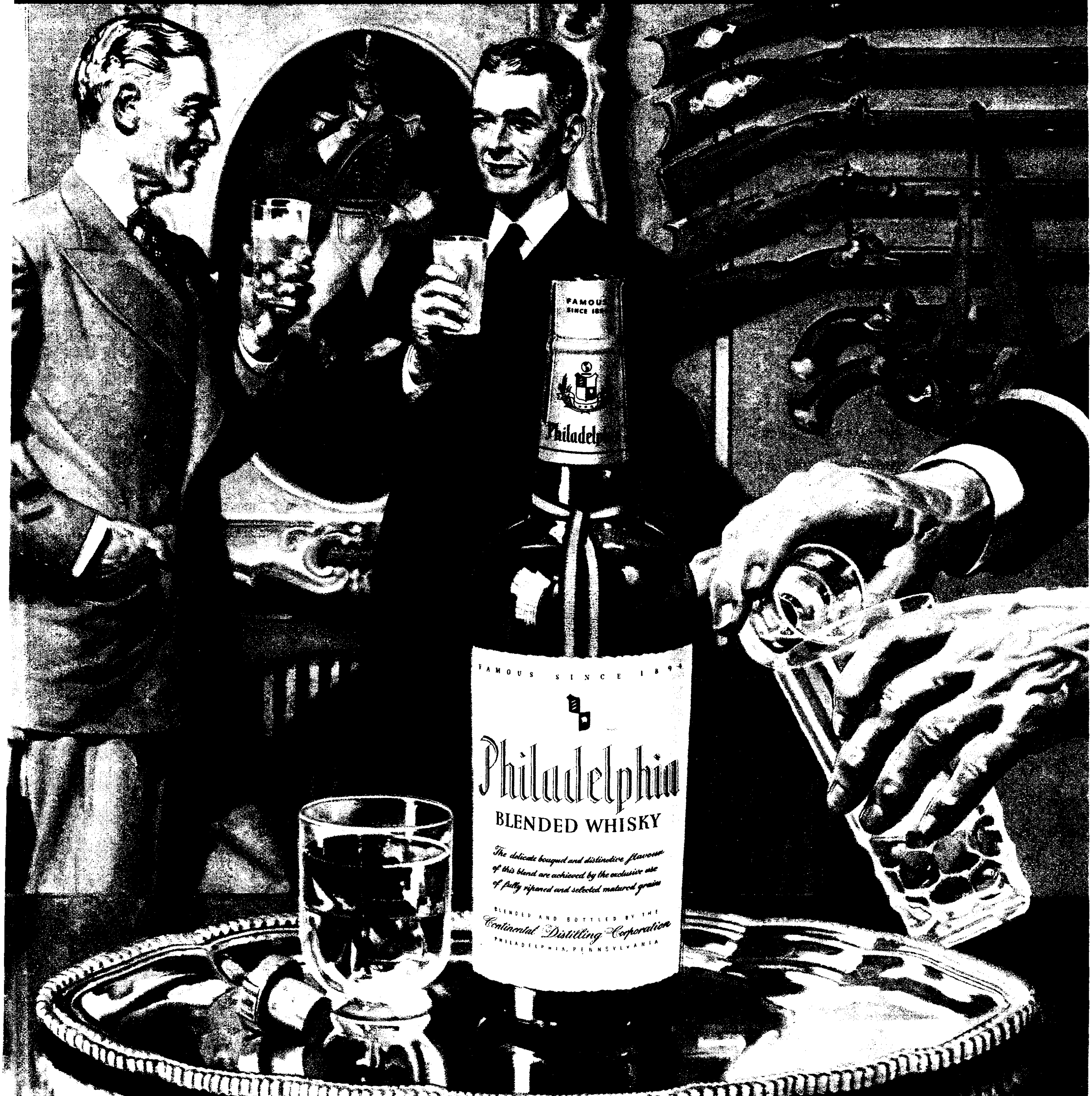
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FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
BLENDED WHISKY
The delicate bouquet and distinctive flavour of this blend are achieved by the exclusive use of fully ripened and selected matured grains
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY THE
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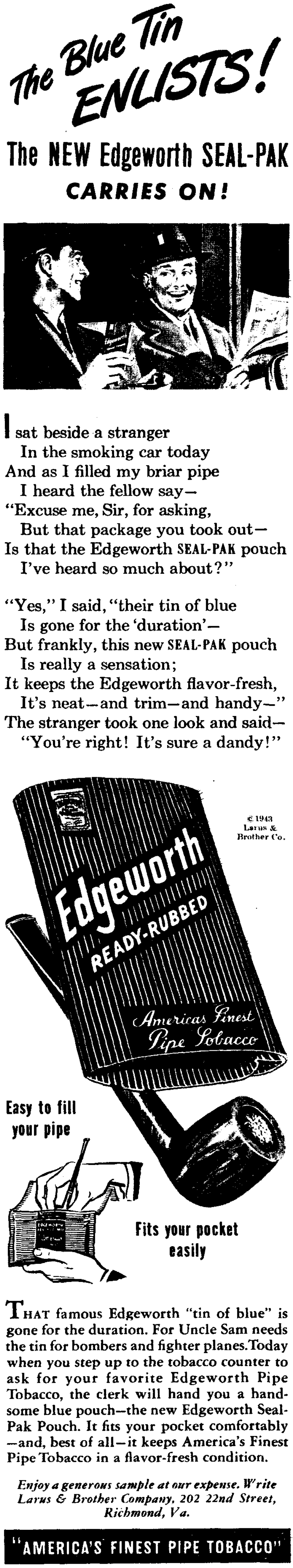

The Blue Tin ENLISTS!
The NEW Edgeworth SEAL-PAK
CARRIES ON!

I sat beside a stranger
  In the smoking car today
And as I filled my briar pipe
  I heard the fellow say—
"Excuse me, Sir, for asking,
  But that package you took out—
Is that the Edgeworth SEAL-PAK pouch
  I've heard so much about?"

"Yes," I said, "their tin of blue
  Is gone for the 'duration'—
But frankly, this new SEAL-PAK pouch
  Is really a sensation;
It keeps the Edgeworth flavor-fresh,
  It's neat—and trim—and handy—"
The stranger took one look and said—
  "You're right! It's sure a dandy!"

THAT famous Edgeworth "tin of blue" is gone for the duration. For Uncle Sam needs the tin for bombers and fighter planes. Today when you step up to the tobacco counter to ask for your favorite Edgeworth Pipe Tobacco, the clerk will hand you a handsome blue pouch—the new Edgeworth Seal-Pak Pouch. It fits your pocket comfortably—and, best of all—it keeps America's Finest Pipe Tobacco in a flavor-fresh condition.

Enjoy a generous sample at our expense. Write Larus & Brother Company, 202 22nd Street, Richmond, Va.

"AMERICA'S FINEST PIPE TOBACCO"

trembled. She put her hands on his shoulders and kissed him gently on the lips. He fumbled, reaching for the doorknob.

Her eyes as Woodley approached were dangerously bright.

"How many times does a fellow have to come here to get one of those?" he said.

She pulled open the door. "Go away," she said. "Don't come back."

He tried to write to Penster that night. "Dear Bruce," he began, "get out your bib to dry your eyes. You had a ride in a beautiful little red wagon but the stars you saw weren't real. She kisses them all—when they're leaving."

He snarled the paper into a wad and threw it away. He sat a long time with his face in his hands. If he went back again and ate crow, could he get her to write to Penster, promising to wait even if she didn't mean it, to give the kid something to go on? He considered his approach, his follow-up; he plotted a course of action.

He went to bed that night talking to himself.

On Tuesday he called her long-distance from camp. Tilda answered the call. Young Mrs. Blaine and old Mrs. Blaine, she said, always spent Tuesdays at the Red Cross. He hung up.

On Thursday he asked for leave and went out again to see her. The sun was shining and spring was real at last in the air, the willow trees nostalgically fragrant. Through the grilled gates he saw the first tulips blooming at the Blaines'. Someone was running a lawn mower—a girl with brown legs, wearing one of those bulgy peasant skirts the women of Europe had been trying to discard for centuries. It tickled him to see a woman at the business end of a lawn mower. "Do 'em good," he thought, "give 'em perspective."

He would have walked past, but she threw up her head as he approached.

"Did you want something?" she said. It was Blossom. She recognized him slowly and her first reaction was bewilderment. She rubbed the back of her hand across her forehead and it came away wet with perspiration. Her hair, bound back with a white ribbon, rippled to her shoulders, curling up at the ends like a baby's fingers. She wore neither rouge nor lipstick and her olive skin was wonderfully aglow and clear in the pale sunlight. Her white blouse was mended.

"This is refreshing," he said. "I had forgotten civilians labored."

HE HAD meant to be friendly, thrusting in an opening wedge but her dark eyes began to brighten with anger.

"Do you know how long it takes to mow a lawn this size, Mr. Woodley? It takes two days. And do you know who does it? I do. Do you know who clips those shrubs? Do you know who planted those tulips for the moles to undermine? After all, this is a big world and most of it is at war and a few of us here at home think a share of it belongs to us. Why did you come back?"

"You could give it up, all this." He waved a hand.

"I could. Granny couldn't. And it means something to the boys who come out here Saturdays to find a place untouched and still whole to remember. It means something to you," she said unexpectedly. "That's why you came back."

He knew he had begun to love her. He had known it all the long way out today, and the thought of Penster made him sick and ashamed. He began, speaking brusquely, to state the case he had prepared. It would cost her nothing in pride or emotion to write the boy. She could sidestep the issue of waiting for him and keep the letters affectionate and gay.

"And hopeful," Woodley said firmly. He offered her a cigarette but she shook her head. A breeze mingled salt air and the smell of fresh-cut grass in his nostrils, while near at hand a robin tugged a worm out of the ground. He was aware of these things but while he waited for her answer he was thinking despondently that he would have to go back now and remember all the things he had learned about Lallie, all the decisions he had made about himself; and he wondered how he could have been so stupid as to think he could step from one way of life into another, from one age group to a younger one without in some measure becoming vulnerable again to the beliefs and emotions he had once wilfully discarded.

"I can't do what you ask," Blossom said at last. "I understand you now. You're an idealist. Bruce isn't." It disturbed him profoundly to have her soften toward him. It shook his judgment and his resolution. She came closer to him and her eyes on his pleaded with him. Her voice was urgent: "Cut loose from the memories that hurt, Lance. Bitterness doesn't belong to you. You are good."

Penster, he thought stubbornly. I am doing this for Penster.

"We were talking about Bruce," he said stiffly. Let her think whatever crazy thing she wished about him.

"No, we weren't," she said, and she was laughing, a happy laugh with triumph in it. "Bruce will take care of himself. You wait and see."

Walking stiffly toward the gate again he heard the lawn mower start behind him, and that was good. He had been afraid he might offer to mow the lawn for her. He had been afraid he might ask her to let him come again.

He wrote another letter that night. "You'll have to face it some time, kid," he wrote. "It might as well be now. She doesn't love you and she never will, and your best move is to keep an eye out for someone your size."

He tore the letter up and went to bed. The fellow on Penster's cot next to his, was already snoring, cadenzas rolling.

He tried to remember when Penster had first mentioned Blossom. What had he said? "She's kind, Lance." That had seemed important to Penster. Woodley saw now it had seemed important to him, too. It explained his willingness, his eagerness to run Penster's errand. It explained Woodley himself. Somewhere he had laid aside kindness. Lying there in the dark silence around him save for the restless stirrings of the men, he admitted now he had forsworn kindness even before he had met Lallie. He fought the admission. He excused himself. Toward morning he fell asleep.

He gave himself two weeks. At the end of two weeks he would go back to assure himself that Blossom had been a figment of Penster's emotion, which had somehow transmitted itself, briefly, to him. He was too old for that sort of thing, too wise. To prove it he asked for extra duty, and when he was called into the C.O.'s office he supposed he was to be commended for his industry.

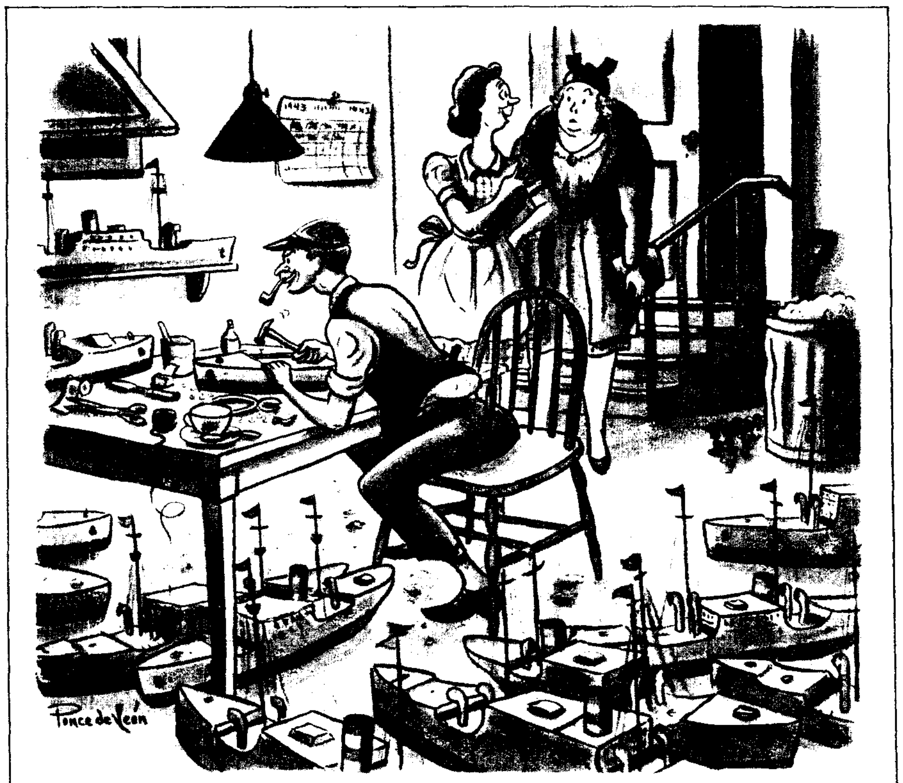
"Woodley," said the man behind the desk, given size and dignity by the directness of his manner and the quiet authority in his voice, "we are always surprised when a man of your capacity comes into the Army as a private. I would like to know why you have not asked for officers' training?"

WOODLEY was disturbed. He had supposed anonymity was a concomitant of enlistment. He had thought here his business would be his own, his private fight, of no consequence in the ultimate battles for which he was being trained. He took time to think of a fitting and ambiguous response, and the officer facing him waited patiently as though he were accustomed to men confused by his directness.

"I think," Woodley said, at last, "I wanted to learn again the lesson of kindness."

The C.O. looked at him sharply.

"The Army seems hardly the place," he began, and paused. "Yes," he said, "you could probably find anything you were looking for in the Army, if you set your mind on it. Kindness is not the name we give it but it may amount to the same thing in the end. I think I understand you, Sergeant." Queerly, Woodley felt he did, and he had a sense of having confessed, of being cleansed. Now he had spoken aloud the tenuous and exasperating sum of his recent



"So far he's got Henry Kaiser licked by four hours"

COLLIER'S M. PONCE DE LEÓN

This–

BUT FOR ONE THING–

Could Be Your Wife

OF COURSE, you've never pictured *your* wife in the hands of an Axis soldier. You're sure it couldn't happen–the war's too far away. *But–*

Our enemies didn't start this war in the expectation of losing. They were sure they could bring war here–*and find victory here.* And they're fighting today *in confidence that they still can!*

If American boys dug slit trenches in your front yard –and faced the Axis gangsters *there*. . . . If you could see them die at your doorstep defending you–watch them go down under Jap bayonets or Nazi flame-throwers so that nothing could harm you and yours. . . .

You'd gladly say –"Here! Take my dollars! Take anything–everything–to win this fight. What can I do with dollars–if you lose?"

Is it different–because they fight your fight out of sight of your doorstep? Because that boy next door chose to face our enemies *before* they stormed your street and threatened to break down your front door?

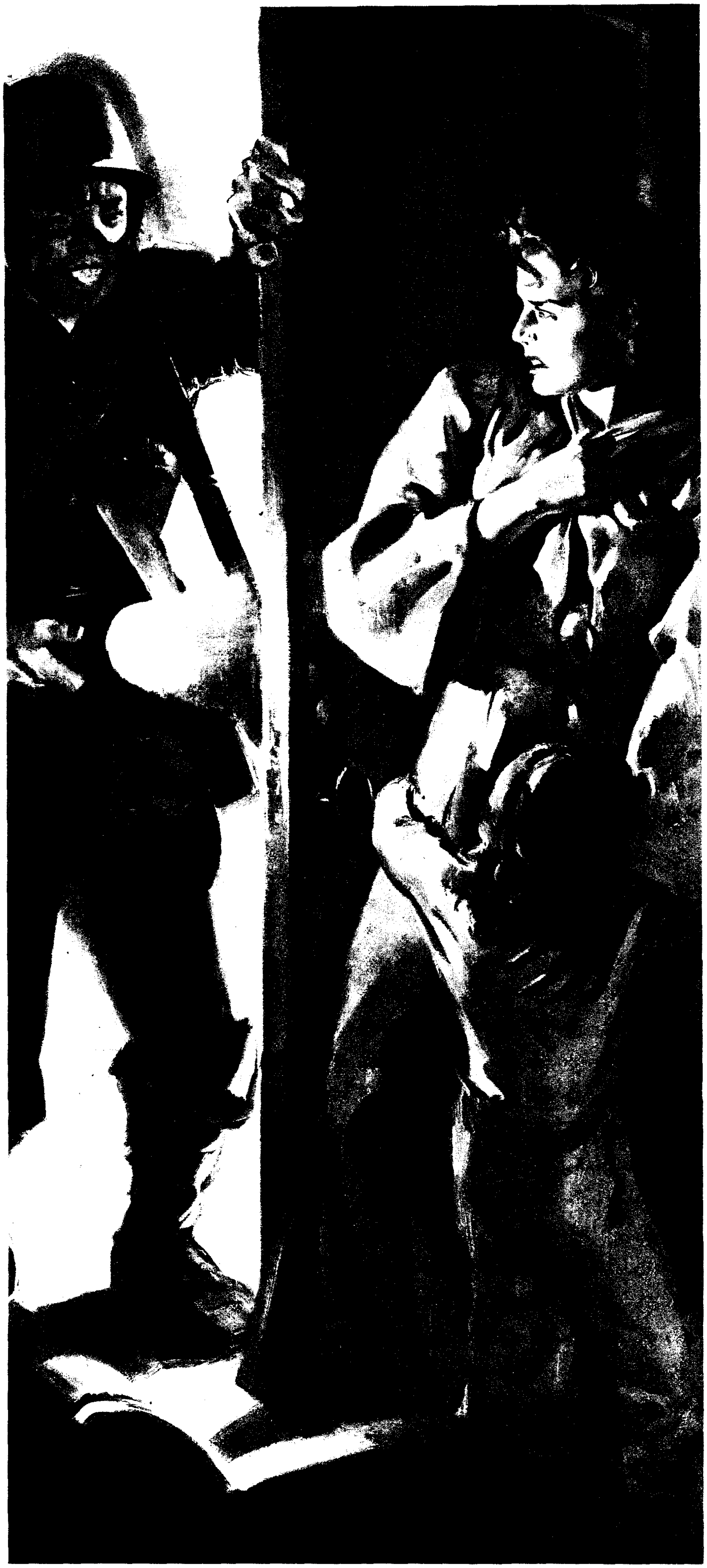
Would you rather wait until *you* hear the whistle of bullets before you *loan* your money to buy guns . . . to keep the skies clear of hostile planes . . . to keep the filthy hands of Axis brutes off your wife or daughter?

Yes–just *loan* the money! Just a fraction of what you'd gladly *give–if lack of guns and bullets over there* should bring the fighting over here. Just a loan–so American boys can *keep* this war "far away." Just a loan–to be doubly sure that it *won't* be *your* wife–*and too late to do anything about it!*

From now on–think of War Bonds that way! And dedicate as big a part of your pay as you can. To give that boy next door a fighting chance. To help him keep your home secure. And to let you look our fighting men in the eye some day, and say to yourself, "Yes, when men were dying to save *my* home, I did what little I could to help them keep it free!"

STEWART-WARNER
CORPORATION
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THIS message is published solely in the interest of national understanding and unity in the war effort. Stewart-Warner plants have long since been converted to the making of essential materials for war and war production.

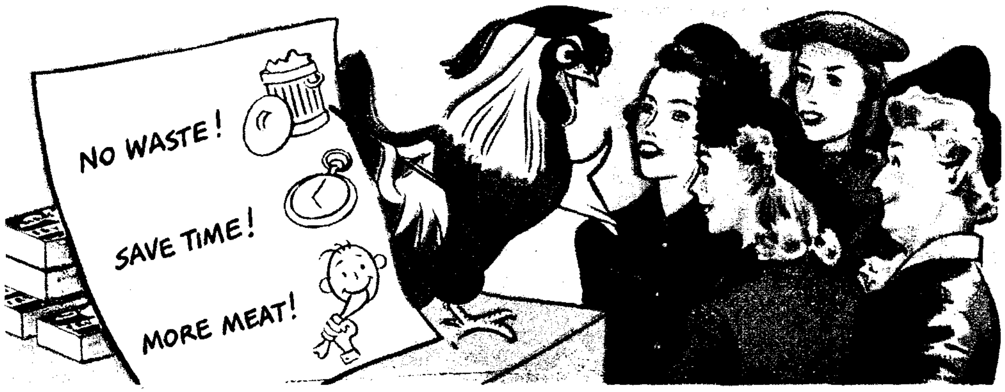


Yes—*today*—In February!
Country-Style Frying Chickens!

BIRDS EYE FRYERS

1. How to have *variety* today—despite shortages: Serve *top-of-Grade-A* Birds Eye Frying Chickens! You'll say, "Finest I ever tasted"—or it's MONEY BACK!

2. You *can't get* plump young Fryers like these elsewhere—this time o'year! And these birdies are *ready-to-cook*—WORK-FREE! They save *hours* for War Work!


NO WASTE!
SAVE TIME!
MORE MEAT!

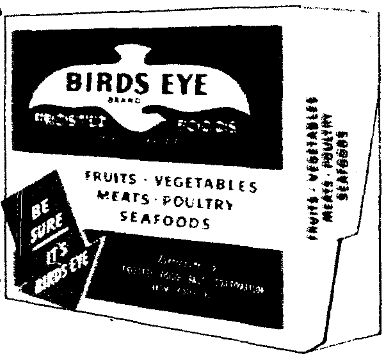
3. Tender grains give these Government-inspected chickens that *delicious* flavor—PLUS 10% *more white meat! Quick-Freezing* captures ALL that *country goodness!*

4. There's *no waste!* For a 2-lb. *Birds Eye* Fryer equals a 3-lb. *undrawn* chicken. Birds Eye Fryers are *tweezed clean* of pin-feathers, drawn, cut up for frying!

5. If you ever sigh for "good-old-days" Chicken—forget it! Just run to your nearest Birds Eye grocer, *today!* His Birds Eye Poultry is ALL one kind—*marvelous!*

6. All are *waste-free!* SATISFACTION-GUARANTEED or MONEY BACK! Select from: **Broilers—Country Style Fryers—Roasting Chickens—Fowl for Fricassee—Turkeys.**

WHOOPS! WHAT A BUY THIS WEEK!
(FEBRUARY 22-27)
CUT GREEN BEANS
RHUBARB



thinking, and it no longer seemed silly and ineffectual. What Blossom had said, what Granny had implied, what the C.O. was repeating began to make a pattern for him.

"I think you are officer material," the C.O. began again abruptly, putting aside abstractions brusquely. "If you have no active feeling against the matter, I am recommending you for officers' training. The outfit is being moved early next week, but this will go right through." He smiled dryly. "Even among officers, Sergeant, I have known kindness to develop." He put out his hand, gave Woodley's a quick clasp and turned back to the papers on his desk.

Woodley went back to his barracks. He drew out a sheet of paper and sitting on his cot, a magazine on his knees for a table, wrote to Penster.

"We may meet soon, there's no telling," he wrote, "or we may not. Anyway I want to report your errand completed. I have seen Blossom Blaine. I have asked her to wait. The answer is no." He sat a long time, unmindful of what went on around him, wondering how much more he should tell Penster, whether he should reveal he was going out there tomorrow to plead in his own behalf. He wondered if officer material made love to a woman marked in another man's dream for himself. He wondered what excuse he had, when you came right down to it, for going out there again.

HE ENDED the letter with camp news and signed his name. He mailed it, and within the hour he remembered he had promised Granny he would come again. His last visit had scarcely counted. Besides, he was leaving now. He could claim a kiss.

He got his leave the next day to tie up a few business ends. No one questioned him deeply. He spent the morning in a newsreel theater, but by noon he had his courage in hand and was on his way to the north end of the city. He had bought a cheese, a box of chocolates and three cans of tuna fish, and these things, he thought, would mark him as nothing more than a grateful soldier. It was important to him that Blossom should not know he had thought to betray Penster.

He had forgotten it was Saturday. There was singing again in the drawing room. Tilda answered the door, and he was astonished by the look of relief, even pleasure, on her gaunt old face.

"It's Mrs. Blaine," she said, "the elder Mrs. Blaine. She is very ill. Will you go right up?"

"But," Woodley said, handing Tilda his parcels and indicating the mounting noise in the living room, "shouldn't these fellows be—"

"No," Tilda said firmly. "They wouldn't like that, neither one of them." Woodley followed her up the wide, carpeted stairway and down a vast hall to a corner door.

GRANNY'S room held a collection of old-fashioned furnishings, the chairs antimacassared, the walls thick with photographs miscellaneously framed. Beyond, through a draped doorway Woodley saw Granny herself in bed, a lace cap on her wispy hair. The single lights in both rooms were shaded.

"Is that you, Tilda?" Blossom came from the bedroom, and stopped at sight of Woodley. "Lance," she said, her voice hushed as though she were an abashed party to a miracle. "Granny wouldn't let me call you. She said you would come."

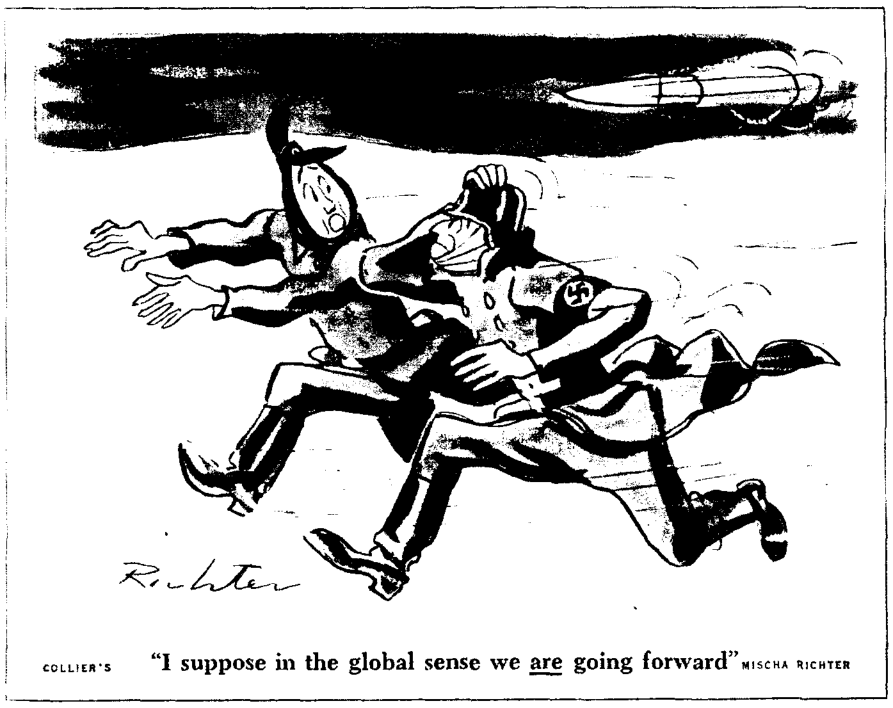
"Tell him to come in here," Granny's high, clear voice said from the bedroom. "Lance Woodley, come in here. You others, Tilda, Blossom, go away."

But she seemed only to want to lay her old hand in his when he was beside her. To Woodley there was no change in her; she had looked life-spent when he had seen her first.

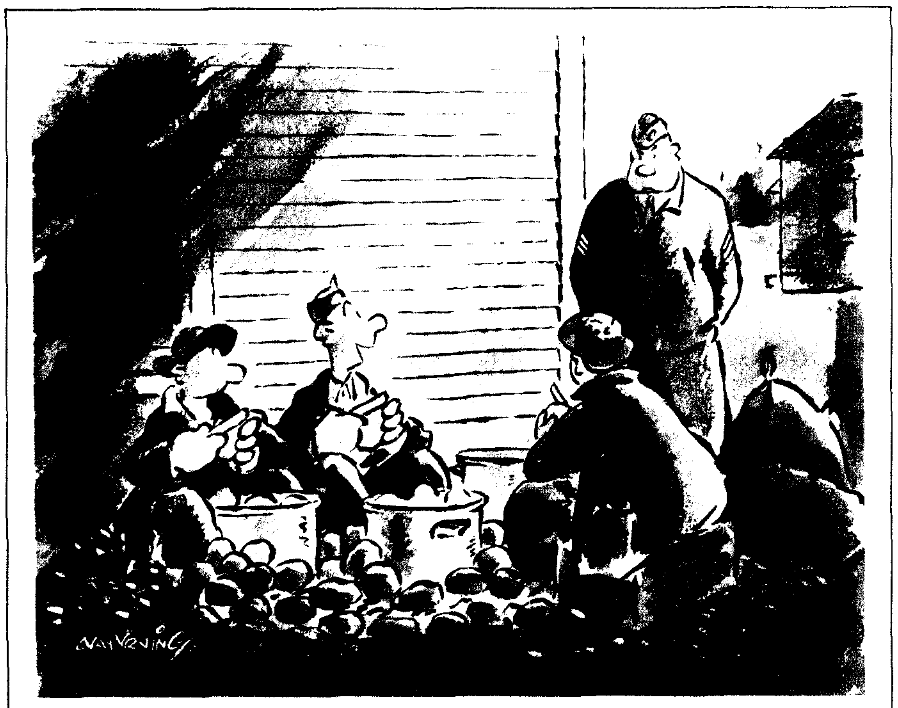
"I have been talking to you all day," she said presently. "When you get to be as old as I am, and have been blind for many years you trust your instincts. It's a courage you get with age. I've been lying here trying to put my feeling about you into simple words. I can't do it. I can only tell you I knew you were good when you tried to warm my hand that first day Blossom introduced us, and you sat a while and you talked and you weren't pitying. I knew then you were humble, and I thought you were unhappy, and I listened to your voice. It seemed familiar to me, and it was. It was Blossom's voice, the voice of a person who needed a new chance at believing in simple things again, goodness and unselfishness and kindness and hope."

Her voice was comfortable and unhurried.

"I've been trying to tell you the story of Blossom, too," she went on. "She married my grandson, a very bad man, when she was twenty. Fortunately he died." Her calm and sightless face was turned toward him. "She could have married again, but she hasn't. She has taken care of me, a doddering, sightless old woman who loved her, and all these years she has had only the unhappy



COLLIER'S "I suppose in the global sense we are going forward" MISCHA RICHTER



"We'll leave it to th' sergeant. . . . We are so makin' history, ain't we, Sarge?"

COLLIER'S JAY IRVING

memories of her marriage to live on. It isn't enough, and it's wrong. She is young and warm. She wants to give of herself, and I thought it would help, these soldiers. It's broken the dike, that's all. She works like a cart horse getting ready for them, and they come, and then they go away, and she can't send anything with them but a kiss and a memory. You'll be going soon, too."

Her fingers in his hand tightened urgently. "I want you to make love to her," she said. "You may not love her now, but you will, and she'll have your letters. She'll be getting something back, d'you see, for the first time in all these years. I was waiting for someone, and you came. You were sent here to love and protect her."

Her voice trailed off sleepily, and she turned her face away from him, caressing the pillow with her cheek. Woodley thought she had fallen into the abrupt sleep of exhaustion, but she spoke impatiently. "Go on. I've stayed awake waiting for you, and I'm sleepy."

HE CLOSED the door softly and stood a long time hearing Granny's voice again, and her words. He saw that war condensed both living and dying, made them immediate and gave them glory. He hated Penster abruptly.

Blossom was not in the living room. He found her in the large kitchen, quick hands darting from bowl to bowl of the mixtures set before her. She was making sandwiches. At sight of Woodley the quick hands faltered.

"Granny?" she said.

"She's sleeping."

"Praise be," Tilda said beside him. "By day after tomorrow she'll be up and around again." She picked up a tray of sandwiches and disappeared into the butler's pantry.

"Granny hasn't slept," Blossom said, "for forty-eight hours."

He touched her arm. "I'm leaving soon. I want to talk to you."

She slipped out of her apron and into a worn jacket hanging in a closet near the kitchen door. Without demur she opened the door and went out and down a bricked path that led them out at last to the Sound. The sky was pearled in the west with the evening rays of the soft, spring sun. A boat with only its riding lights slipped past far out on the water.

He took her hand and she let it lie in his without pressure. "I wrote to Penster today," he said.

"Did you?" She looked at him with a strange astonishment. "That's curious." But she didn't ask him what he had written.

The westing light on her face tranquilized and revealed it, and he saw that she was weary. He put his arm around her and turned her to face him. "I'm eligible for a goodby kiss," he said.

She was trembling. He could feel the warmth of her body through the thin coat, and he thought for a moment she did not mean to kiss him, but she lifted her arms and put them around his neck and touched his lips with hers. It was a brief kiss, but it left him shaken, and he wondered how he could have thought he would be the chivalrous little man and not betray Penster.

She was looking at him, still in his arms, and he saw the question in her eyes, and at the same time felt her nearness and knew he could kiss away that question. And that he would not. He had begun to get hold again of the simple things, of goodness and unselfishness and kindness and hope; his hold was tenuous but the most precious thing he had, more than he had thought he could retrieve. And somewhere Penster was still hoping.

He kissed her again, lightly, on the cheek, and let her go. He could not read her face. Whether she was disappointed or relieved, he could not tell.

"I wrote to Bruce today, too," she said at last.

He took a deep breath. This was what he needed, a reminder. "You didn't have his address."

"Oh, but I did. He sent it to me when he wrote. He wrote me a long letter, a sweet letter, announcing his engagement to a girl named Amelia. So I congratulated him. I have his letter. I thought you should see it." She handed it to him, and he read it half through, stupidly, before he recognized its significance. He looked up, his face young and bewildered, and she was watching him, and yearning as she had yearned that night toward Granny.

He reached out and took her in his arms. There were tears in her eyes, and the question was answered. She had been afraid, too, he had left integrity too far behind to recall it.

"You will came back," she whispered, words bolstering belief.

"I will come back," Woodley said. "Wait for me."

THE END

WHY BE THE GOAT every time you light your pipe?

Smoke a tobacco that meets the INDOOR TEST

It's really good taste to smoke BOND STREET.

You get the rich, mellow flavor and bite-free coolness of a custom blend. And—unlike other popular mixtures—BOND STREET leaves no stale pipe odors in the room. The ladies applaud!

BOND STREET contains a rare aromatic tobacco never before used in any popular priced blend.

It's genuinely aromatic. And here's one pipe tobacco that doesn't lose its flavor.

Compare BOND STREET—indoors—with your present blend. Buy a package—today!

15¢ POCKET PACKAGE

Convenient folding Pocket Pouch—10¢

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PIPE TOBACCO
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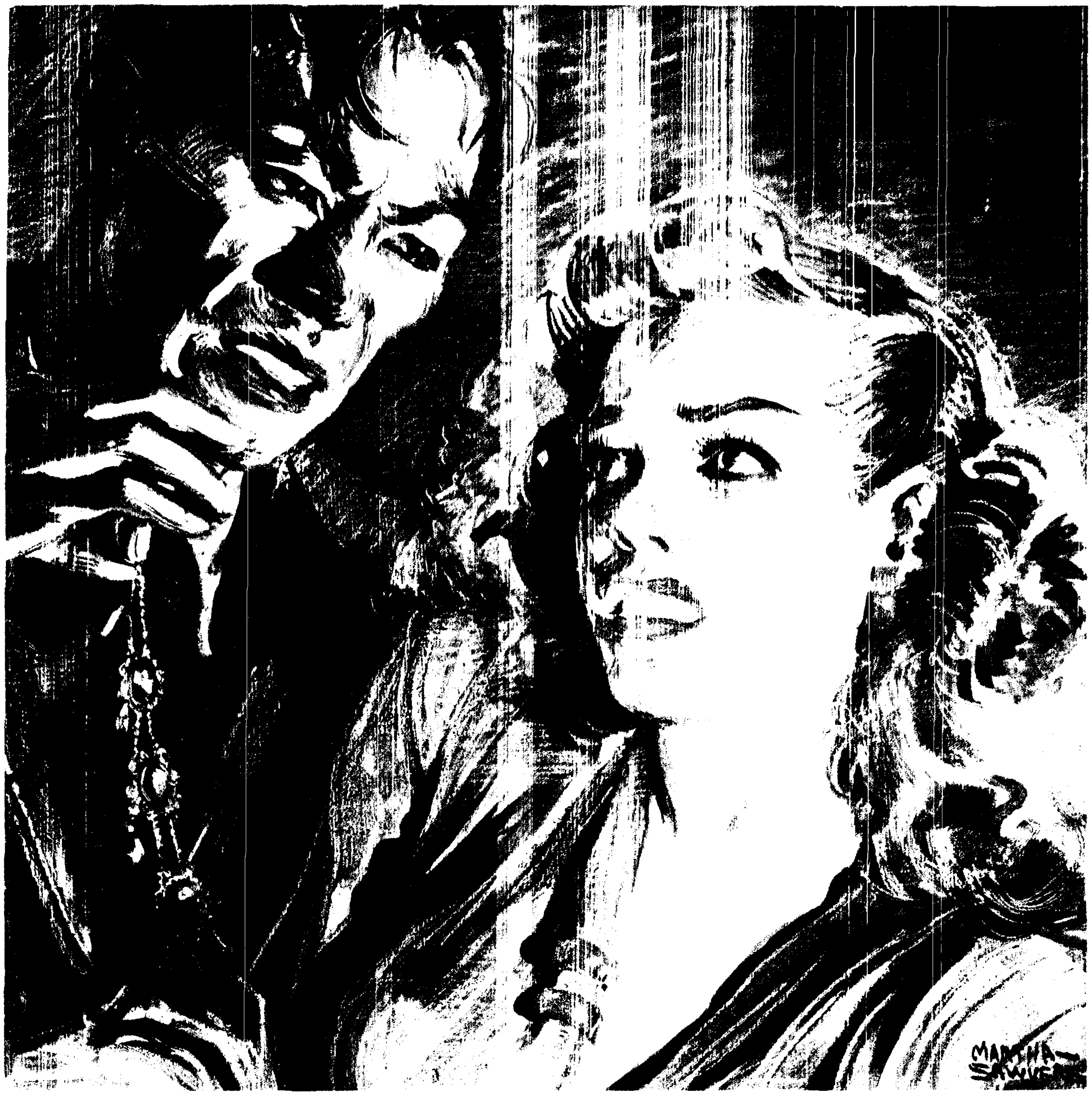


Shigo snatched the necklace, held it up in his quivering hands. "Bend your head," he said. "I will fasten it on your neck"

CHINA FLIGHT

BY PEARL S. BUCK

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

The Story Thus Far:

THE guest of the Hatfords—Arnold Hatford, a wealthy Englishman, and his Eurasian wife, Leone, while they are house-boating in China—Lieutenant Daniel ("Dan") James, of the U. S. Marines, hears that Pearl Harbor has been attacked. Leaving the Hatfords (who plan to make their way to Hong Kong), he hurries to Shanghai, only to learn that his ship has sailed and that he is a prisoner of the Japanese! . . .

Seated in his office, in the Japanese Foreign Office, in Shanghai, an important official, Shigo Kuyoshi, passes sentence on three prisoners: James; Jenny Barchet, an American newspaper correspondent; and a Mrs. Shipman, a kindly soul who runs a home—the "Gate of Hope"—for girls who are in trouble. He says the Marine is to go to prison, and that Jenny is to be interned, in her hotel, while Mrs. Shipman will stay, a prisoner, in her home.

Unfortunately, for Jenny, Shigo, strongly attracted to her, terrifies her by his bold advances. . . . Leone Hatford, half French, half Chinese, does not love her husband. En route to Hong Kong, she slips away from him, and makes her way to Shanghai, where she finds refuge in the home of her grandfather, scholarly old P'an Lao-yeh. She hopes desperately that, somehow, she can find the man she has recently learned to love—Dan James, of whose fate, needless to say, she knows nothing. . . .

In his prison cell, James is kept in chains. Then, one day—after his brutal captors have given him three American sailors as cell-mates—he is escorted, with the sailors, to Shigo Kuyoshi.

Suspecting that Jenny is interested in James, and hating Americans, Shigo loathes the young Marine. But, when the victims come in, he directs most of his questions—and brutal ones they are, too—at the sailors. Taking a special dislike for a young blond fellow, he directs most of his vitriolic comments at him.

After a time, the boy refuses to speak. Whereupon, a guard attacks him, breaks his arm with a jujitsu trick.

At this point, James (no longer able to control himself) jumps forward. "Come on, fellows!" he shouts, and he and the other Americans leap on the guards. But Shigo knows what to do. He simply touches a bell that sounds an alarm through the building; and a number of armed guards pour in, overcome the Americans and truss them up. Shigo, oily as ever, is calm and collected. "How foolish this is," he says gently, "how unnecessary!"

IV

SHIGO sat there behind the desk, not a hair disturbed.

"Really I blame you, Lieutenant," he said to Daniel, with kindly severity. "These sailors are only simple fellows, but you should have known better."

Daniel bit back the retort on his lips. No use talking!

Shigo surveyed the prisoners a moment, his eyes benign and superior. Then he spoke in a rush of Japanese, and instantly the guards moved. He spoke again and two of them pushed Daniel to one side, while the others led the sailors away. Two stooped and picked up the blond boy.

Daniel asked: "Are you going to get that boy's arm set before he comes to?"

Shigo lifted his handsome eyebrows. "He may never come to," he said quietly.

"Do you mean—" Daniel shouted.

But Shigo put up his pale hand. "Do not shout, Lieutenant—it is not necessary. You Americans have such a habit of shouting."

"Look here," Daniel gasped. "If ever I get out of this hole, I'll see to it that your name is put down at the head of the list for punishment. They'll be making a black list of the ones they're going to punish—for extraordinary cruelty. Well, your name will be at the top of them all!"

Shigo laughed. "Incurable optimism," he said gaily, "the American national character! There is a large war on, my friend, and we have won the first round. We shall win the second round, my friend, and the third round, and that means we shall soon have the islands of the Philippines and the East Indies, Hong Kong and Singapore, Lieutenant."

"You talk like a fool," Daniel said shortly.

Shigo laughed. "How refreshing your frankness is," he said amiably. "You are from—let me see—there is a state—"

"Missouri," Daniel said. "Yes, I'm from Missouri."

"Well, Missouri will see," Shigo said. He took an exquisitely carved brass paper knife from the desk and held it in both hands. "Now to business," he said briskly. He looked up and met Daniel's sullen dark eyes with malicious gaiety. "I have a special post for you, Lieutenant. I know how hard it must be for a man of your strong frame and active habits to be sitting idly in a prison. Therefore, I propose to take you out in the sunlight and the air and to give you plenty of exercise. I propose, in short, to give you the job of pulling my private ricksha."

HIS mocking oval eyes were smiling as with peculiar pleasure he watched the dark red creep up from the lieutenant's neck and cover his cheeks.

"You haven't a ricksha and you know it," Daniel muttered. "Your kind ride in automobiles."

"Ah, but there you are wrong," Shigo said. "I have a new and shining ricksha, good rubber tires, brass fittings, silk-covered cushions, a handsome ricksha that it will be an honor for any coolie to pull. It is quite fitting—did you know that it was an American who first invented the ricksha? Yes, it was in Japan, and he hired Japanese to pull him about in it. Americans so enjoy the ricksha—pulled by Japanese. Now you will enjoy it also doubtless, but between the shafts."

Daniel held up his head. He stared high above Shigo and out of the big window behind the desk.

"What if I say I won't do it?" he asked clearly.

"It is quite within your right to refuse," Shigo said calmly. "But it is also quite within my right to send you after your companions." He pressed a bell and spoke a few curt words into a telephone. Then he put back the receiver. "Let us listen," he said solemnly.

In silence he sat, his pale hands folded on the desk in front of him, and Daniel continued to gaze out of the window. Small creatures were hunting through the ruins, grubbing in the dust and fallen brick and the ashes.

"Now," Shigo said.

Across the silence rang three clear shots.

"They are saving alive the young man with the broken arm," Shigo Kuyoshi said in his gentle, cultivated voice. "I gave special orders that he was not to be shot—yet."

"Do you think I care what you do to me?" Daniel said. His voice was harsh in his tight throat.

"I thought you wanted to live to tell how bad I am," Shigo reminded him. His eyes were teasing. "How can you tell them about me if you are dead?"

Daniel did not answer. Tears of wrath

Announces

A NEW, NATION-WIDE CONSERVATION SERVICE

TO MAKE this new service available quickly, AC has placed trained men in the field to carry to all service organizations the latest and best methods of diagnosing trouble, testing, adjusting, and repairing AC products with a minimum of parts replacement. This will help to conserve material and shorten the time required for repairs.

For Your Car or Truck

Your car or truck is equipped with from one to nine of these AC devices. All are *important* to the conservation of your gasoline, oil, and tires. Some of them are so indispensable that, if they fail, you cannot drive at all.

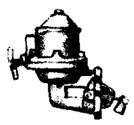
For Yourself—and America

A list of the products covered by this new, war-time service; and a brief statement of what they require, and why; are given below on this page. For your own good, and for the conservation of America's gas, oil, and tires, follow the suggestions given.

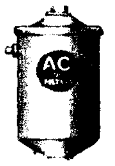
This new service will save time on repairs, and conserve vital materials on all nine of these AC products—

SPARK PLUGS—Dirty or worn plugs waste as much gas as one coupon in every ten. They also cause hard starting which weakens your battery. Have your plugs cleaned and adjusted every few months because they get dirty faster with slow driving.

AIR CLEANERS—A dirty air cleaner restricts the flow of air into the carburetor. This reduces gasoline economy, increases gas consumption. So, to maintain gas economy and to protect your engine against dust, have your air cleaner rinsed every time your car is lubricated.

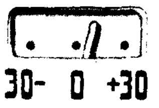


FUEL PUMPS—Fuel pumps are practically trouble free. However, if yours has been in use thirty or forty thousand miles, it may be worn to the point where a check-up is due.

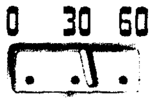


OIL FILTERS—Slow driving greatly accelerates the formation of soot and carbon in engine oil. If not constantly filtered from the oil, this dirt will clog piston rings which will cause increased consumption of oil and gas. So, replace your oil filter elements whenever your dealer's AC Oil Test Pad shows that your oil is dirty.

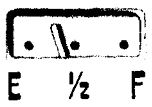
SPEEDOMETERS—Speedometers, too, are very reliable and seldom give trouble. But, today, it is absolutely necessary to keep them in good condition.



AMMETERS—Your ammeter is very reliable and seldom requires service, but it must be kept in good condition because it is the tell-tale which shows whether the battery is being charged or drained.



OIL PRESSURE GAUGES—If your oil pressure gauge stops functioning, SWITCH OFF YOUR ENGINE and call a competent service man at once, or the engine may be seriously damaged. The gauge, often, is not at fault. Usually, the trouble is in the oil supply system.



GASOLINE GAUGES—Gas gauges need to be kept in reliable condition, although they seldom need service.

TEMPERATURE GAUGES—Your temperature gauge is your only indicator of engine heat. Although very reliable, it should be kept in condition. An overheated engine can suffer expensive damage and waste anti-freeze.

☆ AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION — GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION ☆

Tick-Tock...Tick-Tock...
FOR 7 QUIET YEARS!
OLD CHARTER
OLD CHARTER
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
SEVEN YEARS OLD
Bernheim Distilling Company, Inc.
Louisville, Kentucky

THE CHIEF THINGS to consider in a whiskey are just two. There's the whiskey you begin with. Then there's the time you let it age. Old Charter goes into the barrel, we believe, the noblest Bourbon ever distilled in old Kentucky. Then, for seven round years Time does for Old Charter what Time alone *can* do for whiskey . . . ripens its silky flavor, mellows its body and richens its bouquet. Then and only then Old Charter is ready to show you *how fine* a Bourbon whiskey can really get to be!

OLD CHARTER

A SUPERB AMERICAN WHISKEY MATURED TO 7-YEAR PERFECTION

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

THIS WHISKEY IS 7 YEARS OLD, 90 PROOF, STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
BERNHEIM DISTILLING COMPANY, INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

were hot in his eyes. If this criminal had shot so easily the sailors and kept alive the tortured boy, what had he done to Jenny? He brought his eyes back from the ruined city and fastened them upin Shigo's smiling face.

"That girl," he said between his teeth, "Jenny Barchet—did you shoot her, too?"

For a moment the two men glared at each other, and for the first time Shigo's face changed subtly. "You remember her, ha?" he muttered. Then he shook himself and wiped his mouth with his silk handkerchief. His face was right again. "You remember her, of course," he said, and cleared his throat. "No, certainly I did not shoot her," he said. "Why should I shoot a beautiful woman, especially when she is—my friend?"

"You lie," Daniel said distinctly. "She could never be your friend."

"She is a woman," Shigo said. The smile was a smirk. "And I am a man, am I not? And not—too—" He shrugged his shoulders. "Come, I will not praise myself and my success."

He became the man of business again, cold, and full of authority. "Your room is on the compound, Lieutenant," he said with ironic formality. "Our coolies always stay in the servants' quarters ready for call. And you will have these two friends always near you."

HE THREW in a few curt words and the two guards moved forward. There was no time for one more word. They prodded Daniel in the back, pushing him through the door. Then they turned to the left, and he made his way ahead of them through a garden. The grass was dun with winter, but the bamboos were green, and against the house there were clumps of green shrubs gay with red berries. The birds were busy at them and flew away in a scolding flock as he passed. Around the huge house he went, guided by the bayonets at his back, and across a kitchen yard to the long row of single-story rooms at the rear. Three or four Chinese menservants idled there and looked at him with veiled eyes. A Japanese woman squatted on her heels and nursed a walking child who stood on the ground in front of her. No one spoke. He was led to a room near the end of the row and thrust into it. The room had a grilled iron gate and the guards locked the gate.

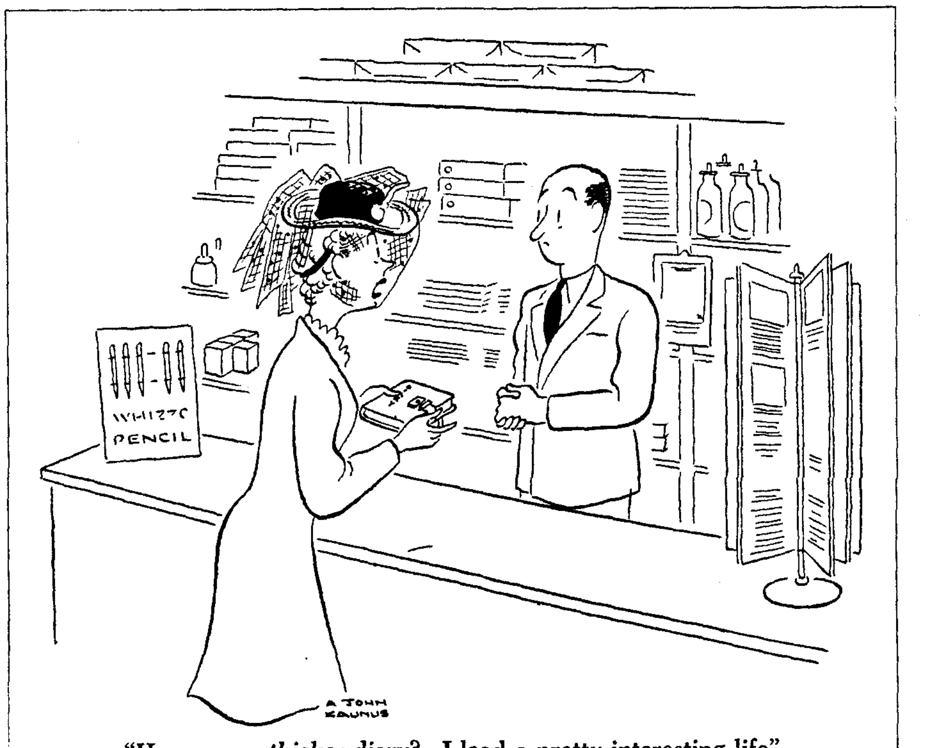
He stared about him for a moment and then sank on the bamboo bed, dazed and faint with all that had happened to him. He was a prisoner still.

In the hotel everyone was watching Jenny Barchet. She was the only American. It was a small hotel kept by a German couple, clean and well managed. When she had first come here there were many Americans, and then one by one they had gone away. She had watched them go, had known that she should be going, too. In a few days, she had kept telling herself, she would be on a ship bound for Manila. Then, suddenly, it had been impossible to go anywhere.

The hotel now was full of Germans and Italians and Japanese. They watched her curiously, admiring her beauty and her proud carriage. Every one of them knew that though she seemed to come and go so freely she never went beyond the compound gate. Everyone knew that though she wandered about the hotel gardens, there always seemed to be a Japanese wandering very near. Whether she saw it or not she gave no sign. When her proud blue eyes lifted and fell on that small invariable figure in the dark plain clothes lurking at the end of a flower bed or strolling on a pebbled path, they were blank upon a stranger's face.

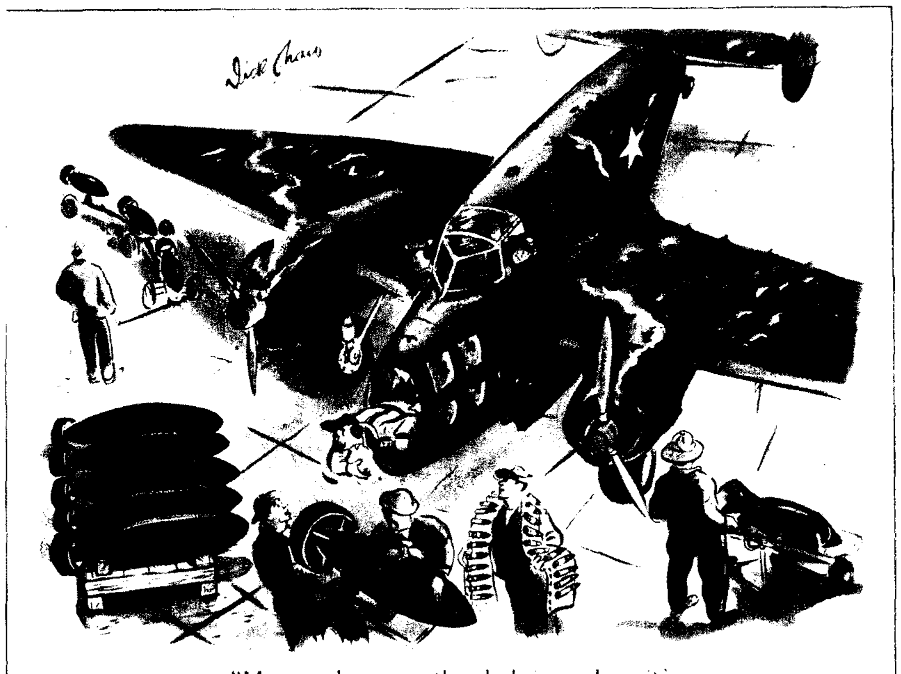
She lived a routined life, sleeping as late as she could, and then going down to the hotel room for breakfast. There she sat at the same table, always a small table set for only one. If anyone spoke to her she answered good morning in a sweet and distant voice. She walked after breakfast for an hour, and her shadow walked, too. Then she went back to her room to write. She wrote steadily for as many hours as she could and what she wrote was a novel. Its scene was imaginary, its people imaginary—dwellers in a land that never was. Because she knew that in the afternoon what she had written would be read by sedulous eyes and reported, she spent the morning making her tale as fantastic and as bewildering as she could.

But all the time she was walking, all the time she was writing, she was taut with listening. Some time during the day, any time, the telephone would ring and there would be Shigo. There was no chance of its being any other voice than his—gallant, mocking, a little eager in spite of himself. There was never a day that he did not call. Sometimes it was only to tell her that he could not come,



"Have you a thicker diary? I lead a pretty interesting life"

COLLIER'S A. JOHN KAUNUS



COLLIER'S "May we have another helping, please?" DICK SHAW

that he had extra work to do. When this happened she always did the same thing. She pulled the shades down and took a hot bath and went to sleep for hours. The tautness left her until dawn the next morning.

Her door was always locked, but she knew that every lock had another key, now. When she went to sleep she pulled furniture against the door and put the little pistol under her pillow. Sometimes she was waked in the night by the stealthy sliding of the furniture pushed by the door. When that happened she slipped out the pistol and called sharply, "Who is there?" Always the noise stopped.

Yet she knew she was safe enough, so long as Shigo came to see her. Nothing could happen to her unless he let it happen. She lay awake every dawn, pondering this horrible net that Shigo had cast about her, a net of silk, seemingly so light, actually so strong, so closely woven that there was no escape.

SHE had made many attempts to find a thread for escape. Her room boy she had tested delicately, offering him money if he would let her through the back gate some night. But he had shrugged his shoulders.

"More better Missy stay here," he had counseled her, and turned down the corner of her bed neatly as he made it.

When she tried it the second time he had said simply, "Suppose my do, what side you go, Missy? No man can talkee you come his side. Suppose he do—" the room boy pointed an imaginary gun, took aim, and fired. Then he grinned at her. "Maskee, Missy," he said to comfort her.

She wandered downstairs sometimes in the evenings. In the lobby there were guests, German men and a few German women, fewer Italians and many Japanese. They stared at her curiously. Sometimes a man spoke to her, his lips thickening as he smiled. She knew what they thought—that she belonged to Shigo Kuyoshi. None dared to be too friendly to her. There was not one whom she could trust.

Where would it end? Day by day she felt Shigo more pressing. One day that gentle courteous surface that he maintained so steadily gay, so insistently hopeful, would break. Then what would he do to her because she had not yielded to him? The most horrible thing was that he really loved her, in his way of loving. His patience was because he loved her and wanted her to love him.

What would happen to her when she did not yield? This was the terror of her days and nights.

What had happened to Daniel she had no way of knowing. She longed to be able to talk to Mrs. Shipman, but there was no means. At first she had tried to reach her casually by the telephone. She knew now that she could never reach anyone by telephone except Shigo. To any other call the answer was the same, "Too bad—no answer, Missy."

She lived in physical ease and comfort, and yet in prison. She had luxuries of good food and hot water, her comfortable rooms, but she was in prison and Shigo was her jailer.

So she reflected one morning. It was a brilliant day in mid-January, one of Shanghai's rare winter days. The sun poured down as cruelly bright upon the ruins as it had been used to light the once gay city. An hour ago she had been walking in the garden, her usual walk, and she had stopped to look at a bare brown shrub in a sheltered corner, on which the flower buds were already beginning to swell. It came to her with a shock that this garden would be beautiful in spring. But must she still be here in spring?

She had come back to her room with her eyes full of tears. Spring! They would be thinking of her at home and wondering why they did not hear from her. But no one would know where she was. They would not even be able to ask where she was. They *might* think she was in Manila. The Japanese-controlled newspapers in the hotel were boasting that Manila had fallen. Had it fallen? She did not know.

A great wave of homesickness drenched her heart. She leaned her head upon her arms against the window and sobbed. She must—she must get free! Somehow she must get home. Then in the stillness of the room her solitary sobbing frightened her with its own hopelessness and abruptly she stopped and wiped her eyes.

I mustn't give up, she thought desperately, I must think and think.

She flung herself into a deep chair and closed her eyes. What tool had she to work with to save herself? She answered her own question—nothing but the love of this man whom she loathed—the love of an enemy, a love of which she was ashamed.

But still it is all I have, she thought.

She was listening for the telephone again. She opened her eyes and stared at it there on the table. At any moment

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now it would ring. He usually rang before twelve o'clock. Once she had turned it off so that it would not ring, and in less than an hour he had been at the door himself, his pale yellow skin gray with anger. It was anxiety for a moment, but when he saw her it changed to instantaneous anger. He had stepped into the room and slammed the door and locked it.

"Why did you not answer me?" he demanded.

She had opened her eyes of pretending innocence. "I was tired and went to sleep and did not want to be disturbed," she said.

His forehead was wet with sweat and he wiped it off with his silk handkerchief. Then he sat down and took out a cigarette, allowing his anger to drain away.

"I did not know what to think," he said.

"It did not occur to me what you would think," she had replied.

There was no more said about it, and soon he was his usual self. But he had stayed only a few minutes on the excuse that there were duties he had left undone. When she came back from her afternoon walk around the compound, an old-fashioned telephone had been put in that could not be turned off.

She sat up, and twisted her hands together.

How shall I use him? she thought. I must find a way to use him.

She would put herself against him—woman against man, the stake her life. But she would not tell him that. She would let him think it was—perhaps something else. She would fool him, deceive him, promise him for the future, hold him off and deny him now, and bewilder him and confuse him and make him hope.

THEN her heart failed. I'm afraid of him, she thought. How can I fool him if I'm afraid of him?

She looked about the room wildly. "Mother—" she whispered. The picture of that small compact figure came before her eyes, her sensible, practical American mother. "What would you tell me to do, I wonder?" She strained her memory to gaze into those blue eyes which had once been like her own, a young girl's blue eyes. They were wise old eyes now. Jenny was the youngest of eight children, and her mother had reared them on a spiritual diet of hardy ancient proverbs and philosophies. "What can't be cured must be endured," was her mother's favorite. "Put up or shut up," she was fond of telling a complaining child. "No good to me now, Mom," Jenny whispered. "I can't endure it and I don't know how to cure it—and I can't put up with it."

She strained her memory of her mother. But it was no use. This was a situation now which no American woman could comprehend. Her mother, safe in a small comfortable Midwestern town, could not have imagined even remotely her youngest daughter, a prisoner in a hotel compound in Shanghai, prisoner of a Japanese who showed her the mercy of a cat fond of a mouse.

I've got to trust to my own wits, Jenny thought.

As though to challenge those wits the telephone rang. She brushed back her fair hair with both hands, rose resolutely from the chair and took up the receiver. "Yes?" she said. Her voice was clear and hard.

"It is I," Shigo said, laughing, "your tormentor, your persecutor, your—friend."

"Yes?" she said, her voice unchanged.

"I have so long promised to take you out, have I not?" Shigo said. "I have never done so. Now you have been a long time in the compound and I think you are tired of it. You will relish a drive into the country, I think?"

"I am quite happy, thank you," she said in that unchanging voice.

"You will not go out with me?" Shigo asked. In the telephone his voice took a sharp edge.

She forced herself to laugh. "You must see how it would look, Mr. Kuyoshi," she said. "People would imagine—all sorts of impossible things."

There was a long silence. She heard him draw in his breath. "Very well," he said. "I shall come to see you late this afternoon, please."

She hesitated long enough to control the impulse of terror that suddenly blackened the room for a moment. Then she forced herself to say calmly:

"Of course, I shall be here."

Daniel heard the scrape of the iron-bound door. It opened and he sprang from his bed. He had been asleep, how long he did not know, but hours, at least. He was faint with hunger. Now here was food. An elderly Chinese man was bringing it in. But he scarcely noticed the man for the food. It was real food, a large bowl of rice, a bowl of fish and another of vegetables cooked with bean curd. The two guards lounged against the open door, watching all that was done. The Chinese said not a word to them and paid no apparent heed to them. He put down the bowls on the table, motioned to Daniel to eat, went out and came back with a large teapot, which he set down beside the food. Then he went out again and the guards locked the door.

But Daniel saw nothing but the food. He was hungry and sick with faintness. He craved the food and was half afraid to eat it. He hesitated for a moment and saw the old man's face looking through the grill.

WHEN he caught Daniel's eyes he made motions of a rice bowl lifted to the lips and chopsticks, and nodded with vigor. "Eat—eat," he was trying to say. Something in the wrinkled brown face and the kind eyes gave Daniel comfort. He took up the rice and awkwardly, for he had never used chopsticks in his life, he began to eat. Even if I'm poisoned it's worth it, he thought, grinning the ghost of his old gay grin.

But apparently he was not to be poisoned and, against his better judgment, he could not resist eating everything. Then, warm and fed for the first time since he left Hatford's houseboat, he threw himself down on the bed and fell asleep again.

It was nearly dusk when he felt his shoulder seized and shaken. He leaped up, incoherent, out of his sleep.

"What—what—" he muttered, and stared into the face of one of his guards.

The guard shouted at him and pointed outside. The door was open and the guard kept pointing. Daniel rose. "All right," he said. "I'm coming—but what next?" He felt suddenly cheerful in spite of himself. What for?—he asked himself. Then he remembered how well he had eaten. One good meal had brought back his strength and courage. I guess I'm not dead yet, he thought. And I guess they won't find it easy to kill me.

He straightened his shoulders and followed his guards out into the yard. They marched on either side of him, always with those fixed bayonets. Daniel glanced right and left at their brightness.

"Bet you sleep with them," he said aloud. The guards scowled at him in ignorant distrust. He grinned down at them. They were a long way down, he thought, chuckling. Their heads barely reached his shoulders. If he looked over them he could almost forget they were there. He suddenly began to whistle The Star-Spangled Banner.

"Ha!" the guards roared threateningly.

"So you know it, do you?" Daniel retorted.

But he fell silent and so they came to the locked gate on the compound. There they stopped. A garage stood to the left of the gate. It was open and a handsome American car stood there being washed by a slender Chinese in a chauffeur's uniform. He was barefooted and he had his trousers and sleeves rolled up. He was polishing and breathing on the windows.

"Ricksha!" a guard shouted. The chauffeur paused, turned his face in surprise at the sound, and saw Daniel. The two looked at each other. What Daniel saw was a smooth young Chinese face and naïve young eyes. He liked them at once. But what the Chinese thought did not show itself. He dropped the cloth he held in his hand and leaped gracefully over the car and came out from behind it pulling a new and ornate private ricksha. He pulled it in a slow and leisurely fashion and dropped the shafts in front of the gate.

The guards motioned to Daniel to step between the shafts. He hesitated and then he felt a light touch on his arm. The young Chinese was smiling at him and pointing down at the shafts.

"He's trying to tell me to go on and do it," Daniel thought. "Maybe he's right. This isn't a time for a break."

He had the strange inclination to obey this Chinese out of instinctive trust—"Though why should I trust a Chinese chauffeur of a Jap's car?" he asked himself. Nevertheless, he stepped between the shafts, his temper rising. A silly memory came into his mind. He had gone to the World's Fair one summer and had seen American boys pulling play rickshas about. He had not liked it then. There had been something degrading in the idea of a man behind shafts, even in play. But this was no play. He stood, his hands clutched grimly about the polished shafts. The thing was light enough—light as a toy.

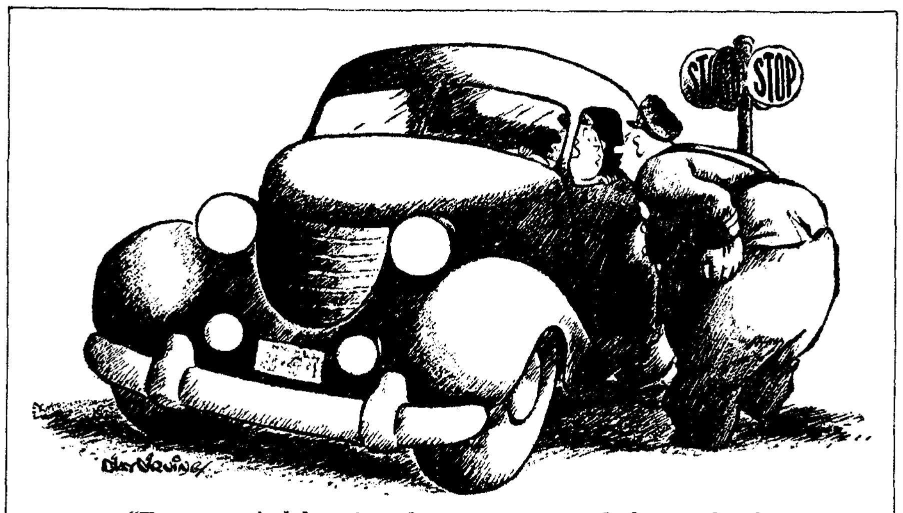
JUST then Shigo opened the door of his house and ran down the steps.

In a moment he stood beside the ricksha. "Lower the shafts, please," he said imperiously as he might to any coolie.

Daniel did not move. The blood rushed through his head like a flood. Then there was the sharp prick of a bayonet in both his arms. He lowered the shafts and Shigo Kuyoshi stepped in.

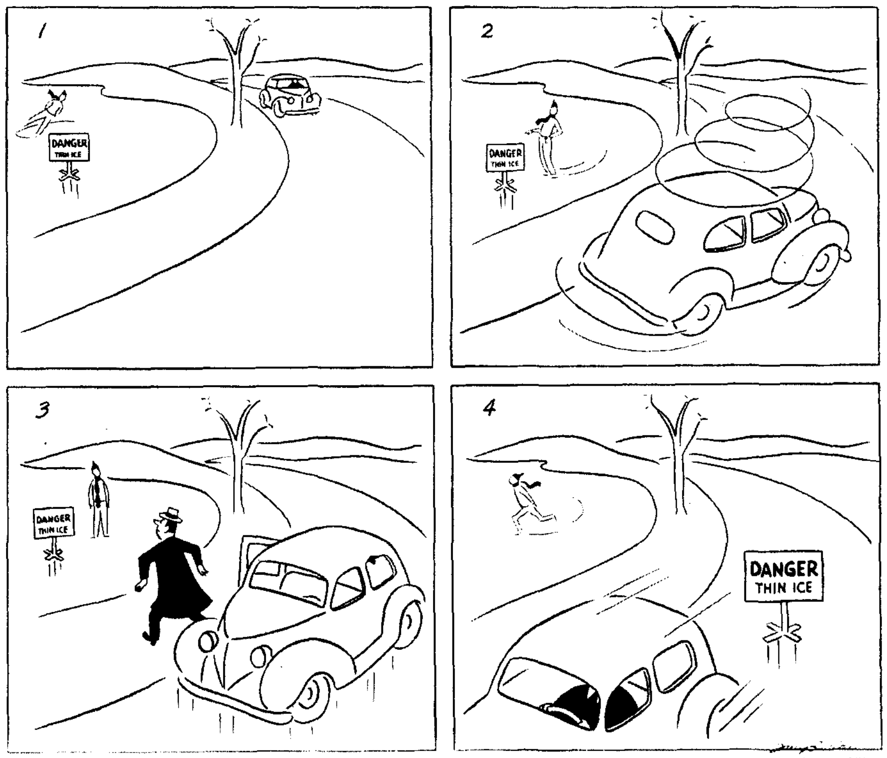
"The Cosmopolitan Hotel, please," he said.

At the curb of the hotel, Daniel James lowered the shafts roughly. He was panting, but not with fatigue, sweating, but with rage. On either side of him the silent crowds of watching Chinese came a little closer. Shigo did not reprove them. He had let them follow his ricksha all the way. They had padded along, men and boys and a few old women,

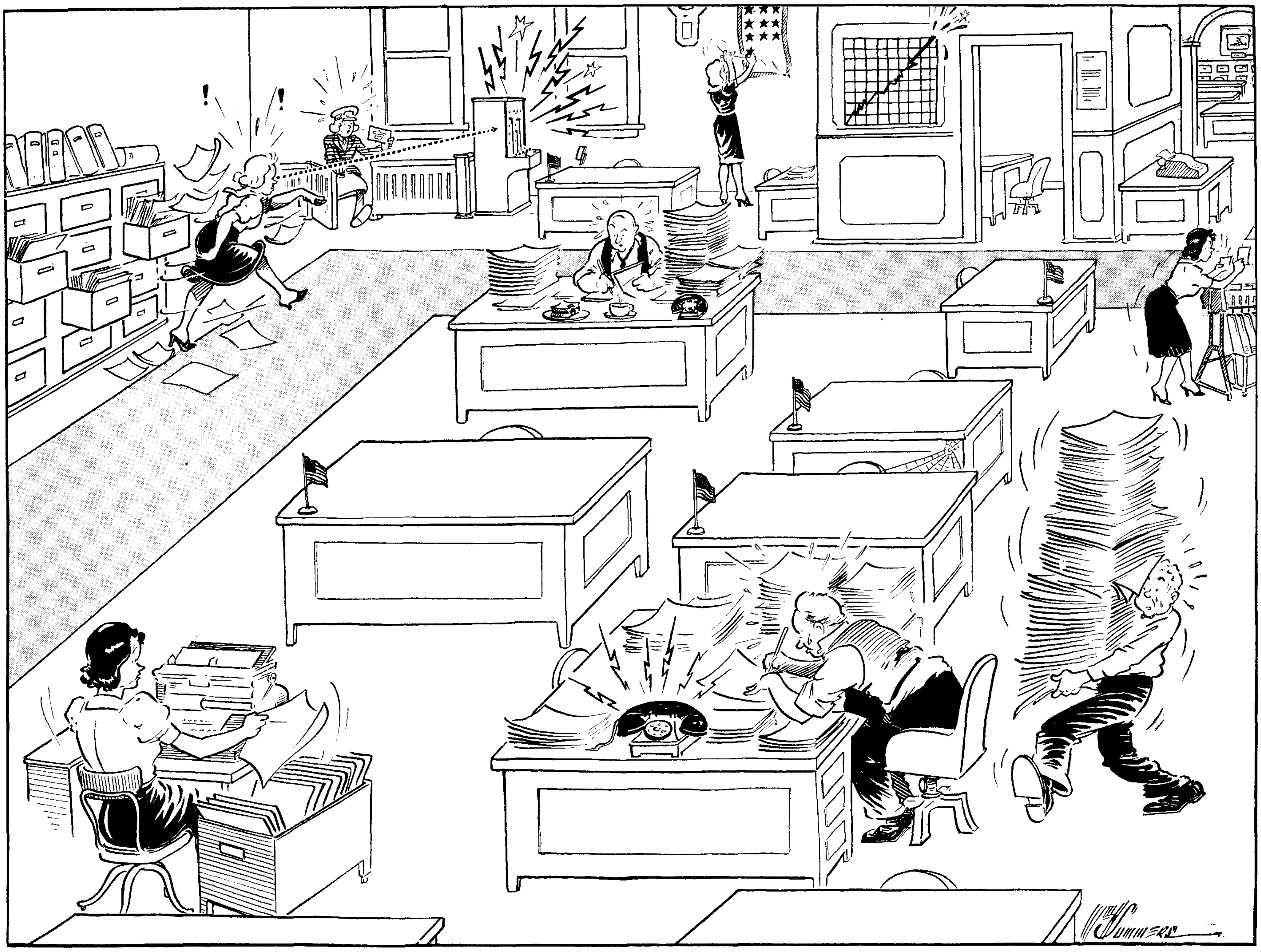


"Do you mind keeping the summons until the tenth of the month? That's when my husband pays all the bills"

COLLIER'S JAY IRVING



COLLIER'S TONY BARLOW



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their solemn faces anxious in the twilight. What had happened to the world? they seemed to be asking.

"Faster!" Shigo had shouted to Daniel.

But Daniel had not hastened his steady walking pace. He could not have hastened it if he would. His body felt muscle-bound. Only his dazed will was making his legs move. His brain was numb and he could not think. In this daze he heard rifle shots, and the slush of the mud in the street sprayed his clothes, but he did not care. He still had on his uniform, the uniform of a United States Marine. It was the thought of mud on his uniform that made him suddenly think again.

I wish I had on some other clothes, he thought. This uniform ought not to be between shafts, pulling a Japanese.

He was scarcely aware of the crowds as he strode along, neither slowing nor hastening his pace. It was not until Shigo stepped out of the ricksha that he turned and saw them. There they were, all these faces, watching him. The people stood motionless, staring, anxious, watching him with the terror with which a child watches a parent suddenly grown weak and childish.

An old woman began to sob, and at the sound of this sobbing the guards whirled and charged the crowd with their bayonets. The people fled in an instant, dividing into alleys and doorways. And Daniel sank upon the curbstone and buried his face in his arms.

UPSTAIRS Shigo Kuyoshi was agreeably surprised. Jenny Barchet had opened the door, if not with a smile, at least without the silent hostility which had been like a barricade upon the threshold on every other day he had entered here. She lifted her long eyelashes and her lips quivered.

"Come in," she said.

He almost stumbled in his surprise. "Thank you," he said quickly. "Thank you very much indeed."

He was so used to forcing down her hatred against him that now he scarcely knew how to begin. She dropped gracefully into the chair she always chose, while with inner disturbance he took off his coat and put it down with hat and gloves and cane. Then he sat down opposite her.

"Well?" he said softly.

"Well?" she echoed, lifting her eyebrows. The effect was that of a smile if one did not examine too closely the tensity of the mouth, the wariness of the blue eyes. But she had rouged her lips with a hint of upturn at the corners so that her whole face was changed with that change. She rose as he gazed at her and put out the overhead light. The shaded lamp on the table glowed softly and revealed less.

"You are different," he whispered.

"Am I?" she asked.

"You—something has changed in you—"

She did not answer nor did she move her eyes from his face. Now to her amazement she saw that he was trembling. When he held out his cigarette case to her, his hand shook. She had never been willing to accept a cigarette from him before, but now she leaned forward.

"Thank you," she said. He sprang to light the cigarette between her lips, and the hand holding the lighter trembled. She looked up and saw his handsome face suffused with emotion and shyness.

"You have never been willing to—to do this before," he said.

"No," she agreed. "I never have—before."

He leaned over her, and she drew back. "But a cigarette is a very small thing," she said lightly. "Think how many cigarettes I have accepted from how many men!"

Now he drew back, sensitive as always to the slight rebuff. She could see what he was thinking. He did not want to make a mistake with her. He wanted to follow only as she led, so long as she led in the direction of his goal.

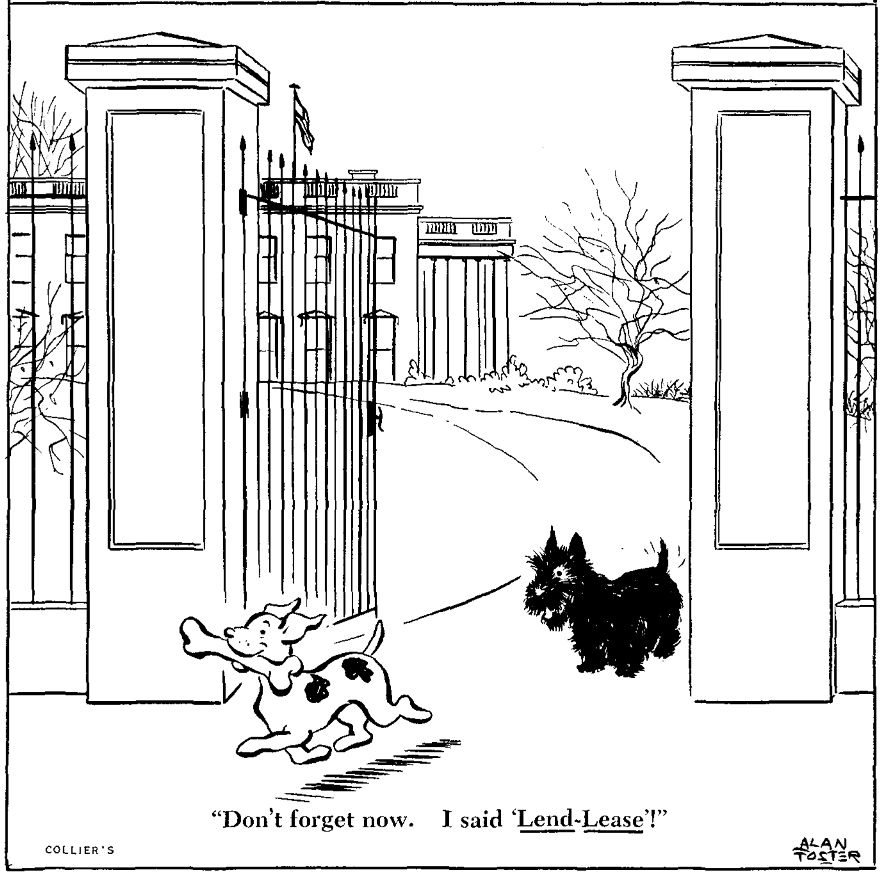
"Sit down, please," she said and he sat down.

What, she thought, would be the end of this? She did not look at him as he sat watching her, but she could feel those hot Japanese eyes upon her. At what point would she escape him? She could not see the end. She was evading, postponing, and that was all. If he should discover the deception, what would happen then?

I must not be afraid of him, she thought. If only I keep myself not afraid of him, I shall escape somehow. It's thinking I can't escape that will make me—lost.

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOSTER



"Don't forget now. I said 'Lend-Lease'!"

Out of this new, determined daring she smiled at him. "What have you been doing all day?" she asked.

He leaned forward, "Please—speak to me as a friend—I am Shigo."

"Shigo," she said obediently.

HE SMILED and she saw his eyes mist. "If you knew how my name sounds to me when you speak it!"

Yes, the horror of this thing was that he genuinely loved her. She saw that he did and she knew that he did, and she pitied him while she loathed him. Somewhere he was a man, too—somewhere out of this monstrous world which was around them both. Had there been no war, had peace been their atmosphere he would have been different and she—they might have been friends, though never lovers. No, she could never have loved him, but she might have liked him. Now to the terror of her imprisonment and her loneliness was added this horror of his love. She looked away from him and felt her own knees begin to tremble.

She wanted to beg him not to force her, not to hurry her. She had the impulse to throw herself on his mercy and tell him the truth, that in her desperation she was only using this—yielding—as a trick. But she could not speak.

He regarded her tenderly. "You ask me what I have done today. I have done only the general things which come in the line of duty. Certain persons were arrested as spies and tried and punished. That is common and everyday. It is inevitable when a conquered country is being organized under new rule. It is difficult for me sometimes to do my duty for I dislike harshness. And yet—" He paused and coughed into his silk handkerchief and went on, "But there are other pleasant things, also. All day I have been thinking of you. And I looked among my treasures before I came to find something to bring you. I found this." He reached into his breast pocket and brought out a small flat box. He opened it and lifted from it a thin necklace of filigreed silver, decorated with blue enamel flowers. "This, I said to myself, would match the two blue flowers which are your eyes."

He rose half diffidently and came toward her and she took the box from his hands.

"It is very pretty," she said. She could hardly speak for terror. The room was full of terror. When he came near she felt the heat of his hands, the heat of his flesh, and she saw his eyes burning. The pallor of his face, always so smooth, was broken with two patches of red near his temples and his thin lips were red.

"Will you put it on?" he asked.

"Not now," she whispered, "please, not now!"

"Yes, now!" he said. His voice was suddenly loud. "You will put it on now, for I command it!" He snatched the necklace from the box and held it up in his quivering hands. "Bend your head," he said in the same loud voice. "I will fasten it on your neck."

As though she had been told to place her head on the block she bent her head and her hair divided and fell over her cheeks. She felt his hot horrible hands slide about her neck, under her hair, and clasp the necklace swiftly and dexterously. Then before she could move she felt his kiss, like flame, upon the nape of her neck.

"Don't!" she cried. She leaped to her feet. "How dare you touch me!" she cried. "I hate your touch!"

He stood staring at her, his eyes wide, his face reddening. "How dare you!" he shouted. "You—you let me expect—"

"Nothing!" she cried. "Nothing!"

Oh, now only the truth was possible and nothing but the truth! "I see I can't do it," she said, speaking aloud to herself and to him. "I thought I could use you—"

"Use me?" he screamed. He beat his breast. "Use *me?*" he repeated.

"To save my life," she said. "But now I know—I would rather die."

They stared at each other and suddenly the heat went out of him. She could see it go, first out of his eyes and then out of his face and then the trembling of his hands was stilled. He took his silk handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his face. Then he gave a strange dry laugh.

"You thought you would use me, to save your life," he repeated. "I was to be fooled, I was to be persuaded that you could love me—to save your life!" He laughed again, his handsome face bitter. "How unnecessary, my dear little Jenny! For, you see, I would not kill you for anything. Your life is as safe with me as though you were in your own home. No one in the world is safer than you here, in your little nest." He looked about the room. "And I shall come here again and again, and what cannot be given to me I will take, dear little Jenny. But you must never, never feel yourself in danger of losing your life. Oh, no!"

HE REACHED into his pocket and brought out a small pistol. "I carry this, but never for you, little Jenny."

"I carry this, too," she said. She put her hand inside her bosom and brought out her little silver pistol.

He laughed. "A toy," he said, "a pretty toy. Look in it, Jenny!"

Instead she lifted it and leveled it at his laughing face and fired.

There was no explosion. She broke open the magazine. It was empty. But how had it been done? She kept the pistol always in her pocket under her hand, under her pillow at night. Yet somehow its load had been rifled!

He was smiling his pleasant debonair smile. "Someone who knows you very well," he said, "who knows you so enjoy nice long warm baths."

So while she was bathing, he had sent spies into her room! She dropped the pistol on the floor.

"I see you have no mercy," she said in a whisper.

"On the contrary," he said. "I am a man of great mercy. This morning I might have killed a friend of yours. But I did not. I might have kept him locked in prison. I did not even do that. I have—taken him out of his cell and given him a good room and good food."

"I don't know whom you mean," she said dully.

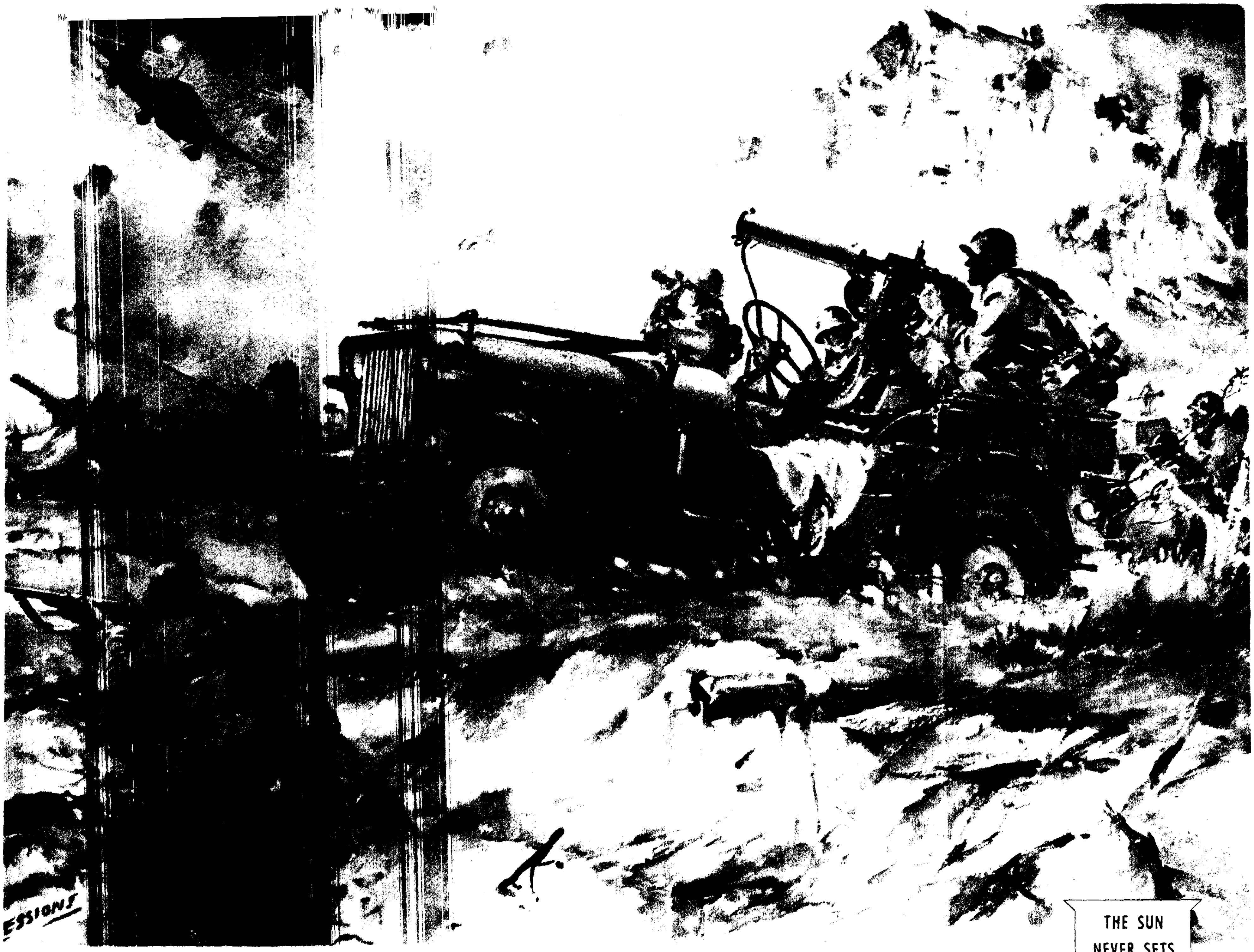
"Come to the window and see," he said. "Look out of the window and see your friend!"

She ran to the window blindly, careless of what he thought of her eagerness. He was at her side in an instant, and he threw open the window and shouted.

She saw a figure sitting on the curb of the sidewalk, motionless, with bent head and folded arms. At the sound he lifted his head and looked up. The lamplight fell full upon his face.

"My ricksha coolie, Lieutenant Daniel James," Shigo said. He jerked her back and locked the window fast.

(To be continued next week)



THE SUN
NEVER SETS
ON THE
FIGHTING JEEP

TILL HELL FREEZES OVER

As this is written the Russian flag still floats defiantly over glorious Stalingrad. Day after day, for endless, bomb-shattered, tank-battered weeks, those incredibly brave Russian soldiers, factory workers, women, *and even children,* have held Hitler's mad hordes at bay.

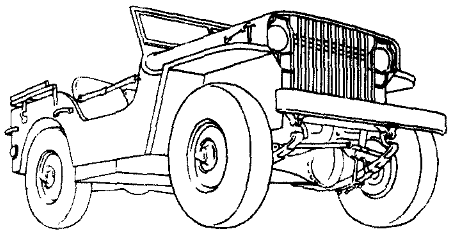
The crushing toll they have taken of Nazi armed forces and Nazi morale is a contribution to the Allied cause that is beyond computation today. And what an example of *love of country* it is.

Aiding the heroic Russians, in fierce counter-attacks and in many other equally vital operations —as swift, as determined, as deadly to the Nazis as the inspired Russians themselves—are the Jeeps built by Willys-Overland.

Yes, on the volatile Russian front and on every other front in this war, the Jeep is on active duty. With its "GO-Devil" engine heart, and rugged body of steel, it is setting an example of all-out patriotic service; an example that every man, woman and child in America must emulate if *our* fighting forces are to win this war.

The Jeep puts *everything it has* into every job it has been fitted to do in this war, *for your freedom.*

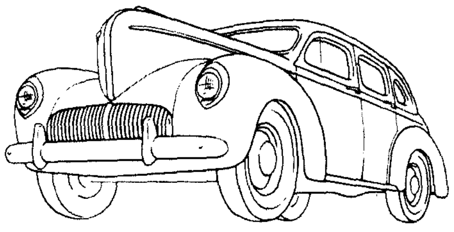
We are proud of the Willys-Overland engineers who assisted the U. S. Quartermaster Corps in designing the Jeep. And it is to *their* credit that the Willys-designed "Go-Devil" Engine drives *all* Jeeps being built for the U. S. Army and for our Allies. Willys-Overland Motors, Inc.



U. S. ARMY JEEP

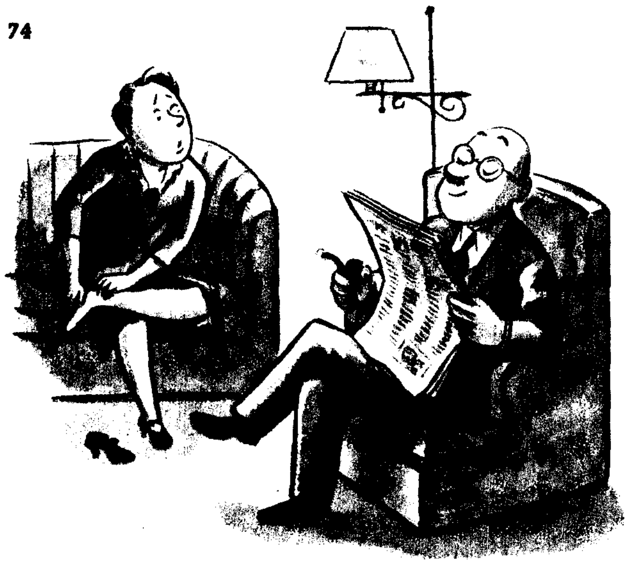
WILLYS

MOTOR CARS TRUCKS AND JEEPS



AMERICAR—*the People's Car*

***THE GO-DEVIL ENGINE*—power-heart of WILLYS CARS and all JEEPS**



The Average WOMAN

BY JUDITH CHASE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG

What Does She Do with Herself at Home All Day?

HER housework, which her husband will claim isn't enough exercise to keep her weight down, is enough to make her take a daily hike of more than eight miles around her home—and she walks—a distance greater than that from Boston to San Francisco each year—more than 3,000 miles, without leaving her home. Since one out of every three steps she takes is unnecessary, she takes the equivalent of a walk from Quebec to Chicago each year all for nothing.

To add to her misery, odds are ten to one she'll have foot trouble, caused not by her stiff daily workout, but from badly fitting shoes, which likely as not, she'll buy "to make her feet look prettier." And she'll buy them just about twice as often as her husband. Chances are eight to one she'll get corns because she'll tackle her housework in "any old shoes." And when she wails that her feet hurt, it's five to one her husband won't have had that ailment enough to give her the amount of sympathy she think's she ought to get.

For her average family of four she spends 9½ whole years of her life in the kitchen. She will cook more than 47,000 meals and scrub 34 tons of family laundry. She will spend almost two whole years of her life just washing the dishes. She washes and dries some 26,280 dishes every year, which, if she "left them to do later" over the entire period of her married life, would make a stack over five miles high.

She totes home most of the lending library books—even if she does get a good many of them because of colorful covers or because her neighbor suggests "Haven't you read it yet?" And if her husband usually snags his pick of the five novels and biography or travel books she brings home each month, she shouldn't complain. After all she can wait—she's better educated than he is, anyway.

Despite the fact that both she and her husband have each been drinking 15 lbs. of coffee along with the 1,415 lbs. of goods they each eat annually, the chances are that she can't brew a cup of coffee that her husband will call "very good." But in spite of this, he seldom complains.

She spends ½ hour a day in front of the mirror primping and powdering. This pastime will account for almost a whole year of her life. With the polish she uses 2,236 times on her fingernails, she could paint a fair-sized kitchen table.

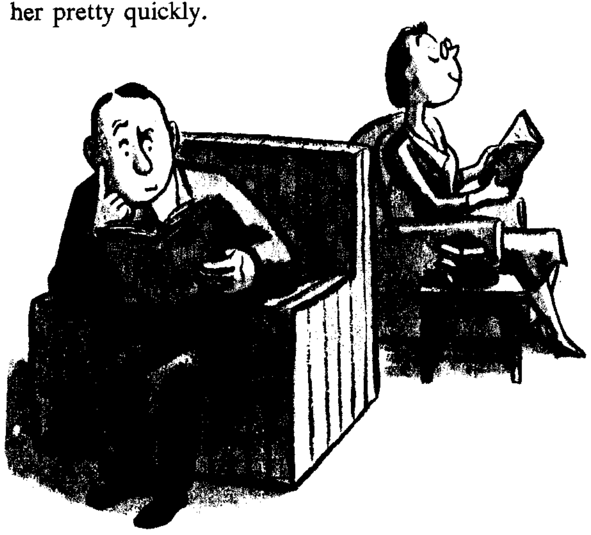
She cleans her teeth more than 31,000 times, and breaks her glasses about 86 times, mostly because she "just put them down somewhere and forgot where," and then piled things on top of them, or because she stuffs them into her purse.

Conversation

SHE'S going to talk for over eight years of her life and spend more than ⅔ of a year on the telephone. Chief audiences for the remaining years of her discourse will be (1) her female clubs and cronies, (2) her husband, (3) tradespeople.

On her husband's work days she'll spend only about one hour in steady conversation with him, during which time she'll talk about 25% faster than he does and use many more useless adjectives. Three of her most overworked ones being: "cute," "thrilling" and "darling."

She usually starts the conversation at home, and the chances are that she'll be the one to break the ice at parties and pull her husband into the conversation after her pretty quickly.



Her conversation, which used to be about 10% on education and political lines, and 80% on clothes, social an domestic affairs, has changed to 15% on clothes, 25% o men and the rest on current events.

Rest and Recreation

SHE'LL spend 13 weeks at the hairdresser and take i more than 1,300 movies.

The radio in her home is on for about five hours day, and in the course of her married life she'll liste to some 44,720 radio serials for escape into Othe People's Problems.

She's going to sleep for about 22½ years and woul rather sleep in a double bed than her husband—eve though he's usually the one to wake up with all th blankets. She prefers a double bed for (1) cold feet, (2) t cure spats.

She writes about three times as many personal letters as her husband does, doing most of her letter-writing in impulsive spurts. When she writes a woman it's usually "darling" or "dearest." She'll keep almost every kind of letter indefinitely, but about the only ones she answers immediately are her love letters—and then she's often sorry she did.

Money and Shopping

DURING the course of her life, her husband's going to lay out over $3,000 for her coiffures and cosmetics—enough to come near banishing his worries about the income tax, and then some—and foot the bills for $1,647 worth of dresses and lingerie and 580 pairs of stockings; most of which she'll buy without first consulting him. If placed end to end, her stockings (which she invariably wears out in the toe) would be well over one-half mile long.

And what's more, she's going to get outside of 788 pounds or almost six times her own weight in candy, most of which will be in "chocolates," for about a nickel, and a good part of which she'll buy herself.

ere's the statistical low-down on
our wife and girl friend, the what
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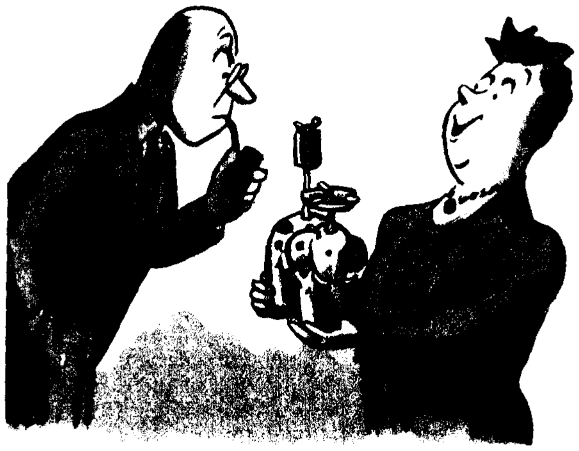
er the adage: "All generaliza-
ions are false, including this one"

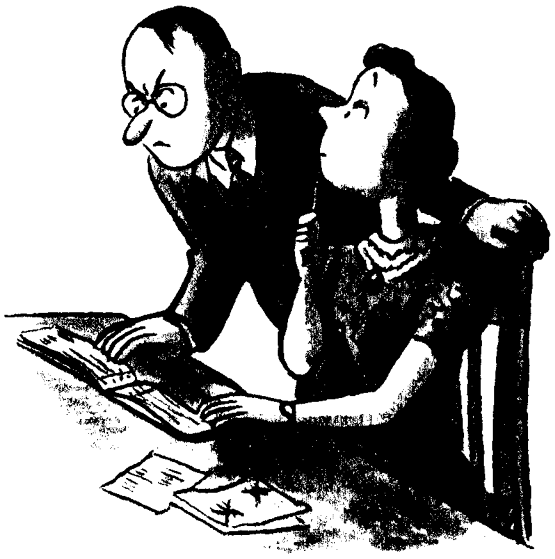


Though she usually has a definite shopping list before she leaves home and tries to stick to it, her eye will catch some attractive price tags and she will inevitably cart home some useless bargains and white elephants she "just couldn't resist."

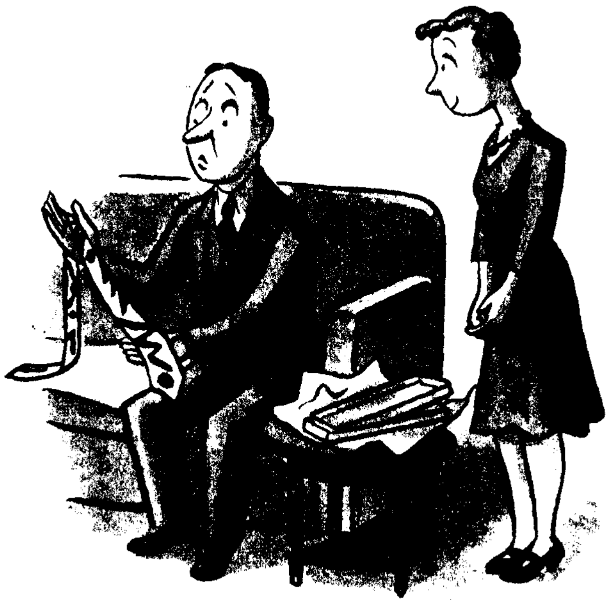
On an average shopping day she covers about eight and one-third miles through the stores. She likes shopping better than her husband does, but is not as smart a buyer as he, for she returns 15% of the dresses she buys—with the inevitable excuse, "my husband didn't like it."

She's more of a pinchpenny with small change than her husband, doubtless quibbling over tips, trying to skimp on sales taxes and drive a mean bargain with the grocer. But she's more lavish with larger sums of money: for instance: her husband's pay check.

Her husband may wear the pants in the family now, but he won't hold the purse strings ad infinitum. Sooner or later he'll be turning over a good part of his pay check to her and she'll manage the family finances. And adeptly. Except for just one thing. She'll just never seem to be able to balance her checkbook. And will inevitably conscript him to help. After all, his brain is 130 grams larger than hers.



The savings account ($843.07) and her husband's life insurance policy ($1,940) have a good chance of being in her name, and what's more she'll probably live to cash in on the latter, as she's got a good chance of reaching 67⅓ years and outliving her husband by 4⅓ years.



When she surprises her husband with a present, the chances are he won't like it. But it's ten to one he'll keep it just the same. She'll often try to palm off cheap gadgets that look expensive on him, just because she's more apt to be taken in by them than he is. Among her favorite Christmas gifts to him will be: a smoking jacket, necktie, handkerchiefs, socks, billfold, gloves, toilet articles and a pipe—the latter which she'll pick out chiefly for its color. And thereafter heckle him regularly to let her pack off the old ones he cherishes to the rummage sale.

The Car

THOUGH her husband may rant about women drivers, she averages about the same speed as he, is less apt to fall asleep at the wheel or be hauled in for drunken driving. She has fewer accidents than he. Most common ones: forgetting to signal when she makes a left turn; bumping into the car in front of her. It's been estimated that her total damage to the family car will amount to three crumpled fenders, one torn-off garage door. It's in the books that she'll lose the car keys over 40 times—three times less than she loses her house keys. But to compensate: she'll have a decided way with the Arm of the Law which will probably get her out of more than one scrape, and save her husband a tidy sum of money in fines. Yet despite this, most people would rather drive with her husband.

Appearance

SHE'S going to grow 11 yards of hair. By the time she's 35 and has grown 17½ feet of hair it will start to get gray. In this she'll have a five year headstart on her husband.

In the course of ten months her toenails will grow about one foot in the aggregate.

The average woman is five feet three inches tall, weighs 133½ pounds. Her bust measures 35½ inches, her waist 29 inches and her hips 39 inches. She is just three and one-half inches shorter and is 11½ pounds heavier than the Ideal Woman, and is definitely dumpy compared to the popular conception of the Glamor Girl.

The Newspaper

HER husband usually gets first crack at the paper. When she finally sees it, she looks at (1) news, (2) ads, (3) society, (4) comics. And after she's through clipping, ripping, rumpling and crumpling, there's not very much left of it.

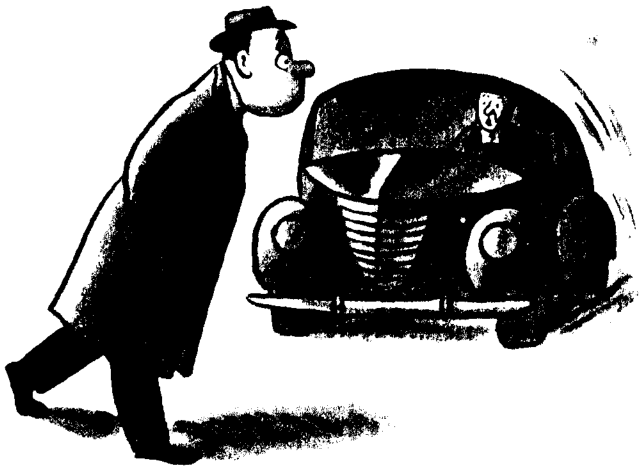
Marriage

SHE marries at 24 and odds are four to one she'll have at least one baby: weight seven lbs. eight ounces.

No matter how good a man her husband may be, the chances are that she'll often wonder about The Man She Almost Married and the job she gave up. But no matter how often she may talk about going back to work, the odds are about six to one against her trying to pick up the threads again.

Most of the 258 marital frictions between her and her husband will take place before breakfast and it's a 50-50 tossup which one starts them. A breakfast quarrel increases his chances of being injured on his way to work.

Although she handles most of the domestic finances and does most of the family buying, the chances are that her husband will be the boss. And if he isn't, she'll wish he were.



She tells many more white lies than her husband does, but she really kids herself into believing her almost continual series of small exaggerations.

She has one chance in 80 of having twins.

She has one chance in 6,400 of having triplets.

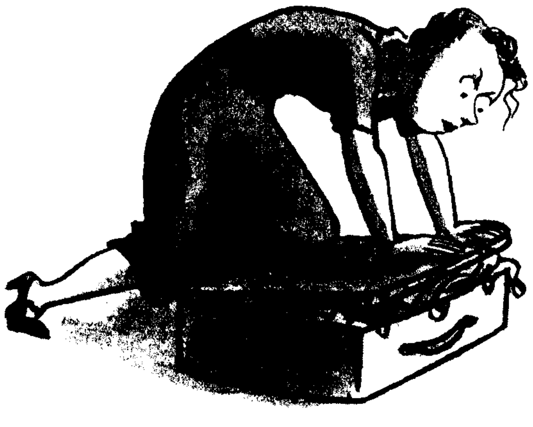
She has one chance in 512,000 of having quadruplets.

She has one chance in 40,960,000 of having quintuplets.

The chances are six to one she won't get a divorce.

Packing

SHE overstuffs both her purse and a suitcase by about 10%. Because she's a neater packer than her husband, who just throws things in, she does most of his packing. And when he'd rather take along two suitcases, she'll invariably try to make one overstuffed bag do the trick. Her pet ways of closing it are (1) kneeling on it, (2) sitting on it, (3) standing on it. ★★★



No More Waste of Pencils
You bet
MONGOL EBERHARD FABER U.S.A. 482-No2

A MONGOL GOES FARTHER

Everyone has to watch their lead pencils today. They're precious...the government says fewer can be made this year. Pencils now must do double duty... they must last longer. So I insist on MONGOL No. 482. No time now for inferior pencils.

MONGOL quality is ideal for today's fast and furious war-set pace. It's faster, easier and won't break when extra pressure is exerted. MONGOL Pencils take a sharp point...and hold it. More wear from points that are guaranteed not to break in normal use... less frequent sharpening and more precious time saved.

Exclusive Complastic Lead and Woodclinching add extra strength and steady, sturdy service. In your choice of 5 Degrees: No. 1 Very Soft, No. 2 Medium, F Firm, No. 3 Hard, No. 4 Very Hard.

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EBERHARD
NEW YORK FABER TORONTO
Leadership
IN FINE WRITING MATERIALS SINCE 1849

Fine Feather

Continued from page 58

The clinching demonstration of Willie's crowd-pleasing style came on November 20th of last year, the night he lifted Wright's title. Prior to that fight, Willie had appeared at Madison Square Garden in less than nine rounds, all in preliminaries. But the championship match established an all-time indoor featherweight record for attendance and receipts. A thumping crowd of 19,521 paid $71,868 to see Willie's coronation.

Pep is the most appropriately named fighter in the business. He commences pounding and persecuting the other guy with the opening bell and he does not cease and desist until the gong bangs again. Unlike most perpetual-motion punchers, he does not flail aimlessly. Willie is a boxer rather than a mauler; he sternly eschews clinches and improvised waltz steps.

Prefers to Box

He specializes in speed, sharp hitting and slick maneuvering and, despite his inexperience, there isn't a cooler operator in circulation today. He has knocked out more than a third of his opponents—a nice batting average for a featherweight—but he is candid in confessing he prefers to win with his noodle, not his muscle.

"I'd rather outbox a feller than knock him out," he admits. "It's safer and cleaner that way. What's the use of kidding myself? I don't like to get hit or hurt, and anybody who does is punchy before a glove is laid on him."

Pound for pound, Willie probably is the best free-style eater in America. He's not spectacular, but he's steady. He never has been known to refuse an invitation to pull up a chair and he doesn't ask questions about the menu. Anything that is put in front of him is for Willie, and if beer goes with it, so much the better.

The boy's enormous appetite is a standing joke among the members of his entourage and he is encouraged in his labor of love by Bill Gore, his trainer. Since Willie never has had trouble making 126 pounds (he can take off five pounds in a week without weakening himself) Gore even approves of the beer he laps up. The Champ, Gore reasons, still is an adolescent and has to keep up his strength, but in rival camps there is a suspicion that Willie has no greater need for more muscle than a Flying Fortress has for another cannon. At that, the eating gag may be just a sly stratagem to keep Willie in one place for five consecutive minutes.

Folks who have spent an hour with the Pep kid have been known to go away with all the symptoms of the leaping fidgets and the screaming meemies. Willie always is rushing somewhere, and when he arrives, he immediately forgets the necessity for the haste and dashes off again.

Despite his extreme nervousness, Willie is surprisingly calm in the ring. When Willie was training for Wright he was stopped by every other citizen on the streets of Hartford and exhorted to bring back the title and their two-buck bets, but Willie never mentioned the champion's name once.

"Do you know who you're fighting?" Gore finally screamed in exasperation. "Say you're going to knock his brains out. Say something. It ain't natural to clam up like this!"

In plotting the plan of action to be used against Wright, Viscusi (his manager) and Gore tore up the script the heir apparent to the crown knew so well. Willie's natural style features aggressiveness, carrying the fight to the enemy. The brain trust decided that such tactics against Wright, the veteran of more than 300 fights and the possessor of a right hand with the impact of a Missouri mule's hind leg, would lead Willie to frustration and quick unconsciousness.

They told their boy he would have to do everything backward, literally. Instead of rushing Wright, he was ordered to back-pedal all night, pile up points with his left jab and, for heaven's sake, don't let the guy get set to throw that right hand. Gore had a big sign, "Don't Lose Your Head," put over the ring in the old Charter Oak gym on Main Street and gravely assured Willie that it was not a mere figure of speech.

Came the night of the fight, and Willie once more was admonished to do good and follow instructions. That he did. He retreated rapidly and resolutely, like the Italian infantry. In common with most good fighters, Willie lashes back furiously when he is tagged with a hard punch, but not this night.

He jabbed Wright's face full of holes, made him miss with that murderous right hand from here to Easter, and practically feinted the smart old gent out of the building when he had Willie trapped in a corner and ripe to be nailed with Chalky's hand grenade.

Willie hated the strategy mapped out by his handlers. He wanted to make his usual, aggressive fight, but he obeyed orders without question until the end of the twelfth round. He looked up from his stool at Gore and asked wistfully, "Can I punch him now?"

Gore, who knew his boy was so far ahead on points that Wright could win only by a knockout, promised Willie he would be crowned with the water bucket if he deviated from the prearranged plan. It was not, frankly, a thrilling fight, but it was an impressive exhibition of a twenty-year-old boy's adaptability and intelligence.

Willie loathes the drudgery of training; he protested bitterly when Nat Rogers, Mike Jacobs' matchmaker, told him he would have to put in two and a half weeks of gym work preparing for Wright. Yet he trains faithfully and enthusiastically. He does six miles of road work every morning and frequently wants to go farther—to whip up an appetite, no doubt.

Three weeks after he won the title, Willie married Miss Mary Woodcock, of Hartford, in the culmination of what must have been the strangest courtship in New England since Miles Standish's. Nobody could figure out when Willie popped the question because he was a scarce swain who was home every night at nine o'clock and asleep by eleven. On one occasion he was afraid Gore would disown him when he stayed out until ten-thirty. He was caught in a blackout.

After the ceremony, the happy couple headed South to spend the honeymoon at Tampa with Manager Viscusi. At Washington, Willie kissed his bride tenderly and departed long enough to knock out Joe Torres for his fifty-fifth straight triumph, then resumed the journey. A conscientious youth, as you can see.

Another humble kid who has had Willie's spectacular success would get a rush of self-esteem to the head, but not our Willie. He is a restrained, polite youth; he always addressed Bill Lee, sports editor of the Hartford Courant and his most ardent booster, as "Mister" until Lee asked him kindly to drop it.

"Now that you're the champ," Lee suggested, "I think it would be a nice touch if you called me Bill. More democratic, you know."

Willie has not been drafted because he is the sole support of his mother, his father (an invalid), his sister Frances, fourteen, and his brother Nick, six.

Willie recalls being taken by Papa to see his *paesáno*, Primo Carnera, in an exhibition bout in 1930, and watching Battalino in training, but as far as he knows, he didn't give a thought to anything but pleasure fighting until an utter stranger stopped him in an impromptu street brawl one day.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," the man said severely. "You're a sucker. Why fight on the street for free when you can get eight dollars for the same thing in the gym?"

Willie pondered the advice and decided to look into the situation, since eight dollars was not a trifling sum in the Papaleo household. Willie entered a bootleg amateur tournament at Danbury when he was fifteen and proceeded to win nineteen fights in a row before losing to one Angelo Radano. Willie then weighed 109 pounds and had to give away eight to fifteen pounds to most of the boys he met. He put together another streak of nineteen straight, dropped a decision to Ray Robinson, then lost his third and last amateur decision to Earl Roys in the final round of the Connecticut Flyweight Championship in 1937, but won it the following year.

The Golden-Boy Touch

Having quit Hartford High School when he was sixteen, Willie was working for the Hoffman Wallpaper Company and was getting $13 a week as a stock boy. He was making $20 a week two years later, but by that time, he had turned pro and he gave up the job to go after the folding money.

There was the golden-boy touch to Willie's work in his first professional start against Joey Marcus at Hartford on July 25, 1940. The wonder child really began to come on early in '42 when Gore, who had owned a gym in Miami, came north to take charge of the kid's training. One glance told Gore that Willie knew everything about the fine science of modified murder, but he had to be built up physically to improve his punch and his stamina.

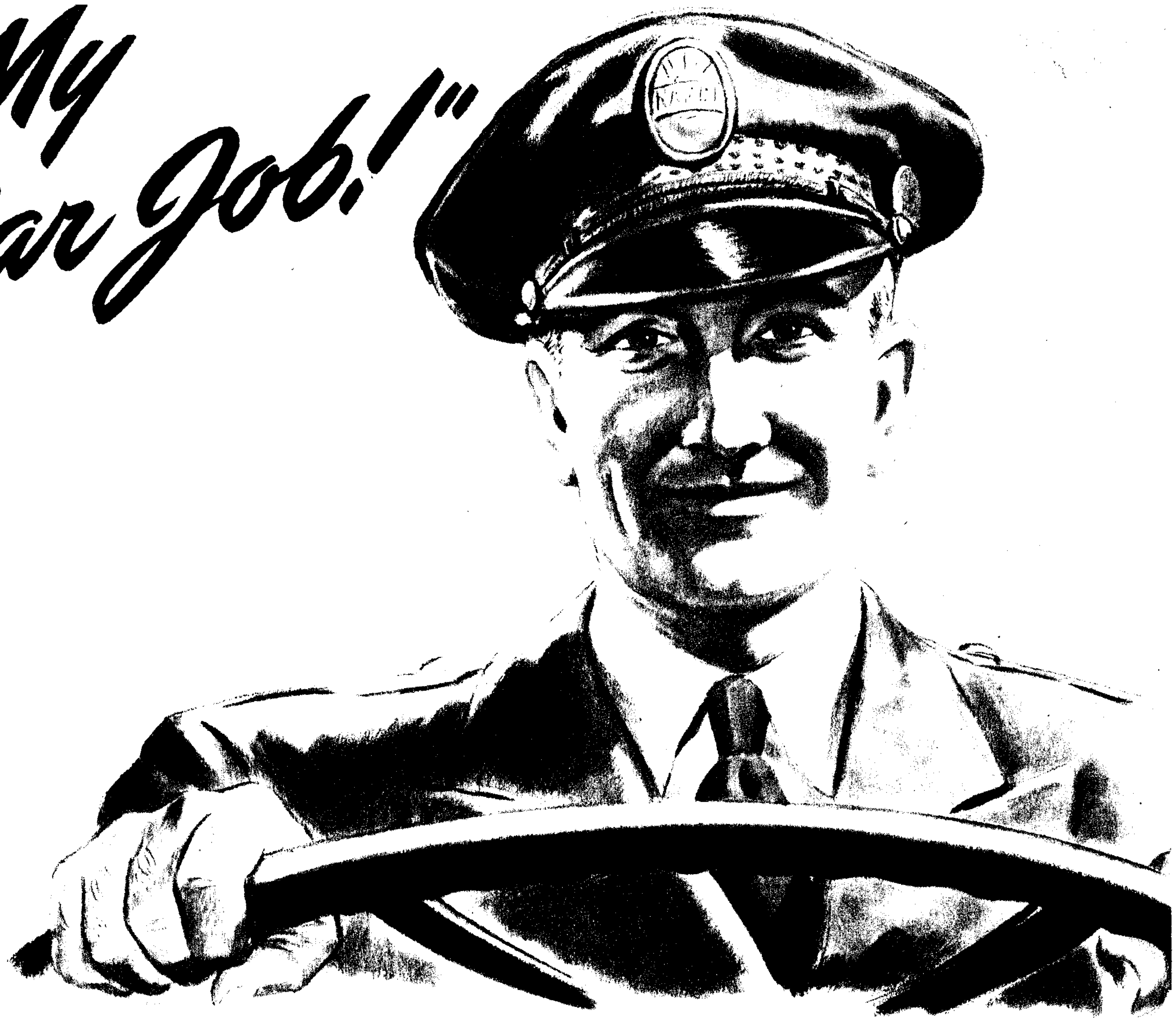
The turning point in Willie's career came on September 1st when he knocked out Bobby "Poison" Ivy at Hartford. Ivy, another local product, had been the people's choice and was in direct line for a shot at Wright's title until he made the mistake of trying contusions with Willie. Nine days later Willie put the chill on Frank Franconeri in one round in the Garden and thereafter the championship was just a matter of time and getting Wright inside the same ring.

Like Henry Armstrong and Tony Canzoneri, the best of the recent featherweights who preceded him, Willie will outgrow the division within a year and go after the lightweight crown. In pursuance of this ambition, he extended his winning streak to 59 straight on the night of January 29th by belting Allie Stolz, a strong contender in the lightweight class, all over the Madison Square Garden ring to win a nontitle ten-round bout.

THE END

MOVING MANPOWER

"that's My War Job!"



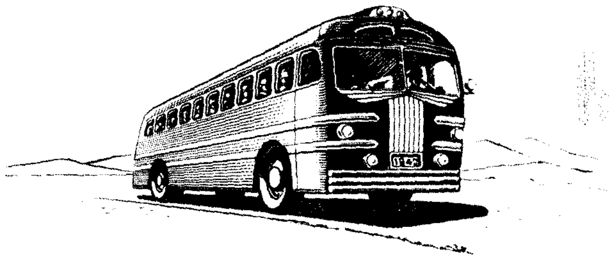
"It takes manpower to MOVE manpower. *And as one of the thousands of intercity bus drivers, I'm doing just that! I go where highways go to get you to your job of making guns, planes, tanks, ships. If you're a farmer, you can count on me for those "must" trips to town. If you are a selectee, I'll carry you to your induction center. If you are in the armed forces, you'll ride with me often. I'm in this war with all the skill I've got—proud that my specialty is moving manpower along the highways to Victory!"*

Intercity bus lines were born in peacetime to carry you, your family and friends along scenic highways—to any spot you had your mind set to go. *Today these highways have gone to war.* And over them the bus lines are moving mass manpower in the same smooth, friendly, dependable way.

Supplying a flexible service that cannot be duplicated, the bus lines are fulfilling the needs of your community and your nation at the incredible rate of 750 million passengers per year —*a volume of manpower vital to the winning of the war.*

This flow of manpower must not be slackened! *Bus transportation must be kept strong and equal to its tasks.* And the bus lines are doing their part by maintenance and operating miracles that save tons of rubber, fuel and steel—by expert dispatching that keeps buses working at top efficiency along 330,000 miles of highways.

With all their experience, skilled personnel, and equipment, the bus lines are concentrating on their wartime job—the job of serving the nation by serving *you.* With passengers and the bus lines working together, this job will continue to be done in a way that *keeps the highways at work for Victory!*



MOTOR BUS LINES OF AMERICA

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MOTOR BUS OPERATORS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

DON'T KILL IT—
FILL IT!

That handsome contraption tucked away in your desk drawer—which you habitually dip in an inkwell when you want to write—is a *fountain* pen!

"Then," says you, "why on earth doesn't it *act* like one?"

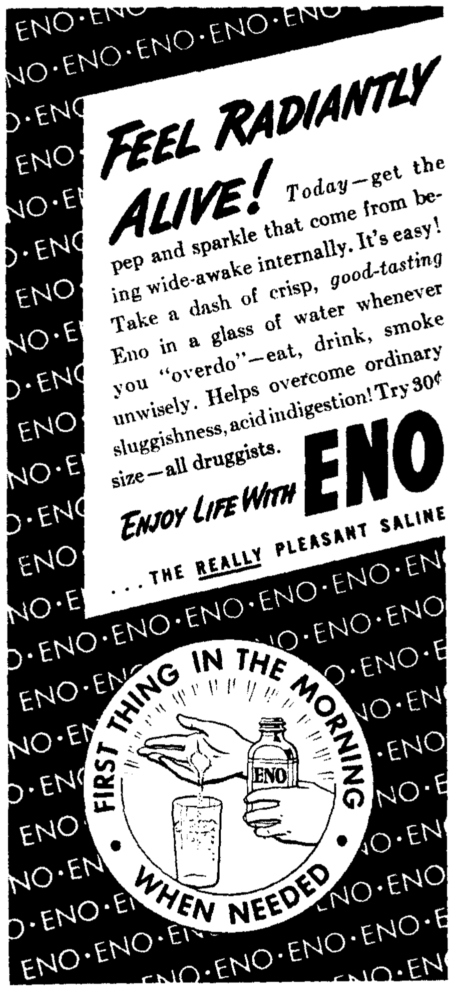
It will if you give it a break and *fill it properly*. Then, dollars to doughnuts it will put your thoughts on paper as smoothly and sweetly as it did the first few months you owned it. *Strange as it seems—*

ONLY ONE PERSON IN 5,000 KNOWS HOW TO FILL ANY FOUNTAIN PEN PROPERLY!

An Inkograph Pencil Pointed Pen will give perfect satisfaction and maximum service for many years, equal to what you would expect from the highest priced fountain pen—*provided you fill it properly*. If you haven't our instruction sheet, explaining the correct filling and care of an Inkograph, *send us a three cent stamped and self-addressed envelope*, and we'll mail you one.

DeLuxe Model **INK-O-GRAPH $2**
Inkograph Co., Inc., 100 Hudson St., N. Y. C.

America Reads 188,000,000 Magazines a Month



FEEL RADIANTLY ALIVE! *Today*—get the pep and sparkle that come from being wide-awake internally. It's easy! Take a dash of crisp, *good-tasting* Eno in a glass of water whenever you "overdo"—eat, drink, smoke unwisely. Helps overcome ordinary sluggishness, acid indigestion! Try 30¢ size—all druggists.

ENJOY LIFE WITH ENO
. . . THE REALLY PLEASANT SALINE

ENO·ENO·ENO·ENO
FIRST THING IN THE MORNING • WHEN NEEDED
ENO

War Frauds Must Be Punished, Now

Continued from page 15

He had been in the Department of Justice five years, with some fine work to his credit in a governmental delousing operation in New Orleans, later as head of the San Francisco regional office of the Antitrust Division, and recently in the handling of the Japanese problem on the West Coast.

I told Clark to go to it. It didn't matter where the trail might lead—to the executive offices of corporations, to headquarters of labor unions, to individuals, little business, government inspectors or procurement agencies—in any case, to follow through, make public the essential facts, in so far as they provide no information of a military value to the enemy, and to see to it that guilty parties get what they deserve.

Clark and his staff went at it. By that time, sufficient information had been furnished by the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the Army and Navy Intelligence offices to suggest a number of prosecutions, and there were leads on others then being developed. The lawyers of the War Frauds Unit were to analyze this material, prepare the prosecution of those cases in which it was decided that the government should act, present them to the grand juries and finally try them.

Short-Changing the Government

In May of 1942, a series of grand jury hearings in several large cities was begun. Cases presented involved faulty materials, supplies and workmanship which had resulted in defective products for delivery to the government in its prosecution of the war, charges of conspiracy to increase the cost of plants for the manufacture of war materials, and practices increasing the cost of food and supplies for the Army and Navy.

With the needs of a modern armed force about as diversified as the items in a mail-order catalogue, the allegations of fraud have covered a wide range. They run from bullets to blueprints. A firm in New Jersey is accused of short-weighing scrap metal at a federal arsenal and bribing an Army clerk to cover up the transaction.

In an indictment returned in Los Angeles, the head of an engineering firm is charged with padding costs in cost-plus contracts with the Navy to the tune of $200,000. And a dozen persons engaged in the construction of two air-training schools in Texas are named in an indictment of fraud involving secret rebates or kickbacks among themselves, and false claims against the government.

The falsification of costs and the kick-back (that is, payment exacted by a prime contractor of a subcontractor, or by an employer of his workers, or by a union of its members) are two of the commonest kinds of fraud found in war business. Another is collusive bidding.

In one case of this kind, three firms are accused of a conspiracy in the sale of office supplies to an Illinois ordnance plant, two having submitted bids at very high prices in order to convince the contracting officer that the bidding was really competitive—all by prearrangement among the three. According to the indictment in another case, from December, 1940, through August, 1941, a group of subcontractors in the construction of warships at Philadelphia obtained hundreds of thousands of dollars of business through fictitious bidding.

The complaints—and a complaint, of course, is not an indictment—come from many sources, including the general public. Upon examination, a large number of them fall down; that is, they are found to contain no valid ground for prosecution as war frauds and are either dropped or referred to other federal agencies. More than a thousand complaints have been received by the War Frauds Unit. To date it has investigated about three fourths of these. Here, in brief, is the score as it stands at this writing:

More than forty cases have reached the stage of formal action. The government contracts involved in these proceedings aggregate about $180,000,000. How much of this is overpayment and how much is recoverable are questions the courts must decide. Indictments have been returned against more than a hundred individuals and a score of firms. Complaints have been filed with United States Commissioners against 30 other individuals; and indictments have been voted but not yet returned in three cases involving eight persons.

"Leads," or original complaints, come from all parts of the country where war business is negotiated, bunching in the big industrial centers. The cases in which we have decided to take action follow pretty much the same pattern, with twelve in the Middle Atlantic industrial area, four in Texas, four in California, three in New England, two in Michigan.

The most important cases—those involving the largest sums and also those in which some of the most reprehensible acts are charged—have not yet reached the trial stage. In one of these, now indicted, it is alleged that the defendant corporation and certain of its employees used a gadget known as a "button box" hidden beneath a table on which its product was *electrically* tested. By this device, defective or substandard material could be made to appear to meet the tests required by the Armed Forces.

This company has contracts with the Army and Navy for more than $6,000,000 worth of material, for use under combat conditions. Upon the performance of its product, the outcome of battles and the lives of American soldiers might have depended. According to the indictment, representatives of the manufacturers knew their product was not good enough to meet certain resistance standards, yet deliberately passed it off on the Army by means of the under-the-table device.

The alertness of the federal inspectors and the promptness with which the case was handled prevented large quantities of defective material from being sent for use by our troops overseas.

Another major case involves a manufacturer of explosives, a company holding in excess of $20,000,000 in war contracts. Management irregularities involving more than a million dollars and flagrant bribing of government inspectors are charged. When this scandal broke last October, the situation was found by the War Frauds Unit and the Navy Department to be so serious that it was concluded that the Navy should take over operation of the plant. Officials of the company and a number of inspectors are now facing prosecution.

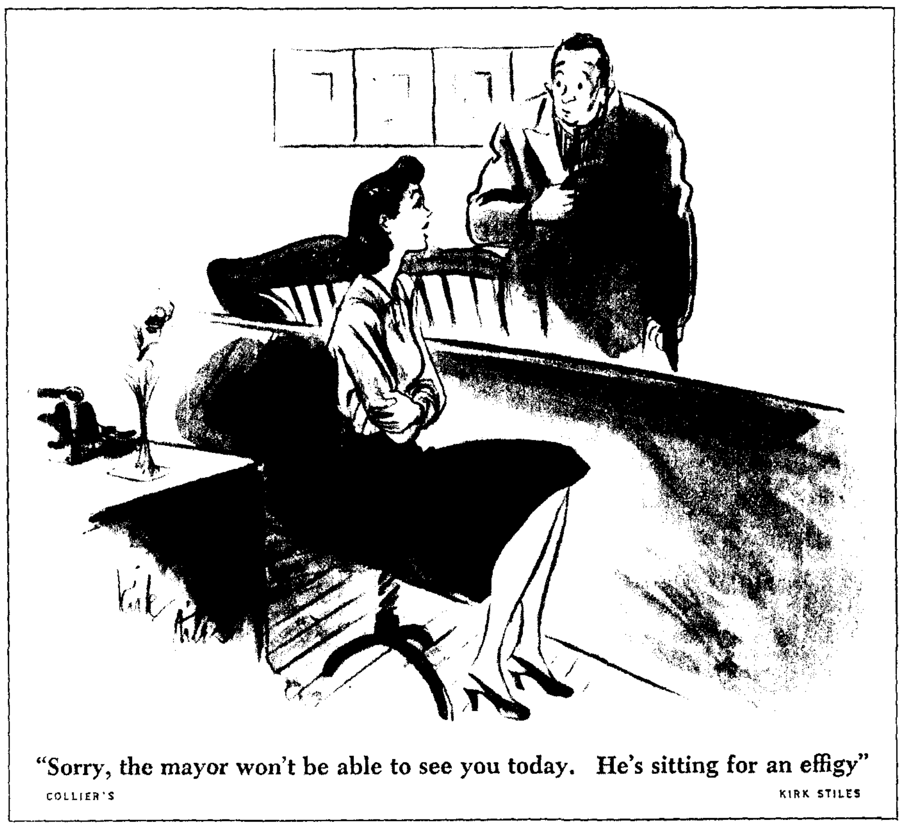
Gambling with Soldiers' Lives

In another city, an inspection supervisor and his assistant at an ordnance plant were indicted last December on a series of charges, the worst of which was causing defective ammunition to be approved and certified as of high quality. The purchases called for in these contracts totaled $55,000,000, which gives an idea of the enormous amounts of imperfect munitions which would have been palmed off on our fighting men had the conspiracy gone undetected.

Other substantial cases are already in the mill. The War Frauds Unit is preparing them, and the findings will become known to the public as soon as indictments are returned.

I wish to give the people of America this assurance: Whenever and wherever these dollar-saboteurs are caught, the United States government will go after them with all the resources at its command. Names will mean nothing, once such a stain appears on them. The names that carry the weight in America today are the names of men who carry guns for America.

THE END



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Five Who Vanished

Continued from page 40

calm, imperious way. "I want this man put off this island. He is desperate and dangerous. He *will* kill both of us."

Colton Grazzard turned his head and stared at his sister.

"I don't believe it," he said in his shaking voice. "You shot me. If he hadn't got that gun away from you, you'd have shot me again. You came here to kill me."

Bertha Grazzard was slowly nodding, confirming it. "I will explain everything, Colton," she said firmly. "But this is a family matter. This man is an outsider. Get him off the island and I will explain everything to you."

Jason, glancing at her brother, saw that he was so accustomed to her domination that he was helpless. His thin brown face had gone slack. He was staring at her with an expression that was plaintive and hopeless and bewildered.

"But you shot me, Bertha," he quavered. "You tried to kill me."

"Yes," she said, "since you force me to admit it—I tried to kill you, Colton. I thought it was necessary—to save the honor of the family. I was afraid you would talk."

HE WAS staring at her with fear and hatred. "But, Bertha," he protested in a quavering voice, "I've promised you so often I'd never talk."

"I was afraid you might," she said calmly.

"But I promised you again and again I wouldn't!" he said shakily. "So why did you come here to kill me?"

"She answered you," Jason said gently. "She has got herself into a hopeless mess. She was afraid you lacked the courage to back her up any longer. And I'm here, Mr. Grazzard, to try to prove to you that you cannot back her up any longer."

Colton Grazzard stared at him with that same helpless, frightened expression. "Who are you?" he whispered.

"Clark Amboy's son—Jason."

"Colton," Mrs. Grazzard said hurriedly, "I want you to listen to me. I want you to pay the closest attention to me. *I* did not shoot you. Do you understand? I hear people coming. They came in that boat. It was this man who shot you. I will see that Annah does not talk. For the honor of the family—for my sake and your own, Colton—you will say that. It was this man, not I, who tried to kill you. If you stick to that story, I will never try to kill you again. Do you understand, Colton?"

"If you stick to that story, Uncle Colton," Jason said gently, "you will fetch up on the end of a rope. The jig is up for her, believe me."

He heard voices on the *lanai.*

A screen door hinge squeaked. Three faces were grouped in the doorway. The first was Lorrin's. He was pale and his eyes were narrowed and menacing. Behind him were the white, frightened faces of Luana and Natalie Mace.

Luana cried, "Jason!" in a voice of relief.

Natalie looked quickly about the room. "Jason! Where's Channing?"

"Ask Aunt Bertha." Jason hoped that Lorrin was unarmed. The situation might readily become messy if he had a gun.

Luana, Lorrin and Natalie had evidently come in the power boat, which he had guessed was a Coast Guard or Naval Patrol. Jason wondered where, if that was the case, her crew was. At this moment, the one thing he did not want was official interference.

"What's going on here?" Lorrin said in a heavy voice.

"This man," his mother answered, "just attempted to kill your uncle. I arrived only in time to prevent it."

"Stay where you are, all of you," Jason said. "Lorrin, put your hands on the back of that chair. This revolver is loaded. I don't want to use it, but I won't hesitate to if it's necessary.

"Aunt Bertha has just accused me of trying to kill Uncle Colton. She has just instructed him to say that I tried to kill him. Before I'm through I'm quite sure Uncle Colton will confirm what I say—that it was she, not I, who tried to kill him. She has just said she had to kill him to prevent his talking—to save the family honor. And I've just said that he will talk—or else."

Lorrin was glaring at him. "You lying blackmailer!"

"I'll take that up in a moment," said Jason. "Aunt Bertha insists that this whole matter concerns the family honor. I agree with her to a point. And I'm willing to keep it a family matter if it's possible. I am going to make some very grave accusations. I am going to prove something to Uncle Colton that he already knows—that Aunt Bertha is a murderer many times over. Because I want him to talk—before witnesses."

JASON turned quickly to Uncle Colton. "Tell me when you were last in Burma! Just the year! Quick!"

"Colton!" Aunt Bertha said warningly.

Uncle Colton was gazing up at Jason in bewilderment. The question had caught him, Jason hoped, completely off guard.

"But I never was in Burma!" he gasped. Then, realizing that this might be a trap, he glanced anxiously at his sister.

Her lips were compressed. "Colton," she said firmly, "you were in Burma in 1916. Have you forgotten?"

"Too late," Jason said promptly. "He never was in Burma. I checked that in Honolulu, Aunt Bertha. At least, he wasn't in Burma from 1914 to 1920. He was either in Honolulu or Kokala. And that punctures the story that my brother and I have tried to blackmail you, Aunt Bertha, for a crime that Uncle Colton committed in Burma. You put that story into circulation for your own purposes—and you kept it in circulation. Did you know about that, Uncle Colton?"

"He has nothing to say," Aunt Bertha answered quickly. "I represent the family. I will do the talking for it."

"Uncle Colton?" Jason said.

Colton made a futile gesture with his hands. "I have nothing to say, young man. You heard my sister." Yet the glance he sent to her was, to Jason, a hopeful sign. It was full of hatred.

Natalie said firmly, "I want to know where my husband is."

"Ask Aunt Bertha," Jason told her.

"Aunt Bertha, where is Channing?"

"I do not know, Natalie."

"Lorrin," Jason said, "put your hands back on that chair."

"Amboy," Lorrin said, "you must be utterly insane. We know you're a blackmailer. We know you won't hesitate at murder. But what do you expect to gain by this?"

"Someone tried to kill me tonight," Jason answered. "Someone came into my *lanai* at two-forty this morning, intending to kill me—with this."

He took the gold pencil out of his pocket. Bertha Grazzard stared at it.

Jason held up the pencil. He depressed the sapphire. The slender, fluted blade shot out and locked.

Natalie gasped, "It's her pencil! It's a dagger!"

"It is not my pencil," Aunt Bertha said firmly. "I warned all of you. This n is very *akamai.*"

"But it is your pencil," Luana said v equal firmness. "I've seen you wear it a thousand times."

"It may resemble it, but it is not mir Aunt Bertha stated.

"You killed my brother with this gc mounted ice pick," Jason went on ste ily. "You killed Winfield Grazzard w it. When you came creeping into *lanai* this morning, assuming I asleep—"

"Amboy!" Lorrin said threatenin

"Let him finish!" Luana cried.

Aunt Bertha was looking uneasily the pencil. "He is lying, Lorrin," said. "The things he is saying are p posterous and outrageous."

"Don't move, Lorrin," Jason s quickly. "Very well, Aunt Bertha. wasn't you. It was a man that you se We all know this man. He was se leaving your *lanai,* after a conferer with you, and going to my bungalo An excellent witness saw him. This sa witness was present on my *lanai* wh this man attempted to kill me." paused. He said slowly, "Aunt Bert where is Channing Mace?"

"Jason!" Natalie cried.

"Yes, Natalie," he said gently, "I sorry. But it's true."

Aunt Bertha was staring at the stile in his hand, not at him. She was, he lieved, wholly absorbed in the gold pe cil. It was, possibly, a hopeful sig Possibly she did not know that Flack h been a stowaway on her sampan. was, Jason realized, a faint hope.

JASON tossed the pencil on a tab "Aunt Bertha, you took Channing in this conspiracy at the last minute—b cause you were afraid to tackle me alor You sent him into my bungalow to k me—but not with this pencil. You didi know he had your pencil. I'm afraid double-crossed you, Aunt Bertha. think he intended to leave it there if failed."

Aunt Bertha stared at him. "I ha no idea what's behind these outrageo lies you're telling," she said calmly, "bu I assure you, you will regret this, Jason

"Where is Channing?" Natalie crie "He went to her house. Where is he

"He did not come here with me," Au Bertha said firmly.

"That means he has vanished, then said Jason. "Who went aboard the san pan with you?"

"No one. I came alone!"

"But you and he passed within a fe feet of where Flack and I were sittin under the trees," Jason said. "I plain heard him say, 'You'll never have ar other chance at that fellow'—meanin me. And I plainly heard you say, 'Ye Come along. There is only one cours —meaning to murder your brother."

"Lorrin," Aunt Bertha said, "I canno I will not, stand any more of this."

"Weren't you there, Uncle Colton, Jason said quickly, "when she had tha famous quarrel with her husband?"

Uncle Colton stared at him. "That—that has nothing to do with this."

"Two days ago in the Honolulu court house," Jason quickly went on, "I ex amined a photostatic copy of Uncl Hiram's probated will." He drew a quic breath. "The testator's and the wit nesses' signatures are forgeries."

"Of course," Lorrin said heavily, "yo can prove that?"

"Experts can," said Jason steadily.

"What do you want, Amboy?" Lorri

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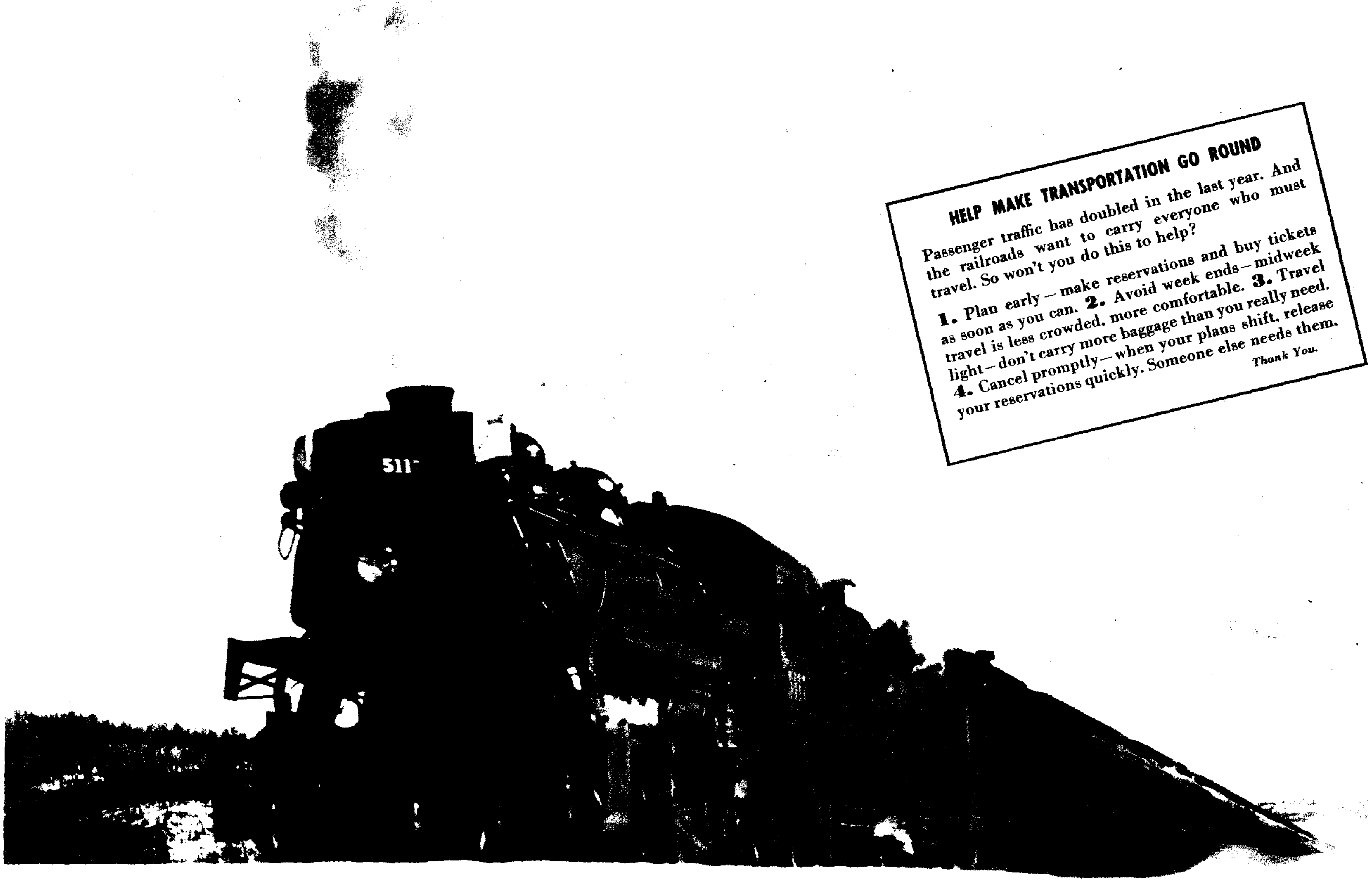

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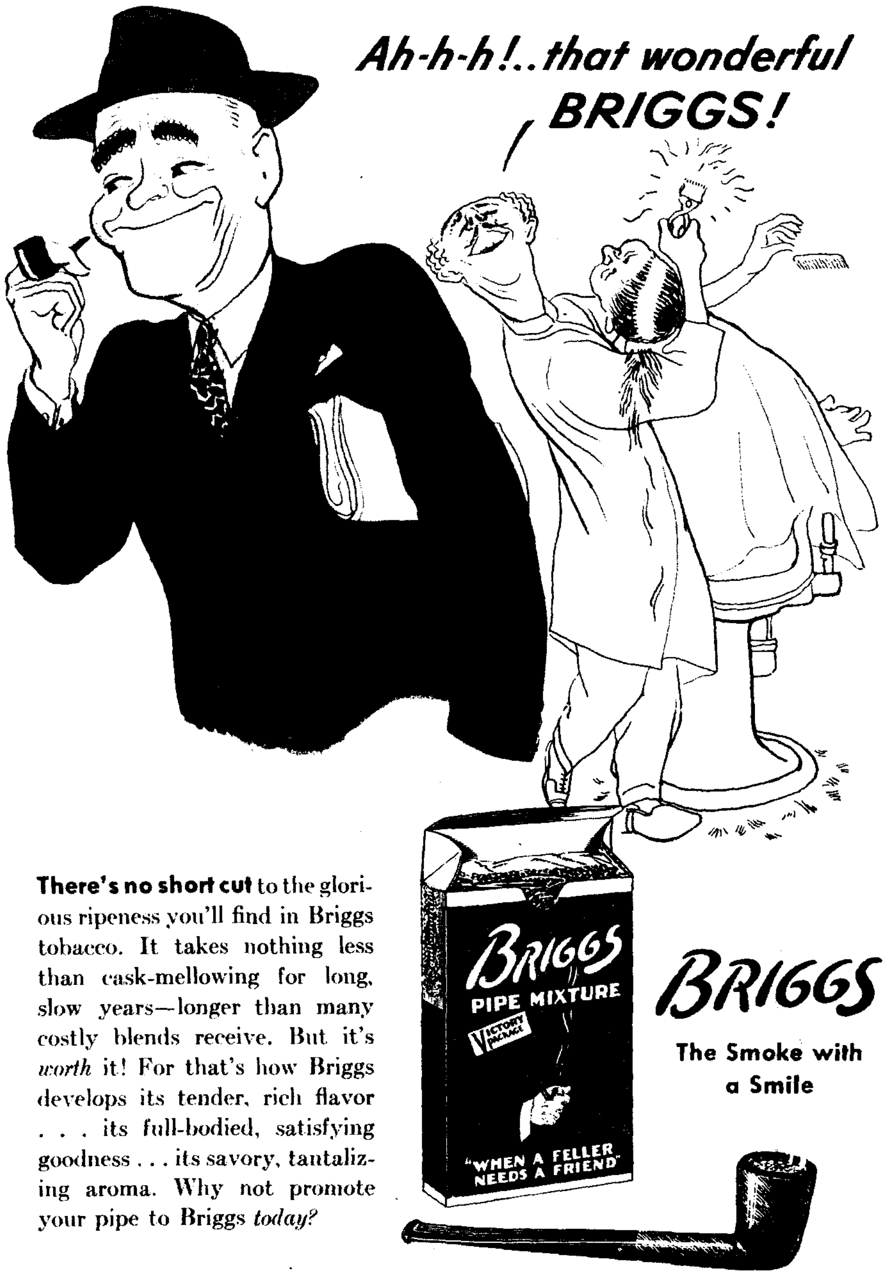
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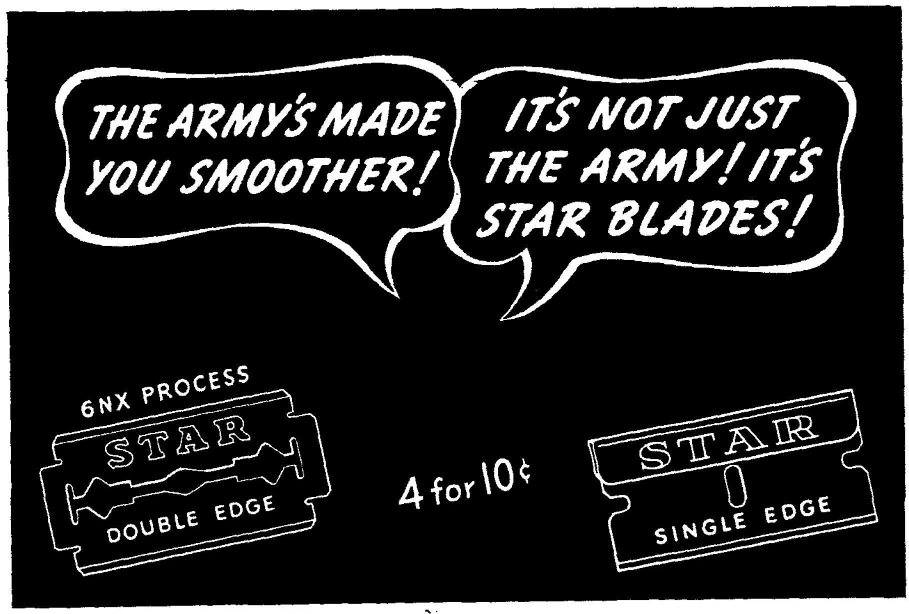
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asked. "Is this extortion? If it is, you're crazier than I think you are."

"Uncle Colton?" Jason said.

"Be careful, Colton," Aunt Bertha warned him. "This man is cleverly trying to build something up. He will try to lead you into some sort of trap."

"And it's too late to stop me," Jason said. "We can settle this here, now, or I can go back to Honolulu and have Hiram Grazzard's will inspected by experts. Uncle Colton, do you want to talk now?"

"You're doing the talking," Uncle Colton answered, and his voice was almost a jeer. He seemed to have himself rather well under control at last. "Go on, Amboy."

"But I don't want him to go on, Colton," his sister said firmly. "This is too much for you. That wound may give you a fever. You should be in bed."

"HERE," said Jason, "is a chronology of events that took place in the year 1921. On January fifteenth, Ezra Crumpton, the lawyer, drew Hiram Grazzard's will. Ezra Crumpton and his secretary, a young man named Peter Blissing, signed the will as witnesses. On February tenth, Ezra Crumpton died in Honolulu of pneumonia.

"On March third, Hiram Grazzard died following that famous quarrel with Aunt Bertha. You were there, Uncle Colton. You know what the quarrel was about. You know how furious she was when she learned the terms of his will. And you know how he died."

"It was a heart attack," Uncle Colton said firmly.

"Was it? Or was it a native poison she put into his drink?"

"No!" Uncle Colton said shrilly.

"A poison that killed swiftly," Jason went on. "And when Dr. Hustings, the Kokala company doctor, was called—she told him it was a heart attack. Did Dr. Hustings examine the body for poisoning—or was Hiram Grazzard buried without—"

Aunt Bertha started out of her chair. "Make this man stop saying these horrible things!" she cried. "You men have somehow got to stop him! I can't stand it! Lorrin!"

"Be patient, Aunt Bertha," Natalie said. "He can't go on forever."

"For who," Jason broke into the babble, "would question the word of Mrs. Hiram Grazzard—Queen Bertha? And you were there, Uncle Colton—on March eighth—five days after Hiram Grazzard's murder—Luana's father and mother, who were also in the house at the time of the quarrel, set out from Kokala Bay for Hilo in their outrigger sailing canoe. They were drowned that day or the next—somewhere in Kaieiewaho Channel."

"Jason—" Luana began.

"I did some checking on that, too, Luana. According to the Honolulu weather bureau, there was no bad weather on either of those days. Your father was an expert sailor. His disappearance at that time was, to say the least, extremely mysterious."

"Jason!" Luana cried. "Do you realize what you're saying?"

"I'm saying that your father and mother disappeared altogether too conveniently." Jason was watching Uncle Colton. He had seen Uncle Colton's eyes flutter, and Uncle Colton was now staring at the floor and gripping the arms of his chair. "Do you want to talk now, Uncle Colton?"

"No," said Uncle Colton, but his voice no longer resembled a jeer.

Jason looked at him thoughtfully. His throat was growing tired. He had thought he was making very little headway with Uncle Colton, until he had mentioned Luana's father and moth

But where was Flack?

"On March eleventh," Jason conti ued, "three days after their disappea ance, the forged will of Uncle Hiram w probated. On March twelfth, Pet Blissing—the lawyer's secretary and t only surviving signatory witness—le Honolulu on the Union Line steam Ventura for Australia and has not be heard from since."

"Amboy," Lorrin broke in, "y aren't even being *akamai* now. You babbling. Your scheme is as full of bu as your engine is. Last night, my moth settled with you for one hundred and te thousand dollars. Isn't that enough?"

"On March seventeenth," Jason we on, "you came to this island, Uncle Co ton, and you haven't left it since. You had what you wanted—solitude an books. That was your price, wasn't it— *to be let alone?*"

"I will listen to no more," Aunt Berth said decisively. She gripped the arms her chair.

"Aunt Bertha—please don't move, Jason said. "I've almost finished." H returned his attention to her brother. " claim, Uncle Colton, that this woma after poisoning her husband, drew u this new will and traced the signatures Uncle Hiram and the two witnesses, the bribed Peter Blissing, who was the onl man living except you who knew th terms of the original will, to leave th islands. Peter Blissing went to Burma. claim that, in an attempt at protectin herself from discovery, she has—if Channing Mace can't be produced—caused at one time or another, five people t vanish!"

Uncle Colton had, all this time, bee staring at the floor. His right shoulde was lower. Now he looked up.

"You can't prove a word you're saying!" he said defiantly.

"All I have to prove," Jason said, "i that the will now on file is a forgery."

"In other words," Lorrin said, "yo can't prove anything."

"My brother Wayne," Jason went on still addressing Uncle Colton, "and you cousin Winfield spent years in Burma trying to track down Peter Blissing. The knew all that I know—possibly more. Aunt Bertha, you told me my brothe was alive—a prisoner on this island. Where is he?"

"Your brother," Lorrin said, "is on this island. We will produce him in due course."

JASON gazed at him. "Lorrin," he said, "you are terrific. You are simply terrific. Uncle Colton, wasn't my brother here about two months ago?"

"Was he?" Lorrin said angrily. "Can you—"

"You said my cousin Winfield was dead," Uncle Colton suddenly interrupted.

"He was lying," Aunt Bertha said firmly.

"He was a stowaway in my cabin on the Tasmania," Jason said.

Uncle Colton was staring at him. "Did Winfield tell you any of the ridiculous things you're saying?"

"Inadvertently—yes. He gave me a phony name and a phony story. Because he didn't trust me; he didn't know where I stood. Mrs. Grazzard got into my stateroom and stabbed him with this thing and pushed him out the porthole, just as she got into my brother's bungalow in Kokala, stabbed him to death, got him somehow aboard her sampan—and dumped him into the sea."

Uncle Colton was bending forward, with his right shoulder well down.

"Colton," his sister said warningly, "remember what I said."

"But I want to know what he means. He says Winfield is dead? He says Winfield inadvertently told him things."

Jason took out of his pocket the slip of yellow paper which Roth, the room steward, had given him the morning following the stowaway's disappearance.

"Here," he said, "are some notes he was making shortly before she murdered him." He gave the yellow slip to Uncle Colton, who held it in trembling hands and stared at it.

"He made a list of the initials of all of us who are directly involved in this," Jason explained. "He was speculating about some of us, and he knew a great deal about the rest of us. You'll notice after my brother's and my initials a question mark. He didn't know where we stood. He could not have worked with my brother in Burma, trying to track down Peter Blissing, or he would have trusted me. He worked alone. He didn't even know my brother was dead."

"WHAT do the initials VA and IC stand for?" Uncle Colton asked.

"That," Jason answered, "is very interesting. Winfield Grazzard was an ordnance inspector in a certain steel plant. The initials IC and VA are stamped on all inspected equipment. You'll notice IC after the initials of Aunt Bertha, Lorrin and Mr. Mace. And you'll notice VA after Luana's and Natalie's initials. IC means 'inspected and condemned' and VA means 'viewed and approved.' I heartily agree with him."

"But what have these two young ladies to do with this?"

"Nothing," Jason answered. "He was speculating. But his comments on the other initials are very significant."

Aunt Bertha was stirring restlessly. "Let me see that," she said imperiously.

"In a moment," Jason said. "You'll notice, Uncle Colton, that there's no line drawn through my mother's and father's initials. They died naturally. But there is a line through the initials of Hiram Grazzard, Bruce Topping and Caroline Topping. He had somehow learned that those three were murdered. The dotted line through my initials is pretty obvious. I was next—because I, too, was learning too much. The only missing initials are his and yours."

Lorrin's face was gray and wet, and his eyes were black. "Have you finished?" he said.

"Almost," Jason said. "Will you talk now, Uncle Colton?"

Uncle Colton licked his lips. "No," he said. "You haven't proved a thing."

The screen door hinge squeaked again. Jason glanced at it. A short, bandy-legged man in bedraggled dungarees stood in the doorway. His thin black hair was plastered to his scalp. Water ran in trickles down his face. His shoes made a sucking sound with each step.

"At your service, sir," said Flack. "May I come in?"

There was a tall dark-faced young man behind Flack. He wore the khaki uniform of a Coast Guard officer. He looked about the room, then he turned and walked away. He looked grim and purposeful. Jason suspected that he wanted Singapore Sam Shay.

Natalie sprang up. "Flack!" she cried. "Oh, Flack!"

"Where," Luana cried, "have you been, Flack?"

"On Mrs. Grazzard's sampan," Flack answered. "It got away, Miss Topping. It drifted out to sea. And I regret very much to admit that I cannot swim a stroke. And I could not start the engine. Singapore Sam, who eventually rescued me, discovered that Mrs. Grazzard uses a secret starting switch. He is at present—"

"Where is my husband?" Natalie stopped him.

Flack gazed at her sadly. "I am very, very sorry to have to tell you, Mrs. Mace—he is dead."

Natalie sat down slowly with her hands to her mouth.

Flack glanced at Jason. "Shall I talk, sir?"

"By all means, Flack!"

"Lorrin!" Aunt Bertha cried. "Stop that man!"

"Don't move," Jason said grimly. "Go on, Flack."

"Yes, sir. When I left you, I stowed away in the bows of her sampan just after she and Mr. Mace went aboard aft. They were quarreling. Do you wish a verbatim report of the quarrel or just the gist?"

"For the present, just the gist."

"Yes, sir. He argued that she had gone too far. She accused him of bungling the job of killing you. He said he had had enough. She struck him, I believe, with a belaying pin. It was all very sudden. She pushed his body over the rail. She did not even slow the sampan down."

Aunt Bertha started up. Lorrin started around the chair.

"Both of you!" Jason snapped. "Don't move! Flack, I am trying to convince this gentleman that he should talk. I think he may be inclined to talk now. She tried to kill him tonight, too. This is Mr. Colton Grazzard, Flack. Will you bear me out that she instructed Mr. Mace to kill me tonight and that he attempted it?"

"Yes, Mr. Amboy, I will, of course."

"Will you talk now, Uncle Colton?" Jason said gently.

"Colton!" Aunt Bertha said heavily.

"It's no use, Aunt Bertha," said Jason.

"No, it's no use, Bertha," Uncle Colton echoed him. He licked his lips. There was elation in his thin dark face—a curious gratification.

"Tell it in your way," Jason encouraged him.

"Colton," Queen Bertha said, "I have warned you—"

"No, Bertha. I'm going to talk. I'm sick of it. I'm sick of you. All my life you've bossed me. You're a greedy, ruthless, horrible woman, Bertha! I hate you and I'm going to talk."

HIS sister was staring at him with blazing eyes. "You mean, you're going to destroy your own sister!"

"I'm so sick of all these horrible things you've done," Uncle Colton said. "You tried to kill me tonight. You killed this young woman's husband. You tried to kill this young man. You're a monster, Bertha. You'd kill your own son just as you killed your husband and Luana's father and mother and this boy's brother—if he stood in your way!"

"She didn't kill them!" Lorrin said savagely. "She didn't kill anybody! It's nothing but a scheme to extort money from us! It's a frame-up!"

"So help me, Lorrin," Jason said. "I'll shoot you if you take another step."

"Lorrin," Colton cried, "she killed your father! She told me so. She wasn't even ashamed of it. I saw her kill—"

"You're a liar!" Lorrin shouted.

"And this boy's brother—"

"Did you see that?"

"No, Lorrin. She told me about that, too. He had worked on this plantation for years. He insisted that she give him and this boy their share of the estate. He came here and I talked to him—down on the beach. I wouldn't let him land—but I talked to him. And I told her. She went back to Kokala and she went into the company bungalow where he lived. She stabbed him with that pencil dagger. She dragged his body into her car. She

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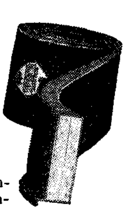

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"Old Town Canoes"

loaded him into her sampan. She took him out to sea, weighted him down and dumped him overboard."

"I don't believe it!" Lorrin gasped.

Jason was watching Bertha Grazzard's face. The dull amber eyes were almost closed. She turned and walked slowly to the end of the room.

"Let her go," Uncle Colton whispered.

She pushed open the screen door and walked out.

"I can't believe this," Lorrin said thickly.

Natalie glanced up at him. "I can," she said grimly.

"Lorrin," Uncle Colton said tremulously, "every word this young man has said is the truth. It's an awful mess. I don't know what we're going to do about it. Things have gone so far. Sit down, Lorrin—sit down. You look sick."

Lorrin was glaring. "You little rat!" he panted. "You squealing little rat! You got plenty out of it!"

"I'm sorry you feel this way," his uncle said sadly. "What I got out of it is all in this room. Books, Lorrin! Books and solitude. That was how she bribed me. She knew I wanted that more than anything in the world. And I've loved the solitude, and I've loved these simple, kindly people who live here. They're my kind. I wanted to get away from her. I've always hated her.

"I know how you feel, Lorrin. You hate me. But I was in the room the night she had that quarrel with your father. You've never seen her like that. He told her he felt the Grazzards had always been too greedy—he didn't believe a few people had the right to control so much land. Then he told her that, under the terms of his new will, she would get only half, that the other half would be distributed among Luana's parents and this boy's parents. There was a fifty-thousand-dollar bequest to our cousin Winfield. When he finished, she flew into this awful rage. She screamed and ranted at him."

Uncle Colton closed his eyes a moment. He said thinly, "She poisoned your father, Lorrin. She told me so. When Dr. Hustings came to make out the death certificate, she hardly let him see your father's body. Did Dr. Hustings tell you this, Amboy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he suspect poison?"

"He did after we'd talked about it most of this afternoon."

LORRIN dropped into a chair and pressed the heels of his hands against his temples. "I don't believe it."

"You might as well begin to believe it," his uncle said. "It's the truth. She killed Luana's father and mother because they'd heard that quarrel, too—and may have suspected the poisoning. According to her lights, she had to kill them before the will she forged was probated."

Lorrin muttered, "You're lying, you're lying."

"I was there when it happened, Lorrin. I did inadvertently just what this man Flack did deliberately tonight. I was a stowaway on her sampan when she rode them down. I'd been feeling horrible. I had got myself very drunk. I felt like drowning myself, and I wish now I had.

"I went aboard the sampan that night and fell asleep in the bows. When I woke up, it was early morning, and the sampan was at sea, almost out of sight of the land. I was too sick to stand up. I was on my knees at the rail when I saw the outrigger dead ahead.

"She ran that canoe down before I could say a word. I was too weak to move. She ran it down at full speed, and she ran back and forth over the spot until nothing was left but kindling."

Jason was watching Luana. When she swayed, he started toward her. Flack helped her into a chair. She put her face into her hands.

"She didn't know I was aboard until she heard me being sick at the rail," Uncle Colton went on. "Well," he said wearily, "I did what she told me to. Until tonight, I always did." He looked pityingly at Lorrin.

"The Grazzard women have always been ruthless and greedy and domineering, but she was the worst of them all. Lorrin," Uncle Colton said gently, "your mother is dead."

Lorrin sprang up. He stood with his feet planted apart, staring at his uncle.

"When she went out that door, I knew what she intended to do," the old man explained. "She threatened to do it if things ever went wrong for her. I am very sorry for you, Lorrin. You'll find her at the foot of the fire *pali.*"

JASON was finishing dressing when the tall, slim, black-mustached young man he had seen at Rodgers airport brandishing a brief case knocked at the *lanai* door. He still had the brief case in his hand.

He said briskly, "Mr. Amboy, my name in Carrington J. Hambledon." He spoke with a pronounced British accent. "I represent the British Aircraft Ministry."

"So you've heard that rumor, too," Jason said wryly.

"What rumor, Mr. Amboy?"

"That your government has bought my engine."

Mr. Hambledon's very British eyebrows went up. "But didn't you know, Mr. Amboy? The purchase has been authorized."

"Yes?" Jason whispered.

"Yes, Mr. Amboy. We have been testing the three engines we bought from you several months ago. We like them so much that we want to put the Amboy engine into immediate production for a new light pursuit ship—if we can agree on mutually satisfactory terms."

"Sit down, Mr. Hambledon," Jason said hoarsely. . . .

He had lunch with Natalie in her garden. She was pale, but she was composed and she showed no signs of tears.

"I suppose," she said, "it would be more becoming if I were in a slightly less philosophical mood. But, Jason, my emotional system is really bearing up rather well. Even when I learned definitely that Channing was dead—I was shocked only because he had died so unpleasantly. My only feeling is one of release."

"I think I understand," Jason said.

"Yes, I'm sure you do. You suspected all along that, underneath my bitterness, I was really in love with him. The curious thing is, I thought so myself. But I wasn't. It wasn't love. He held me with fear and hatred—and nothing else. He was always cruel and selfish and thoughtless. I can't even say honestly I'm sorry he's dead. All I wonder now is—just how guilty was he?"

"I think," Jason answered, "he wasn't really guilty—until last night—of anything but credulity. He believed what Queen Bertha told him about me—the blackmail story—and I think she worked him up to a pitch last night—so that he really wanted to beat my brains out with that club. And I think her real reason for killing him was that she told him too much. He certainly must have known that she intended to kill her brother."

"Do you think Lorrin knew?"

"He may have had his suspicions, but he was duped, too. What are your plans?"

Her blue eyes studied him. "Channing

EVERY WORD CONTAINS A HIDDEN STORY OF ITS ORIGIN

Alert!
Once meant
On the watch-tower!

ALERT, now meaning "air raid alarm!", comes from early French *à l'erte,* "on the watch." This, in turn, came from Italian *all'erta,* "on a watchtower or height." When the first field hospital was organized to follow an army, the French called it *hôpital ambulant,* "walking hospital," from the Latin *ambulare,* "to walk." Eventually *hôpital* was dropped and *ambulant* became *ambulance,* a vehicle for conveying casualties. *Sabotage,* now the malicious hindrance of production, comes from French *saboter,* "to work carelessly"—originally, "to tread with wooden shoes, or *sabots.*"

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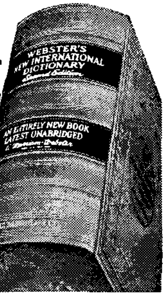
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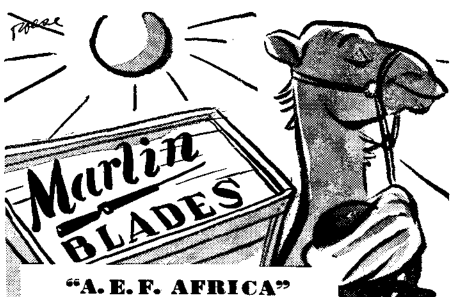

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left me very well provided for—inadvertently. I'm going back to the mainland. I'm going to open a hat shop with my young sister on Hollywood Boulevard. It's where I really belong—the street of lights, love and laughter."

"You sound just a little cynical," said Jason.

Her blue eyes glowed at him. "But eternally hopeful, my dear."

LORRIN came to Jason's bungalow late in the afternoon. His eyes had a haggard expression, and his mouth was drawn. But he had himself well in hand.

"Of course, Amboy," he said in his heavy way, "I am deeply shocked by what has happened."

"I understand," Jason said quickly. He appreciated how this proud young man must be suffering, and he felt very uncomfortable.

"I assure you," Lorrin went on, "I am most anxious to clear everything up and to see that a just distribution of the estate is made under the terms of my father's original will. As soon as Uncle Colton can leave the hospital, will it be satisfactory if we all meet at my lawyer's in Honolulu?"

"Quite satisfactory," said Jason.

Lorrin took a deep breath. His dark eyes seemed to smolder. "I'm sure you'll be interested to know, Amboy, that Luana and I have broken our engagement."

"I am very sorry—for you," said Jason. At the moment he was sure he had never felt so sorry for anyone.

FLACK left with Singapore Sam Shay on the afternoon plane for Honolulu. They had been at Coast Guard headquarters since their return from Kahuna Island, answering questions, trying to explain how a cargo of yeast, consigned to the Quartermaster Corps of the United States Army at Nawiliwili, Kauai, in a sampan captained by an expert small-boat navigator and escorted by a destroyer halfway across the Kaieiewaho Channel, had happened to arrive at Kahuna Island, approximately fifty miles off course.

The Coast Guard officer in command of the patrol boat in which Luana, Lorrin and Natalie had followed Bertha Grazzard to Kahuna, had placed Flack and Sam Shay under arrest. They were a pair of extremely suspicious characters, he asserted, and should be held for a thorough investigation.

The situation was saved by the arrival at Coast Guard Headquarters of a colonel of U. S. Engineers. After a short private talk with the suspects, he quickly convinced the commanding officer at Coast Guard Headquarters how urgently cherry-picker and cat-rig operators were needed on numerous big-scale defense projects—and the two crane operators were freed.

Jason and Luana took them to the airport in her roadster.

"Flack, before you go out of my life forever," said Jason, "will you please give me an honest answer to that question?"

"What question, sir?"

"Why did you send Sam Shay up to the paddle-tennis court that night to wallop me?"

Flack looked uneasy. He glanced unhappily at Luana. "Mr. Amboy, I may never see you or Miss Topping again. Can't we part friends?"

Luana was smiling mysteriously.

"We are parting friends," Jason said firmly.

"I'm not so sure we will if I answer that question. I want you to remember me pleasurably."

"I will, Flack. I will always think of you pleasurably."

Flack glanced inquiringly at Luana. "Miss Topping, shall I tell him?"

"By all means," Luana said. "A man always loves to hear about his weaknesses."

"My weaknesses?" said Jason suspiciously.

A glint came into Flack's eyes. "Very well, Mr. Amboy. Here it is: I was extremely resentful of the way you continually told me I was flying high, going off the deep end, and running wild. I felt that you richly deserved that wallop. I hope you won't hold it against me, sir. . . . And I know your marriage will be very happy."

Jason and Luana saw them aboard the Honolulu plane, and they saw the plane take off, then walk back to her roadster.

He kissed her as she slid behind the wheel.

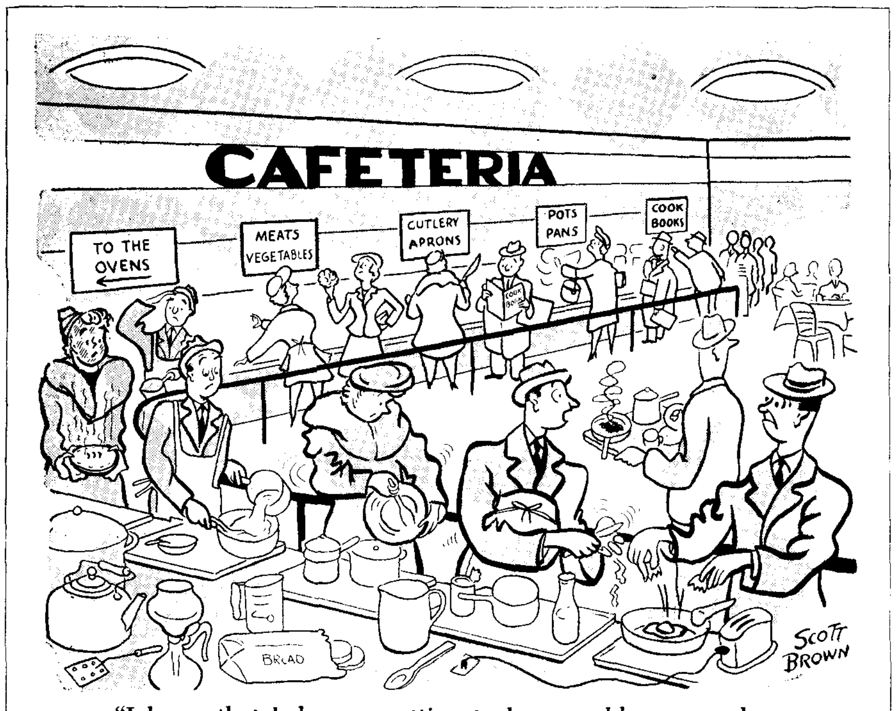
"Do you think so?" she said.

"What?" said Jason.

"That our marriage will be very happy?"

"It's certified," said Jason. "Flack is never wrong."

THE END



"I knew that help was getting to be a problem around a place like this, but I never realized it would get this serious"

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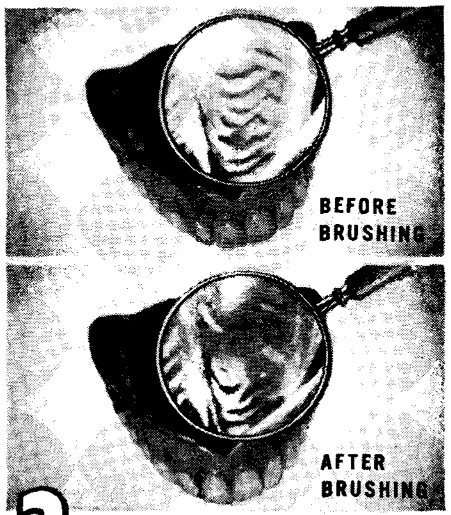
WITH MAKESHIFT CLEANERS



1 BREAKING

The more you handle your dental plate while cleaning it, the greater the danger of dropping and breaking it. Brushing involves too *much* handling and too *rough* handling also. Millions of experienced denture wearers have changed from dangerous, old-fashioned brushing methods to the modern short-cut way of soaking the plate in Polident. Try it. You will find this method not only means the least possible handling but also cleans your plate thoroughly—beautifully.

2 WEARING DOWN

Toothpastes, toothpowders, soap and household cleaners are only "makeshifts" when it comes to cleaning dental plates —which are much softer than natural teeth. Brushing with "makeshifts" may scratch and wear down dental plates. See above pictures. *Fitting ridges worn down by brushing.* In addition, the scratches brushed into the plate cause stains to collect faster, cling tighter. To avoid this serious damage, soak your plate in Polident daily.

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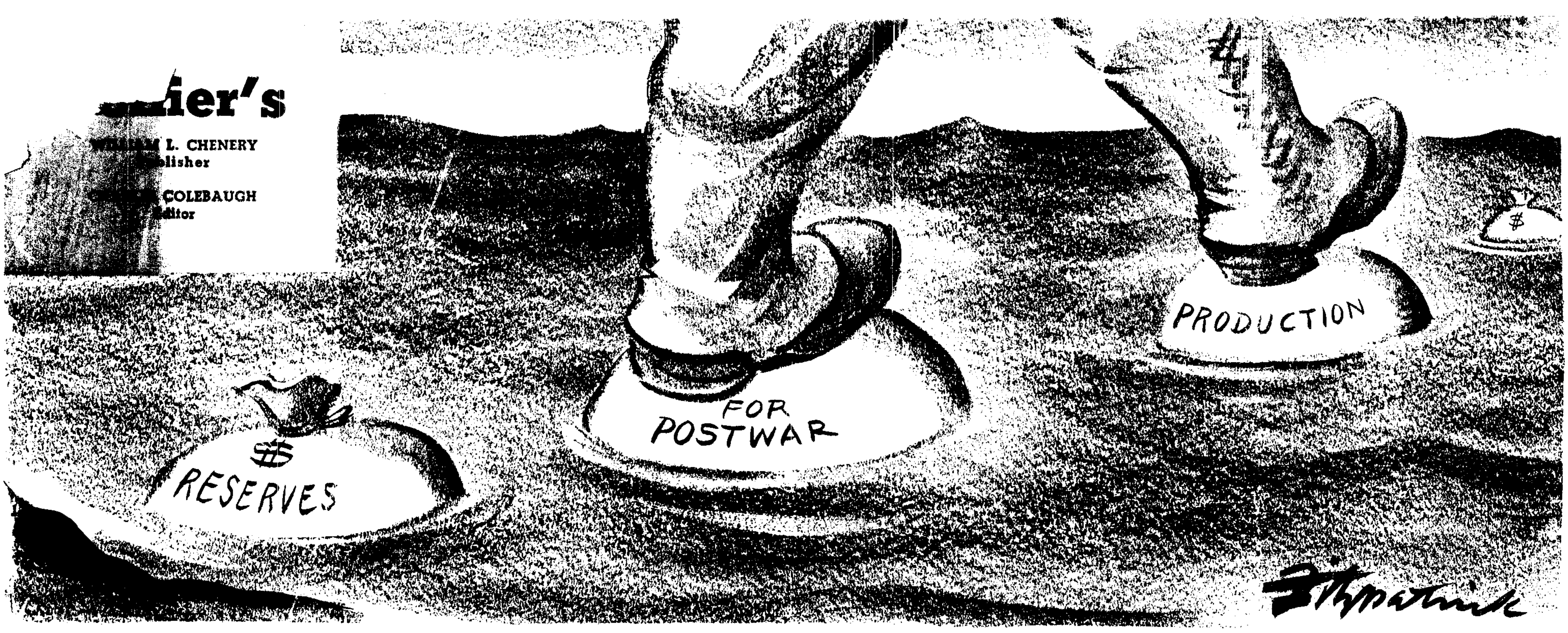

CASH FOR POSTWAR TRADE

FIRST we've got to win the war; but it is none too early to begin discussing ways and means for priming the peacetime industry pump as soon as the war is over.

One school of thought feels that nothing but the government can do this; that we must go on after the war for an indefinite number of years of deficit spending, WPA and PWA "work," and so on.

Government pump priming can help, but in nine years it failed to remove the threat of depression. In our opinion, private enterprise is the only agency that can furnish the millions of jobs that will be wanted when the boys come home, and that can turn out the millions of consumer items for which consumers by that time will be yelling their heads off.

It seems mathematical to us, too, that private enterprise can do this only if it has postwar money to invest in plant expansion or conversion to peacetime production, in building sales organizations, in organizing outlets, and so on. Therefore, we would like to put in an emphatic good word for a couple of proposals now in circulation looking toward the laying up of postwar cash and business prospects for American private enterprise.

One of these is the proposal that Congress, in levying new taxes, be careful not to make it impossible for industries to lay aside money reserves for quick mobilization while the fighters are demobilizing. A striking case in point (though by no means the only case) is that of the airplane industry.

This industry's expansion has been a major phenomenon of this war. It is turning out planes for military use, which after the war can be converted and dressed up into passenger carriers which will make present-day air travel look archaic by comparison. If the airplane industry is picked clean of its war earnings, however, it cannot make good in peacetime on this wartime promise; and civilian air travel will be hobbled for years.

The other proposal that looks good to us is the "lay-away buying" scheme. Here's the general idea: The longer the war goes on, the scarcer consumer goods will become, yet the more people will be making enough money to buy those things if they could be bought. Why not, then, enable these people to buy a special government bond cashable in payment for autos, radios, refrigerators, prefabricated homes, etc., after the war?

The government would get this money to use during the war; the bond buyers would get a species of lien on the goods when they come into existence; industry would get a rough idea of how its postwar domestic markets might be expected to shape up.

So long as the bonds were made elastic, so that you wouldn't be bound to buy any particular article with any particular bond, we think the "lay-away buying" idea has great possibilities.

SCORE ONE FOR FREEDOM

WE'VE deplored a couple of times in this space the recent Supreme Court decisions which permit towns to collect license fees from distributors of religious tracts or to prohibit such distribution altogether. These decisions look to us (as they looked to Chief Justice Stone) like dangerous nicks in the Bill of Rights, which flatly guarantees freedom of speech, press and religion.

It is a great pleasure, therefore, to report that the New York Court of Appeals, one of the nation's most respected tribunals, has refused to follow the Supreme Court in a case of this kind. The town of Irondequoit, Monroe County, New York, recently convicted a member of the Jehovah's Witnesses sect of distributing and trying to sell Bibles and religious tracts without a license.

Said the New York Court of Appeals, tossing out the conviction:

> The Bill of Rights embodied in the constitutions of the state and nation is not an arbitrary restriction upon the powers of government. It is a guarantee of those rights which are essential to the preservation of the freedom of the individual—rights which are part of our democratic traditions and which no government may invade.
>
> At times when a legislative body has sought to invade a field from which, under the Bill of Rights, the government is excluded, and has violated rights guaranteed by the Constitution, the courts must refuse to sanction the legislative decree. . . .

That is the long and the short of the matter, we believe—and in striking contrast to the tortured reasoning and hairsplitting of the Supreme Court's bare majority of five in these cases. Either a nation has liberty of religion, speech and press, or it hasn't. It cannot have the matter both ways. Until public opinion impels the Supreme Court to rectify this mistake, our home-grown enemies of freedom (of whom we have too many) will continue to have a toe hold for an all-out offensive some day against the constitutional provisions which make this country a democracy.

THOSE 4 A.M. BLUES

WE SURMISE that a lot of Americans these days are having the 4 A. M. blues one or more nights per week. You wake up in the small hours and begin to worry about your boy away at the wars or about your family or your income tax or your Victory tax or whatever; and sometimes you keep at it till the alarm clock goes off.

This is not a guaranteed cure for the 4 A. M. horrors, but we think it will help in many cases. Just reflect that at that time of day your vitality is as low as it ever gets in all the day's twenty-four hours, and that consequently you cannot expect your brain to function well. If you let it do so, your brain at 4 A. M. will feed you all manner of exaggerations, distortions and fears, which have little or no basis in fact. Your 4 A. M. thoughts are most likely not worth a hoot, and you cannot at that time have any reasonable hope of working out sound plans for fighting your troubles next day. So, instead, why not "unlax" and go back to sleep?

Give this scheme a fair trial—say for five straight minutes—the next time you wake up and begin to flounder through the 4 A. M. blues. If it doesn't work the first time, try it again—and again. We think it is based on some very sound psychology.